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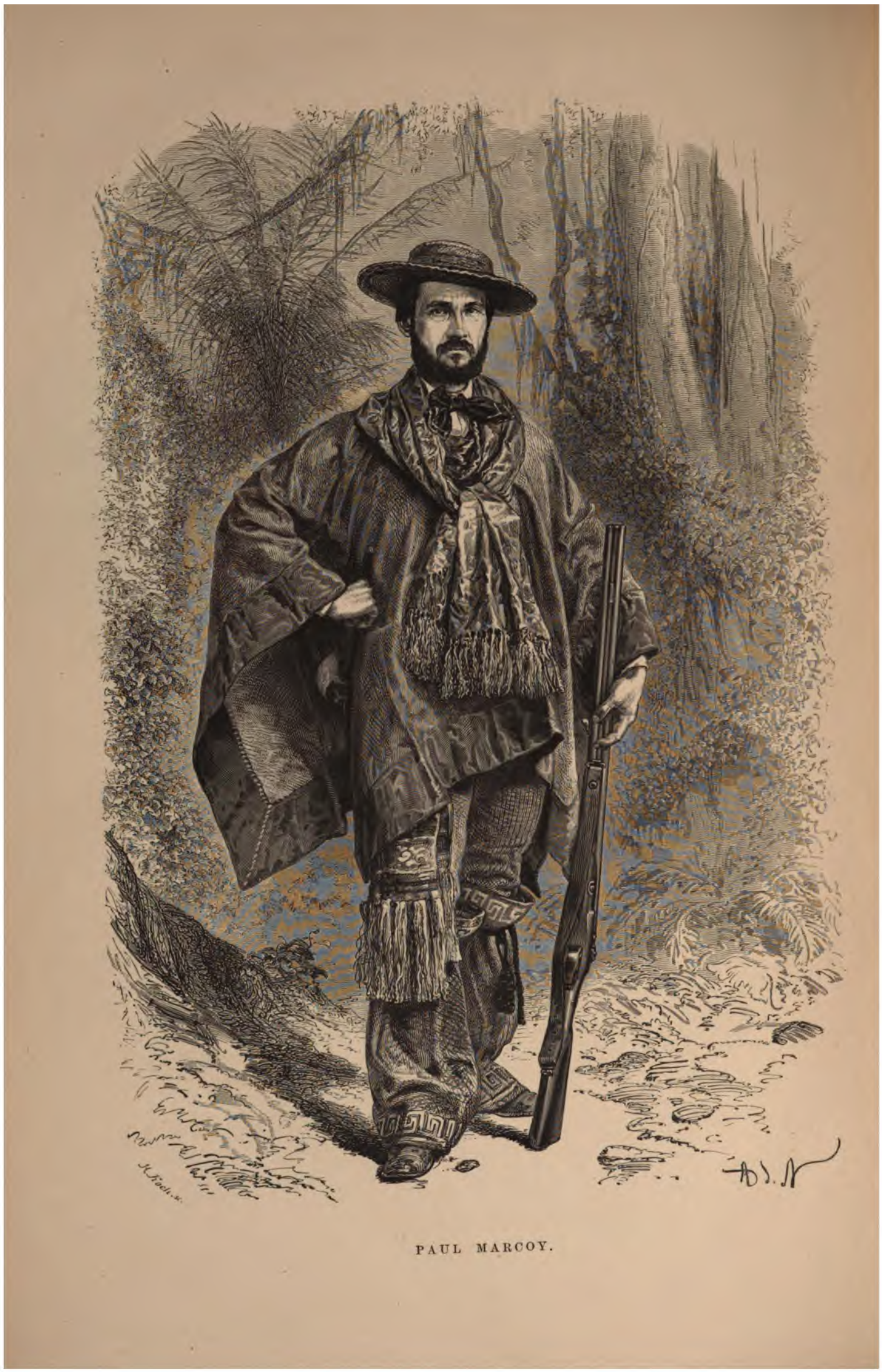

PAUL MARCOY.

TRAVELS

IN

SOUTH AMERICA

FROM THE PACIFIC OCEAN TO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

BY

PAUL MARCOY.

ILLUSTRATED BY FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,
DRAWN BY E. RIOU,
AND TEN MAPS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

VOLUME I.

ILAY—AREQUIPA—LAMPA—ACOPIA—CUZCO—ECHARATI—CHULITUQUI—
TUNKINI—PARUITCHA.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE journey of M. Paul Marcoy across South America, from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic, is one of the most remarkable of modern times; not so much for any serious peril the author encountered, as for the curious information he gathered among the mixed races and the savage tribes through whose territories he passed. To turn all the opportunities to account presented by such a journey it needed that the traveller should be as ready with his pencil as with his pen, and that he should possess something more than a general acquaintance with ethnology and several branches of natural history. In all these respects M. Paul Marcoy is, as his compatriot M. Emile Darier has observed, "a type of the model traveller," wanting no quality or talent which would enable him to use to the best advantage the succession of objects and of picturesque scenes that opened to his gaze. "A naturalist, he describes with a master hand the fauna and flora of these countries; an archæologist, he restores from the ruins they have left the temples and palaces, shattered monuments of the power of the Incas; an ethnologist, he carefully distinguishes each of the Indian tribes through whose territory he passes; a linguist, he gives a specimen of their idioms, showing the differences and analogies between them; a musician, he notes down their death-songs, their laments, their dance tunes; a draughtsman, lastly, his album has furnished the originals of the many engravings with which M. Riou has enriched the published account of his journey." Further, I may be allowed to observe as his translator, that M. Marcoy has told the story of his wanderings in an excellent literary style, associating with exactness in detail a freedom of hand and breadth of colouring which every lover of nature must appreciate; and combining with a good humour which is proof against every mishap, and is often heightened by a grotesque incident, a sympathy with the "harmless savagery" of Indian life and character which shows his true manliness. How far I have succeeded in reproducing these characteristics of the original narrative in English is for the reader to judge, but I may at least claim to have performed a somewhat arduous task conscientiously.

M. Marcoy's narrative differs essentially from the important works of Mr. A. R. Wallace[1] and Mr. H. W. Bates,[2] whose object in visiting the valley of the Amazons was to make a collection of objects which might assist in solving the problem of the origin of species, and whose researches have added many thousands of new species to the classified lists of science. Unlike those distinguished naturalists, M. Paul Marcoy is, *au*

[1] *Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro*, 1853.

[2] *The Naturalist on the River Amazons*, 1863.

fond, and always, the ARTIST, in search of materials for his pencil; and the student of humanity, observant of all that is new and piquant in social life and character. His science was sufficient for the purposes indicated above, but it was after all accessory to his main object—that of setting clearly before the reader what he had to describe as a traveller who courted adventure, but who was as ready to sketch a typical portrait or a gorgeous tropical landscape, as to gossip with the indigenes in their own habitations, or to compare notes with the priests in the mission establishments over a glass of the native rum.

In his character of geographer M. Marcoy has distinguished himself by giving exact details, accompanied with carefully drawn maps, of the water system of the Amazons, correcting numerous and important errors in more than one received authority. Much valuable data, therefore, will be found in this work, bearing on the question of the navigability of the great river and its tributaries.

Another point of great interest on which authentic data will be found in the record of M. Marcoy's wanderings, is that of the geographical positions of the tribes which formed the empire of the Incas, and their ethnological relations to each other. Students of ethnology and geography are recommended to compare with the statements of the author the paper read on the same subject by C. R. Markham, Esq., the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, on the 10th of July, 1871, and subsequently published in the Society's *Transactions*.[1] The appendix on the name Aymara, and the classification of tribes at the end of that paper, also furnish valuable data in direct relation to M. Marcoy's elucidations. I will only further observe here, that M. Marcoy's conclusions are opposed to the idea that no connection is to be found between the civilization of North and South America;[2] while, on the other hand, they are consistent with the remark of Lesley,[3] that "the most nobly organized races are the most migratory, because they have the faculties of self-protection in the highest state of efficiency. They also agree in general with the authorities quoted by Mr. C. Staniland Wake, tending to establish the Polynesian or the Asiatic affinity of certain of the South American tribes.[4]

The well-informed reader will scarcely be surprised to find that the account given by M. Marcoy of the manners and morals of the natives is not very dissimilar from the reports of the same people given by travellers and residents in the country a hundred years ago. From the earliest period of their history the inhabitants of the Iberian Peninsula regarded commerce as a painful and servile calling; and this prejudice survived for a long while the foundation of the South American colonies,[5] if it does not

[1] Vol. xii. p. 281, sqq.

[2] An American savant, Mr. D. G. Brinton, says: "No connection whatever has been shown between the civilization of North and South America;" and again, "The most that can be said with certainty, is that the general course of migrations in both Americas was from the high latitudes toward the tropics, and from the great western chain of mountains toward the east" (*Myths of the New World*, pp. 31, 34).

[3] *Man's Origin and Destiny, sketched from the Platform of the Sciences*, p. 115. [4] *Chapters on Man*, pp. 200–229.

[5] Strictly speaking the Spanish American possessions were considered in law, from the time of the conquest, as integral parts of the monarchy, not as colonies of the mother country; they were held in fief by the crown in virtue of a grant from the pope, and their affairs were supposed to be regulated, not by the government of Spain, but by the king, assisted by a special board, called the Council of the Indies. A separate code of laws also was established expressly for them, called the Laws of the Indies.

still exist. Their proud dislike of trade was in keeping with the natural indolence of their character; and both were unhappily encouraged by the discovery of gold in the New World, and the ease with which Peru and Mexico were conquered. The slothful waste of their great opportunities, and of the material resources which were thus placed within their reach, added to their religious bigotry and the tyranny of their rule, could not fail to react on the native character. That civilization which ought to have aroused in these children of nature the progressive instincts which are common to all mankind, excepting perhaps the aborigines of Australia, presented herself in two aspects equally forbidding. In the one hand she held a sceptre of gold for the conquering race; in the other a rod of iron for the indigenous population. On the one hand her favourites were demoralized by self-indulgence and superstition; on the other, her victims were brutalized and sunk to the lowest depths of despair by the hardness of their lot. A miracle must have been wrought, if in the course of a few generations the results of the mixture of the two races, or of the perpetual subjection of the one by the other, had been different from what they are.

ELIHU RICH, F.R. HIST. S.

LONDON, *October 6th, 1874.*

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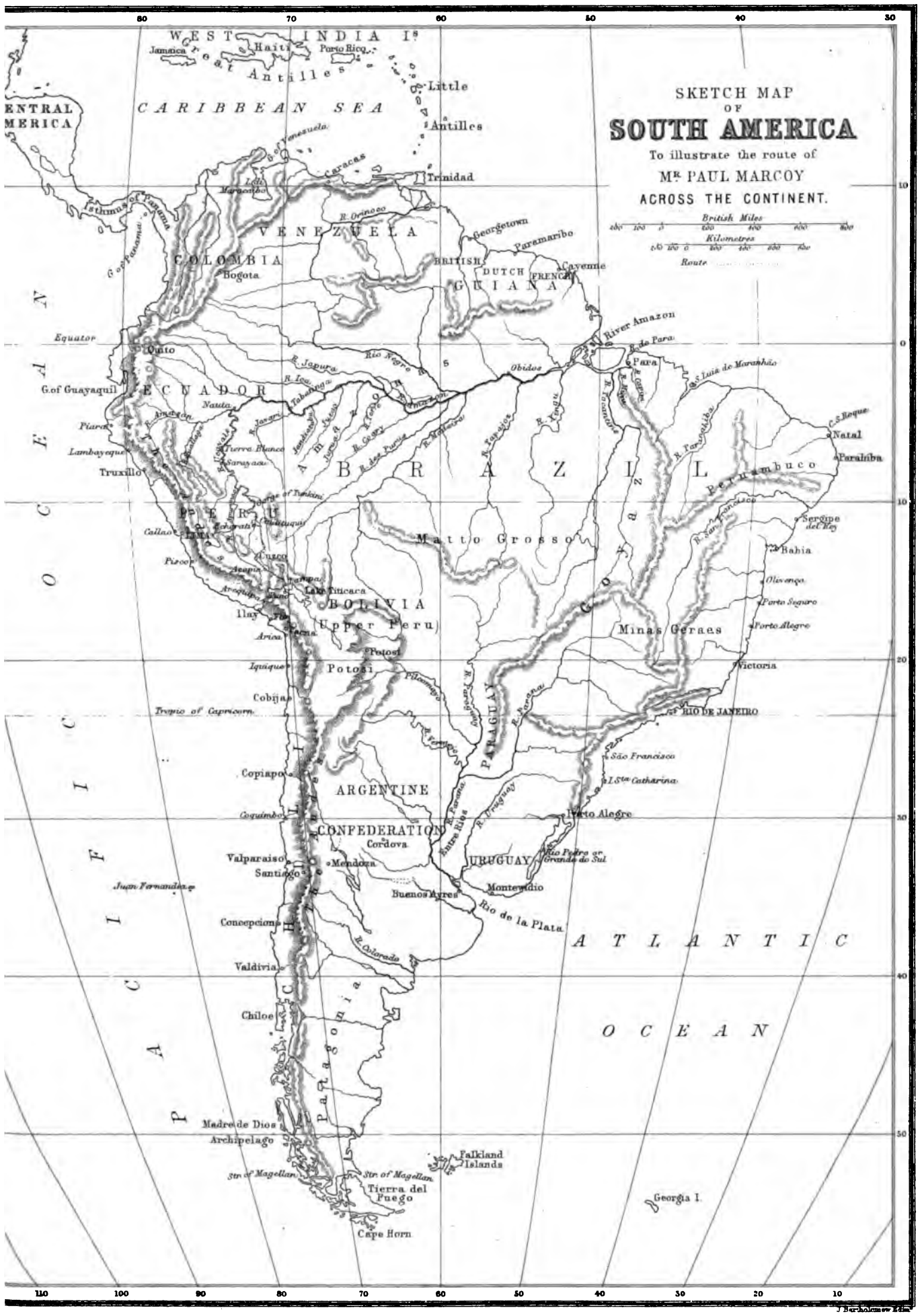
DIRECTION TO THE BINDER.

Place the Portrait of PAUL MARCOY to face the Title-page, and the Sketch Map of South America and the Itinerary Maps Nos. I. to III. at the end of the Volume.



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ITINERARY MAP
OF THE
JOURNEY ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA,
BY PAUL MARCOY.
The Traveller's Route on Land indicated by
On Rivers, by
PACIFIC OCEAN
WESTERN CORDILLERA
CHAIN OF THE ANDES
LAKE TITICACA
Puno
Arequipa
Ilo
Ilay
Colca Point
Volcano Padre Guano
Volcano Coropuna
Pampa of Ilay
Moving Sands
REGION OF THE LOMAS
Pampa Colorada
Pampa of Clemesi
Old Territory of the Moquehuas and Chincus Indians
REGION OF THE LOMAS
Moquehua
Tambo
Olives
Deposits of Fish Guano
Mollendo
Arenal Point
Coloma
Cabanillas
Lampa
Macari
Cupi
Ocuviri
Ilalli
Ayaviri
Pucara
Sicuani
Quehui
Chilipampa
Lake Quelkhanqui
Aguas Calientes
Huilcayani
Lagunillas
Tinta
Yauri
Tisco
Cangallo
Huanlata
Caravelli
Cotahuasi
Tampa of the Pampa
Pampas of Inca
Tambo
Valley
R. Cocotea
Valley
Valley
Valley

ITINERARY MAP – MARCOY

Nº II.

Forests of Quinquinas
Valley of Sta Ana
Valley of Lares
Valley of Urcubamba
Valley of Huaranhuanca
Valley of Silcay
Prolongation of the Sierra de Tonquelaya
Pajonales
Only part cultivated
Assumpatis Ind.
Rio Apurimac
Rio Silcay
Rio Urcubamba
Rio Yanatili or Lares
Rio Mapuche
Rio Tambo
Rio Quillabamba
Pampa of Anta
Urubamba
CUZCO
Paucartambo
Challabamba
Acobamba
Colquepata
Tambobamba
Cotabambas
Arequipa
Puno
Lake Titicaca
Pucara
Tinta
Sicuani
Marcoy
Cutucuy
Tambohamba
Huanquite
Capi
Ocoribamba
Huancabamba
Arequipa
Colcha
Pablo Nuevo
Pampanca
Cochipampa
Tinkumaros
Yamoca
Dingamaros
Dingazupa
Surimana
Tingabamba
Orcoñana
Punamarca
Sicuani
Chita
Quillay
Lacco
Ollantaytambo
Pisac
Calca
Lamay
Coya
Pisac
San Salvador
Cayaty
Tarai
Los Molinos
San Sebastian
Huanoro
Huarocondo
Chinchero
Urcapallos
Mara
Yucay
Tocora
Paucartambo
Colquepata
Acobamba
Challabamba
Quillay
Lacco
Chita
Matapalla
Quillay
Tinta
Tocra
Tinkumaros
Yamoca
Dingamaros
Dingazupa
Surimana
Tingabamba
Orcoñana
Punamarca
Sicuani
Pampanca
Cochipampa
Pablo Nuevo
Arequipa
Tambohamba
Cutucuy
Huanquite
Capi
Ocoribamba
Huancabamba
Arequipa
Colcha
Tinta
Sicuani
Marcoy
Pucara
Lake Titicaca
Puno
Cayaty
Tarai
Coya
Pisac
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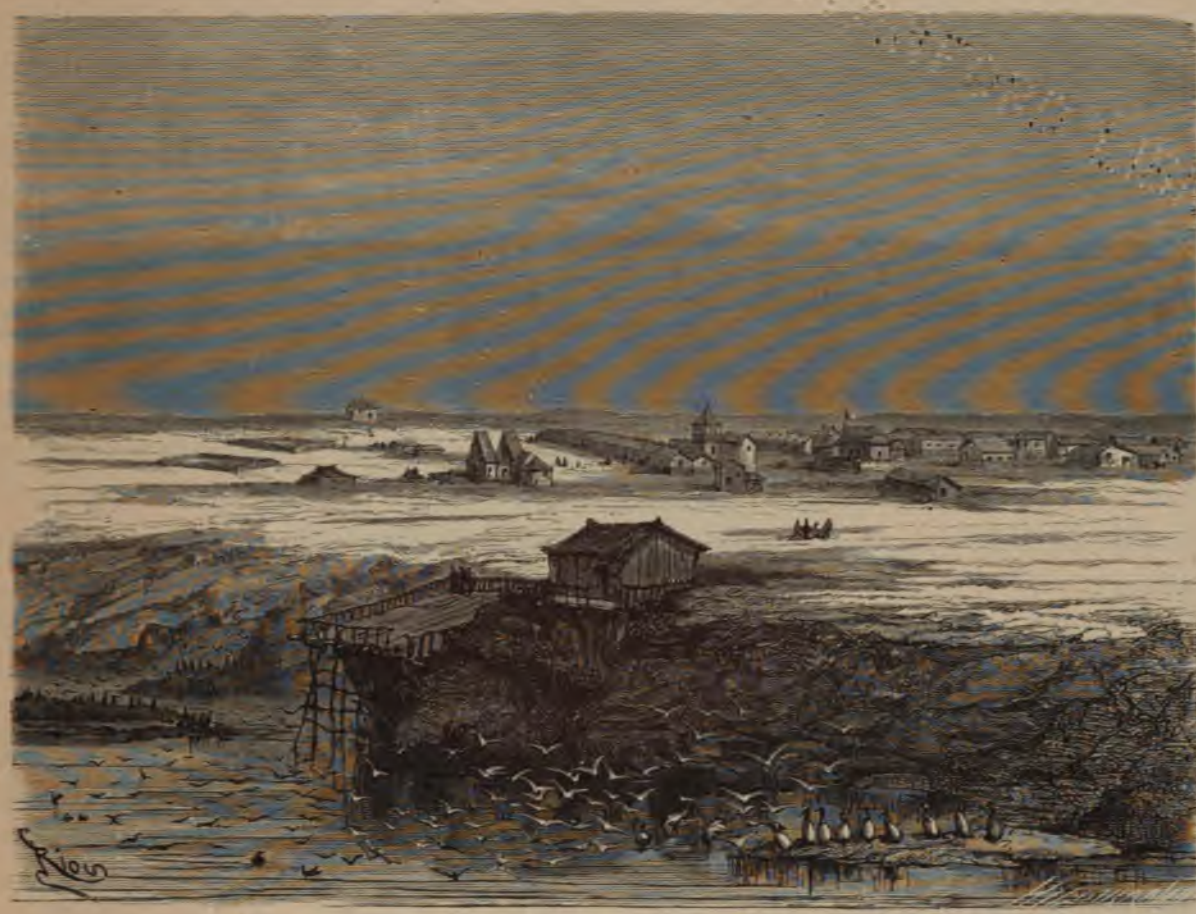


PORT AND VILLAGE OF ILAY.

FIRST STAGE.

ILAY TO AREQUIPA.

Ilay and its shores.—The *Vicar of Bray.*—A bachelor's breakfast.—*I pede fausto.*—While the muleteers drink, the author gossips.—The Pampas and their bones.—A tampu or hôtel bill in the desert.—Bird's-eye view of the valley of Arequipa.—Halting-places and peeps of scenery.—A pleasant little prospect from a bridge.—Arequipa and its etymology.—Earthquakes.—An eloquent plea in favour of the volcanic cone Misti.—Churches and convents of Arequipa.—Something about religious people in general, and religious ladies in particular.—The streets, the houses, and the inhabitants of the city.—The fair sex of Arequipa.—Matrimonial traps.—Modes and fashions.—Indian carpet-bearers.—Impartial *coup-d'œil* from a fountain.—Pen-and-pencil sketches.—Joys of the carnival.—A capital of 800,000 francs represented by egg-shells.—Pleasantries of Shrove Tuesday.—*Memento, homo, quia pulvis es.*—The author remembers that he has a long journey to go in a short time.

ILAY, situated on the coast of Peru, in latitude 17° 1′ south, and longitude 72° 10′ west, is the commercial port and headquarters of the customs of the department and town of Arequipa. Its bay, of an irregular outline, may have a circuit of about three miles, and is bounded by a double range of *lomas* or low hills, of a yellowish tint and dull aspect, disposed in the form of an amphitheatre, and presenting to a third part of their height

a wall of trachytic rocks, forming a natural rampart which prevents the slipping down of the sands and marine deposits. The continued action of the waves, driven furiously against the coast by the south wind, has polished the surface of these rocks, cut perpendicularly in many places like a cliff; and at their base masses of porphyry, amygdalite, and syenite, half submerged, lift here and there their black backs above the water. At the bottom of the bay a great rock, like a ruined tower, is connected with the shore by a complicated arrangement of beams, and planks, and rope-ladders. This rock or artificial construction, call it what you will, serves to the sea-faring population as a wharf or quay, and to the custom-house officers as an observatory. The custom-house itself, represented by a mere shed built of planks, occupies one side of the scaffolding, beyond which a foot-path winding up a steep ascent conducts us in about ten minutes to the village of Ilay, built upon the shoulder of a hill at an elevation of some 600 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean.

It would be difficult to conceive anything more desolate than the scene which lies at the traveller's feet, when, having reached the summit of this hill, he casts his eye over the surrounding country. From north to south nothing is visible but sand-dunes and craggy cliffs, shores strewed with drift-wood, long stretches of saltpetre and sea-salt, heaps of calcareous deposits, stony islets covered with guano,[1] and rocks of all forms and colours. The purity of the air, the intensity of the light, the unalterable blue of sea and sky, bring out in sharp relief all the details of the weird scenery and, leaving none of its features in shadow, impress the beholder with a sense of blinding immensity, of melancholy splendour, and implacable repose.

The Bay of Ilay when viewed from the offing is seen to be of a crescent shape, the points sharp and bent back. Viewed from Cape Cavallo on the north, or from the rocks of Ilo to the south, it suggests the idea of an immense half-submerged fish. Myriads of sea-birds, from the bloated pelican to the slender sea-swallow, which all day long hover and wheel, rise on the wing and suddenly redescend in the dazzling sunlight, complete the illusion. One might believe he was gazing on the carcass of some stranded whale, on which these voracious birds had gathered together to feast.[2]

Every year some forty vessels, bound from Europe or North America to Valparaiso and the intermediate ports, coast along the shore, and stay at Ilay a short time to receive the products of the country, which are there collected. On these occasions, for a few days a sort of galvanized life is imparted to the port and its melancholy village; the echoes, accustomed to repeat only the wailings of the wind, the murmur of the waves, and the bellowing of the seals, are awakened by drunken songs and a babble of strange tongues. Soon, however, the ship weighs anchor, and the accustomed dulness resumes its empire.

[1] Correctly, *huano*. There is no letter *g* in the Quichua idiom.

[2] Immense shoals of sardines are every year stranded on these coasts between the 14th and 22d degrees of latitude, and they sometimes draw in their wake an unfortunate whale, which is left dry on the sand, a victim to its voracity. The author himself observed this fact twice in five years.

One fine morning in the month of July—the season of winter in these latitudes—I found myself on board the *Vicar of Bray,* an honest three-master hailing from Liverpool, in company with the captain of the ship, the English consul at Ilay, and a few of the notables of Arequipa. The motive of our gathering was an invitation to lunch with the captain, which was already of fifteen days' standing. It was nearly eleven o'clock, and the breakfast or lunch, which had been announced for ten sharp, was still delayed, the cook, in all probability, being hindered, like Vatel, by some small detail in his arrangements. The faces and the teeth of the invited

POINT OR SPIT OF ILAY, FROM THE SEA, LOOKING EAST-NORTH-EAST; DISTANCE FOUR MILES.

guests grew longer as time sped, nevertheless each tried to look as if he were delighted with the prospect, and cheat his stomach into believing that all was as it should be. While my companions conversed together, and their spirits rose from grave to gay, or fell again from lively to severe, I leaned against the netting, and gazed on the hills of Ilay, thinking how the wintry fogs (known in the country as *garuas*[1]) would by-and-by clear away and bring to light, for a month or two, grass and flowers, streams of water, birds, insects, and a thousand natural delights, which are there as unknown during two-thirds or more of the year as the melon in the steppes of Siberia.

At last our general anxiety was ended. One of those long drawn sighs which relieve collectively the bosom of the public when, at a theatre, the curtain is lifted after a long *entr'acte,* was breathed by our little company, when, at the sound of the bell, the steward was seen to leave the galley and traverse the deck, carefully carrying with both hands a dish, softly reclining in which, on a bed of vegetables,

[1] The *garuas* resemble the drizzly vapour commonly called a Scotch mist. They prevail on the coast of Peru from May to November, and are followed by an abundant vegetation in the region of *lomas* or hillocks—the coast country—during the months of July, August, and September.

appeared a boiled leg of mutton of a most respectable size. With hurried steps we followed this welcome apparition towards the cabin. In a few minutes it would have been difficult to distinguish any other sound than the familiar *onomatopœia* of the dinner-table broken by the furious click-click of the knives and forks, each hungry guest being resolutely bent on making up for lost time. Apart from the leg of mutton, which belongs to all countries and epochs, the repast was thoroughly English in its character, consisting of beef and smoked fish, followed by various kinds of puddings, rhubarb-tarts, and other strange preparations. For seasoning we had cayenne-pepper, West Indian cacazouèzo, Peruvian orocoto, Indian curry, and Harvey's sauce. These fiery dishes were washed down with sherry and port, beer of two kinds, and a very fair or unfair proportion of gin and brandy. Coffee that would have made all the goats of Yemen dance with pleasure was afterwards served to us in little bowls instead of cups. At length, when the sweet fumes of digestion began to mount from the epigastrium to the brain of the revellers, and their richly purpled visages expressed that beatitude peculiar to people when the craving of their stomachs has been satisfied, and cares sit lightly on them, the captain rose to speak:—

"*Señores y amigos*,"[1] he said, in a rude but intelligible Castilian, "the repast at which you have honoured me with your company is probably the last that we shall enjoy together. To-morrow, at eleven, I weigh anchor and sail for Santa-Maria de Belem do Para, where my marriage with the daughter of one of my consignees is almost decided upon. Once married, I mean to sell my ship, join my father-in-law, and become a shipowner like him. So much for the future. But these events are yet distant, and in the meantime, as the moment has arrived when we must part, you will not wonder if I refer to the wager we have before talked over, in which my conceit alone as a sailor would make me feel interested. Our friend Don Pabloy Marcoy, who while I am speaking is amusing himself, and at the same time wasting a good bit of bread, by modelling a caricature of my ship, has taken it into his head, as you know, to start for the same destination as myself, and has laid a wager that by crossing the continent from south-west to north-east, while I sail round by Cape Horn, he will arrive at the mouth of the Amazon before me. I have accepted the wager, but its amount is not yet determined. What sum shall we say then, *señores y amigos?*"

"A hundred ounces of gold," said a citizen of Arequipa who had lost his fortune by gambling, and reckoned upon a political revolution to recoup himself.

"Done for a hundred ounces!" said the captain looking at me.

"One moment," said I; "when I offered to make the bet, it was with the idea that the sum would not be inconsistent with my resources, but now that it is fixed at a hundred ounces of gold, a sum equal to about 8640 francs, I must withdraw my proposal, I can't shovel up gold like our worthy host."

"What sum then do you propose?"

"I will bet five francs."

[1] Gentlemen and friends.

"Five francs! what a melancholy jest!" exclaimed my companions.

"Gentlemen," I replied, with grave affectation, "there is nothing either melancholy or pleasant in what I propose; if the sum I offer to bet appears to you and to our worthy friend somewhat small, I will add to the amount a box of cigars."

"Do not add anything, my dear friend," said the captain, and thereupon broke down in the endeavour to hide a grimace. "Keep your five francs, smoke your cigars, and let us give up all idea of profiting by the wager, contenting ourselves with the honour. You say then you mean to start immediately?"

"I say nothing, captain, but I think that in the circumstances a challenge would be better than a wager. In the first place, the arrangement would be more satisfactory to you, sir, whose family has once given a queen to England, and who in remembrance of that illustrious past can take but little pleasure in vile lucre. In the next place, it would suit me very much better, who am but a poor devil of a naturalist, deeply interested in that same lucre, but in a position which does not allow me to risk a sum every farthing of which will be needed for the expenses of my journey. Well then, let there be no longer any question of money between us, and as you have well said, let us be satisfied with the honour, pure and simple."

"*Muy bien*, very well, very good, *Señor French*," said the English consul, "let us say no more about it, and as you do not mean to bet, I propose that we drink."

The captain made a sign, and the steward removed the empty bowls and substituted for them full bottles. The company then sat in for hard drinking; I should not like to say how much they drank, the thing would appear incredible; but when the sitting came to an end, and the clear light of day had succeeded to the dim illumination of the binnacle lamp, the cabin of the *Vicar of Bray* presented the appearance of a field of battle after an action. Not one of my jovial companions remained erect. The captain had slipped under the table; the consul had fallen upon him; the notables of Arequipa lay here and there sleeping in various postures; the glasses and the bottles had been broken in the engagement, and their fragments, like so many mirrors, multiplied the miniature scene of desolation. At my request the steward, aided by the cook, interred each corpse in one of the berths to await the hour of his resurrection. That done, I went ashore, and returned to my lodging in the house of a seal-fisher. There I felt it necessary to change my linen, which was as thoroughly soaked as if I had been in a bath with my clothes on. The brandy and gin which my companions had pressed me to drink had been poured down the sleeve of my coat instead of my throat, a trick which I had learned of a Limanian doctor, who not being able to take a drop of liquor without feeling its effects, had invented, he said, this mode of imbibition, which had enabled him to defy, glass in hand, the strongest drinkers of the two Americas.

On the next day I again went on board the vessel, to ascertain how it had fared with my companions. I found them all afoot, active and merry, and having only a confused remembrance of their lethargy of the previous evening. Tea was served upon the poop, while the sailors prepared to weigh anchor. A last toast was proposed by the captain to the success of our journey, which the company

drank with every demonstration of good fellowship. Then followed the usual exchange of hand-shakings and hearty farewells, and the captain having given me the address at Para of his future father-in-law, the ship's boat conveyed me and my friends to the landing-place, from which we watched the last preparations for departure. A quarter of an hour later the *Vicar of Bray*, leaning to starboard, and her sails filled with a rattling breeze, once more ploughed the waves of the Pacific.

Retracing the steep ascent which leads to the village of Ilay, we accompanied

SEAL FISHERMAN WITH HIS BALSERO: TYPE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

the English consul to his house. His wife and daughters, disquieted by his long absence, expressed, in guttural monosyllables, their joy at his return. After this effusion of tenderness, the ladies graciously invited us to pass the day under their roof and partake of their family dinner. Anxious to continue my journey, I declined the kind offer, and my companions, who would doubtless have accepted it, to judge by the looks of disappointment they exchanged, followed my example. Then the ladies, shocked at the idea of seeing us leave without partaking of refreshment, instantly set themselves to prepare a dish of sandwiches, which a servant offered to us all round. We washed down these edibles with a glass of Devonshire cider, and having thus concluded lunch, the consul's eldest daughter, a charming girl with golden hair, who answered to the sweet name of Stella, seated herself at the piano and gratified the national *amour propre* of her father's guests by playing the cantata

of *Manco-Capac.* My friends, the notables of Arequipa, applauded in a transport of delight. One of them, after having the air encored, began to sing the words, and the others were not slow to join the chorus. This patriotic hymn, little known in Europe, but familiar in Peru, is composed of eighteen strophes, of fourteen verses each, and ten syllables in each line, the rhymes being assonant. The words and music are attributed to an ecclesiastic of the *Sagrario* of Ayacucho. The air in the minor key, essentially plaintive and melancholy, is in harmony with the poem, in which the author laments, like another Jeremiah, not over the hardness of heart of Jerusalem, but over the extinct glories of the Children of the Sun. The execution of this national air lasted an hour and a quarter, yet we did not find it tedious: it must be confessed, however, that after every strophe the singers refreshed themselves by drinking a bumper, under the pretext of doing honour to the memory of him who had redeemed Peru from barbarism. As the wine had excited their enthusiasm, and I feared that these children of nature—who never know where to stop when once set going—might take it into their heads to dance a quadrille when the song was finished, I took advantage of the momentary silence which followed the conclusion of the last strophe to rise and bid farewell to the consul and his family. My fellow-travellers had no choice but to yield. Taking up their hats they saluted our host with an awkward air and followed me out, evidently discontented because they could not finish, in their own way, a day which promised to abound in pleasures of every kind. Our mules had been kept ready saddled near at hand. Each selected his own beast and hastened to mount. The muleteers and guides took their places at the head of the party, and we left the consul's hospitable abode, saluted as far as we could be seen by the voices and the waving handkerchiefs of the whole family. It was now about mid-day. A blazing sun inundated the sands with its intense light; every bit of mica, like the mirror of Archimedes, threw a burning ray into our faces. The three rows of wooden houses, roofed with thatch or reeds, which compose the two parallel streets of Ilay, were soon left behind us. Reaching the summit of the height we had on our right the village church, a mere shed closed during three-fourths of the year and serving as an asylum for bats. On our left were several inclosures formed by rough stones surmounted by crosses of wood, which at a distance suggested the idea of burial places, but which in fact were nothing but mule-pens. Having passed these points we descended the eastern side of the lomas and entered upon a route equally dreaded by men and beasts. This rough track, which may be correctly described as a wheel-rut cut by some gigantic vehicle, was covered to the depth of a foot with trachytic ashes swarming with fleas. It is known as the Quebrada of Ilay. A quebrada be it! but as the gloomy heights which flank it on either side completely intercept the breeze, the temperature is like that of an oven, and it is only the literal truth to say that it was with difficulty we could breathe at all. As we plodded on our monotonous way we absolutely panted for fresh air.

For two hours we traversed the quebrada, marching in Indian file, and keeping a melancholy silence, in strict harmony with the desolate aspect of the place, and imposed

upon us by the dread we felt of swallowing the dust raised by the beasts we were riding. In the midst of the general lethargy the guides alone exhibited an occasional sign of life by abusing the tardy mules. Their cries, mingled with abusive epithets and blows of the stick, played staccato to the bass of the locusts concealed in the brushwood which occasionally bordered the road.

Happy were we to recognize some signs at last that our troubles approached their end—the hills which bordered the horizon northward and southward began to diminish in height, and open out wider and wider expanses, until in fine they sunk to hillocks. Soon we felt the sea breeze on our faces; the rising lands and the road presented a succession of steep ascents, which put us under the necessity almost of climbing. According to the muleteers we were now approaching a place called the Olivar, the natural frontier which separates the quebrada from the pampas, the valley from the plain, the belt of ashes from the region of sands. The local Flora, represented by the vanilla-scented heliotrope (*Heliotropium aphyllum*), with here and there a stunted and twisted olive and a few grasses, looked as if she meant to smile upon us under the mask of dust which hid her visage; but the smile had something so mournful in it, that instead of responding we pretended to look elsewhere as we passed along, and the poor goddess of flowers was snubbed for her advances.

VANILLA-SCENTED HELIOTROPE of the Lomas in the Ashy Region of the Quebrada.

The road continued to rise, and after passing some difficult zigzags, it led us to a little plateau of an irregular form which commanded a view of the surrounding country. An *ajoupa*, formed of a ragged mat supported by stakes, occupied the centre of the space. Under this tent, so to call it, were some women in rags, and children in the only clothing furnished them by nature, squatting in the midst of their pots and pans. A low table or stall furnished with broiled fish, ground pimento, and a kind of seaweed called by the Indians *cocha-yuyu* (sweetness of the lake), indicated one of those open-air restaurants so common in Peru. These provisions, nicely sprinkled with volcanic ashes, looked far from inviting; but muleteers are not, as a rule, dainty folk, and do not trouble themselves about such details. In the roughest manner they demanded of the hostess a double ration of these dusty viands, which they washed down with a jug of chicha. As customary before commencing the journey across the pampas, we stayed a few moments in this place to rest the mules, for which purpose we dismounted. While our attendants devoted themselves to their repast, my companions lighted their cigarettes. Leaving them to have their smoke, I went to the edge of the plateau, which, at an elevation of some 5000 or 6000 feet, enabled me to look upon the scenes through which we had passed, and which I was now leaving never more to return.

Far as the eye could see, from the foot of the plateau on which we stood to the ocean, was one uniform gray, traversed by irregular veins of a brownish colour; the numerous hills which embossed its surface, resembling at this height and distance those *phlyctænæ* or blisterings of the soil which so frequently occur in the neighbourhood of volcanoes. From the north to the south extended the line of saline hillocks (*lomas*) which bound the shore between the tenth and the twenty-third degrees of latitude.

RESTAURANT OF THE QUEBRADA OF ILAY.

Their summits and flanks presented in places a yellowish tint, which would be changed to bright green by the first fogs of winter—those fertilizing vapours which are formed during the night, and vanish again before the next day's noon. The purity of the atmosphere enabled me to distinguish at an immense distance all the features of that vast landscape. In the south I was able to make out, as a black line traced on the horizon between the double azure of sea and sky, the point of Cola and the rocks of the valley of Tambo, whose river, dry during the summer, rolls in its wintry torrent, and under its muddy waves, enormous masses of rock detached from the mountains. A little in front appeared the coasts of Mejillones and of Cocotea, with their terrace of shelly banks, their beds of guano, and their hill-sides pierced with sepulchres (*huacas*), in which, sleeping their last sleep, are thousands of mummies. Every point upon which my eye fell recalled a halt, an episode, a discovery.

Here I had lived for weeks in the company of the Llipis Indians of the great desert of Acatama, upon nothing but sea-weed, water-melons, and shell-fish, the only food to be obtained in these regions; there I had witnessed from the height of the dunes, and without the power of aiding but by useless shouts, the shipwreck of the American hermaphrodite-brig *Susquehannah*. Farther off, in midst of the shifting sands, like a conical islet, the hill of Aymaras was discernible, with its ossuary older than the Spanish conquest, where I had collected so many fine phrenological specimens.

AYMARA OSSUARY, A FEW MILES SOUTH-SOUTH-EAST OF ILAY.

Still farther, in the south-east were the desolate lands of the Arenal, with their deposits of guano composed of fish,[1] unknown till then, and to which I had made it my business to call the attention of the learned. Around these spots—landmarks which enabled me to appreciate the duration and the occupations of past years—extended craters strewn with the cinders, scoriæ, and pumice of the ancient volcanoes which dominated this shore at unknown epochs, and near which Captain Frézier in his survey of the coast in 1713, Alexander Humboldt and Bonpland in 1804, and Monsieur A. d'Orbigny in 1836, passed without discovering that they existed.

Looking towards the east the picture varies a little in its aspect. A region of dreary sands, diversified with *cerros* or low rounded hills steeply inclined towards the west, succeeds to the volcanic ashes, and closes the horizon like a barrier.

[1] The stranding of fish, observed in the reign of the first Incas, still occurs every year at fixed periods. The inhabitants of the coasts of Atica, ninety miles north of Ilay, and those of Mala and Chilca, under the fourteenth degree of latitude, in former times fertilized their lands with these fish, not possessing, like the people of Ilay, a resource in the guano of birds. At present, all make use of the latter compost, even in the Sierra. The thousands of fish stranded on the shores, not being utilized by the inhabitants, infect the air until they are dried by the sun. This ichthyologic detritus has formed deposits a mile and half in extent, and from three to four feet deep. The sand, the shells, the shingle, and the veins of sea-salt with which it is mixed, indicate that the sea must have covered these lands before the formation of the existing shores.

These stony heaps, formed of blocks of a quartzose or silicious grit, and of the débris of volcanic rocks and sediment, rolled, heaped up, and agglomerated by the mighty waters in their retreat from east to west to regain their bed, had often furnished me with curious specimens of the metamorphosis of rocks. Each of these detritic masses is distinguished by some fantastic name, as the "razor," the "dove," the "two friends," &c., which I had not yet had time to forget. At their base, on the edge of some trench or furrow, might be seen perhaps a few ricketty cotton-trees, olives, or figs, of a grayish tint rather than green, and scarcely distinguishable from the rocks themselves but for the shadows which they cast.

An overwhelming sadness possessed me as I gazed on a scene barren even to nakedness, dried up even to calcination, and which recalled, both by the character of its soil and the form of its mountains, the struggle of the two elements which had successively desolated it. The old and eternal conflict between the Dragon and the Hydra, between fire and water, was inscribed in every possible character upon its melancholy surface, grotesquely striped with brown, gray, or dingy buff, and everywhere of a cold, forbidding dulness in spite of the torrents of light which the sun, now in its meridian, poured down upon it. In contrast with these dull and dusty hues, which no doubt a geologist would have admired, but from which an artist would have turned his eyes in despair, two smiling, luminous colours—the pure blue of the atmosphere and the blue of the sea—could not fail to arrest the eye. At the moment when I turned towards the latter to look a last adieu, two specks might be discerned, though scarcely visible, in its vast extent. The one was a ship running almost due south—it was probably that of our friend the captain—the sails of which at this distance looked like a bit of white down carried away by the wind; the other was a steam-ship, which, with her prow turned northward, left behind her an almost imperceptible trail of smoke.

The muleteers having finished their collation, clubbed together to pay the expense, an operation which took up some little time, owing to the slowness with which each reluctantly paid his part. We then remounted our beasts, and turning our backs upon the group of hostesses, directed our steps towards the Pampas of Ilay, a sea of sand some 60 miles across and 180 in length, whose waves, so immovable yet so mobile, resembled to the eye those of the ocean which once covered the plain. With the view of crossing the plain in a diagonal direction we had set our faces to the north-east, and given the rein to our steeds in order that they might choose their own pace, it being important above all things to economize their strength. The intelligent creatures profited by the circumstance to break their ranks and re-form in column, a strategic disposition which mules prefer, I know not why, to the square of Ecnomus, the pig's head of Alexander, and even the famous wedge of Gustavus Adolphus. This movement having been effected with remarkable precision, each animal sniffed the air strongly, bent down his ears, stretched out his neck, and fell into step behind his companion, the muleteers simply muttering their discontent.

A journey across this desert is not without its dangers. The wind of the ocean ploughs its surface, and continually changes its aspect. From morning to evening, from hour to hour, there is no more rest for these sands than for the waves themselves.

Cavities open, hillocks are heaped up, ridges form, only to close, to fall in again, to be dispersed, and succeeded by others like them. In order to steer their course over this uncertain sea, the pilots of the pampas observe the position of the sun by day, and of the stars by night. These are sure guides which never fail them, but their path is also marked out by the bones of animals that have perished in the endeavour to cross the plain. These sad landmarks indicate by their position to the right or to the left, their proximity or their greater distance, that the traveller is more or less in the right track. For this reason they are always descried with satisfaction, notwithstanding the mingled disgust and pity which the sight of them provokes. I am speaking now of disinterested and intelligent travellers. As for the mercenary and hard-hearted muleteers, these bones, recalling so much lost capital, rather provoke their ill-humour than any show of tenderness.

We had already continued our march a considerable time, often sounding the depths of the pampas with a searching glance without discovering anything that resembled a carcass, when a cry which parodied that of the antique sybil, "The bones, see the bones!" was uttered by a veteran *arriéro* at the head of the column. All turned their eyes towards the point indicated, and southward, at the visual extremity of the plain, it was possible to discern a whitish belt which resembled those veins of saltpetre or of sea-salt so frequently to be found in these latitudes. Acting upon the advice of our leader, who asserted that we ought to pass to windward of these forsaken carcasses, we bent our course to the right, and went to reconnoitre them.

Grouped in little heaps, and disposed in a single line which lost itself in the horizon, these bones were more or less blanched, more or less polished, according to the lapse of time since the death of the poor animal who had owned them. In a certain symmetry which marked their arrangement I could not fail to recognize the hand of man, although our attendants, when I made the observation, seriously assured me that it was all the work of the wind. When, however, I showed them that some of the heads of the horses and mules were adorned with thigh-bones stuck in the cavities of the eyes or ears, and that there were other grotesque arrangements of the same character, our facetious friends burst into a laugh, from which I concluded that these mournful attentions which they had set down to the account of the wind, were really the work of their own hands, or of comrades like them.

The further we advanced the more evidence we saw of recent débris added to the old, which at length they entirely covered like an alluvial bed. Some of the bones were still clothed with blackened flesh and dried integuments; some entire skeletons, perfect models of the living form, recalled to my memory the horse ridden by Death in the Apocalypse. Other carcasses still retained their skin, and under the skin, which sounded like a drum, and was as tight as an umbrella, troops of vultures (*Percnopterus urubu*), the accustomed guardians of these solitudes, had taken up their abode. Following the example of the rat of La Fontaine, who made his nest in a Dutch cheese, these rapacious birds, having first eaten the flesh of the beast, make a house of his inside. At the noise caused by our approach they came out from their dens one by one, fixed upon us their cruel, withered eyes, and returned into their holes

when we had passed. The more curious or the more starved among them would perch himself upon a rib or thigh-bone, as upon a branch, and with oblique looks seem to watch the pace of our mules, as if speculating on the chance of one being left on the road. If so, their expectations were disappointed; our poor beasts, although they carried their tails between their legs and their ears bent, were able to continue their journey without accident, to the no small satisfaction of their owners.

LANDMARKS OF THE ROUTE ACROSS THE PAMPAS TO AREQUIPA.

No incident occurred during our further progress. The sun, after it had almost grilled our heads and necks, at last went down behind us, and had almost disappeared when a gentle breeze from the Cordilleras began to blow across the plain. At first our lungs inspired it with delight, but at the end of an hour the light wind became a sharp cutting blast, and we were glad to wrap ourselves in a woollen cloak in addition to the poncho of white cotton which we had worn during the day. We marched thus till ten o'clock, through a deepening obscurity which the "clearness that falls from the stars" changed into twilight. Just then a black mass loomed before us a little in advance, and we recognized the *tampu* or caravansary of the pampas. Our mules recognized it also, and lengthening their steps soon pulled up at the threshold of that desert hostelry, where it was customary for travellers to halt for the sake of resting their beasts rather than themselves.

The *tampu*, which the Quichua Indians now improperly call a *tambo*,[1] is a long low wooden house, divided into several compartments and covered with a roof of boards. The micaceous sand of the plain serves for a flooring, and as that sand is the residence of myriads of microscopic but voracious fleas, the traveller, instead of repose, should he attempt to rest, finds himself on a bed of torture, if we may judge from his cries of rage and his angry movements. Setting this inconvenience aside, the tampu has the merit of forming a central station in the desert which separates the village of Ilay from the city of Arequipa, and of standing 3917 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean.

The point we had reached gave us the exact measure of the distance we had travelled. From noon till ten o'clock we had got over about thirty-three miles, or half the length of the entire distance. This journey, short as it may seem, had nevertheless pretty well used us up. The heat, the saltness of the atmosphere, the intense reflection of the sands had produced on our persons the most deplorable effects. We had red noses, cracked lips, and a pulse as furious as if we were suffering from an attack of fever. An hour longer in that burning sun and we must have been roasted to a nicety. The idea of a halt for only a few minutes gave us an infinite sense of relief. Leaving to the guides the care of unsaddling our mules we entered the inn, and found a profound silence reigning there. An opening in the wall of the building, without a door, led into an apartment in which it was impossible to see anything for the darkness. By beating a tatoo upon the walls we endeavoured to arouse any one who might be sleeping in the place; and in fact, awakened by the noise, the master of the hostelry was not slow to call out. To his questions we replied in two words, "Fire! water!" A moment afterwards the man appeared carrying in one hand a bottle with a lighted candle stuck in it, and in the other a pail of water and a goblet, for the possession of which we almost struggled with one another. Having quenched our thirst, we inquired if the place contained any victuals which would prevent us from dying of starvation. It seemed long now since we had tasted of the consul's sandwiches. Our host replied that his available provisions consisted simply of six chickens, alive indeed, but ready to be sacrificed at a sign from us. We, however, not trusting to his interpretation of any sign we could make, roared our acquiescence in an unmistakable manner. Our host bowed, demanded an hour's respite to awake his wife, light the fire, and kill, pluck, prepare, and serve the chickens with an accompaniment of rice and pimento. We granted his request; and by way of passing the time some of our company thought they could not do better than cut with a knife upon the wooden walls of the tampu, their names, and the date of their visit; while others cooled their faces with fresh water, and, in the absence of cold-cream, anointed them with tallow.

At the expiration of the appointed time our host reappeared, bearing an earthen dish in which, in the midst of a plentiful supply of clear liquid, floated small morsels of the devoted poultry. A wooden spoon was then given to each of us, and seated

[1] The Quichua idiom, altering by degrees through its contact with the Spanish language, has changed its terminations *cu, hua, pa, pi, pu*, &c., into *go, gua, ba, bi, bo*, &c. &c.

in a circle round the smoking viands, we scrimmaged our best. Our host, discreetly withdrawing into a shady corner, watched the repast, and no doubt felt his self-love as a culinary artist immensely flattered by the ardour with which we wielded our spoons. When the dish was thoroughly cleaned out we threw down our spoons and asked for the bill. Our host had written it out in chalk upon a piece of wood

TAMPU, OR HOSTELRY OF THE PAMPAS.

while we were eating, and he now presented it with an obsequious air. It ran as follows:—*Vel-agu*, 4·16—*Chup-suma*, 60·80. Interpreted thus:—

Vela	(candle),	4 reals.
Agua	(water),	16 reals.
Chupè	(soup),	60 reals.
Suma	(total),	80 reals.

As we had not comprehended this little bill in its abbreviated form, we began laughing, but when our host proceeded to explain the thing we laughed no longer. The tallow candle in the bottle was charged four reals,[1] the pail of water two piastres,[2] the chicken-broth represented seven piastres and a half; in a word, the cost of this sumptuous repast amounted to some two pounds sterling. A European unaccustomed to the country would certainly have abused the landlord and made a great noise about the matter; but my companions, born in the country, and myself, resident there for many years, judged the matter differently, and paid without a word, but also without giving the least *pourboire*. Our host appeared by no means hurt by the voluntary omission, but pocketed the sum and went out, improvidently leaving his dish behind him, which we carefully buried in the sand.

While this was passing in the interior of the tampu, our attendants, remaining

[1] The value of a real is about 6½d.

[2] The value of a piastre is about 4s. 2d. or 4s. 3d.

outside, had managed to take a comfortable nap winked at by the stars, leaving the mules which they had unsaddled to roll on the ground with their feet in the air, and make up by such gambols for the fodder and water they wanted. We woke the fellows up and made them saddle the beasts, a march through the pampas by night being preferable to one by day, as it enabled them to bear an amount of hunger, thirst, and fatigue which would have been insufferable in the heat of the sun. Our Palforio, who had not yet discovered the loss of his dish, assisted the muleteers in their preparation for departure, and did not return into the house until he had seen us in the saddle.

On leaving the tampu we headed for the east. The wind no longer blew from the Cordilleras, but the air was fresh and bracing. Our mules, quite restored by their short repose, were in capital spirits, taking advantage of which we made them go at a fair pace. About five o'clock a clear whiteness appeared in the sky, the stars paled their lustre, the day began to break. Soon a ruddy orange tint spread over the soil of the pampas, now become firm and compact. In a few minutes the disc of the sun appeared above the horizon, and as we marched full in the front of the god of day, we found ourselves in the midst of a luminous torrent, which so dazzled and incommoded us that to escape from this new torture we doubled ourselves up like hedgehogs. This anomalous and inconvenient posture rendered us unjust to the claims of the rising sun. Instead of welcoming his appearance with transport, we were inclined to curse him; and in the meantime, notwithstanding my own feeling about the matter, I could not help laughing at my Peruvian attendants, who in so many words sent to the devil the god they worshipped. It was not till eight o'clock that the star of day, now high above the horizon, permitted us to raise our heads. The chain of the snowy Andes rose grandly before us, cut by a zone of cerros, which bounded the pampas eastward. We now pursued, in Indian file, the narrow, sinuous, and difficult path which wound at the base of these singular formations. This barren region presented nothing living to view but tufts of cactus (*Cereus* and *Opuntia*) shrivelled and cracked by the drought, with a few gray lizards and a great number of turtle-doves. Of the latter we counted three or four varieties. The turtle, like rats, lice, and fleas, must be reckoned among the plagues of the country. It not only devastates the fields of maize and wheat, but fills the air with its continual lamentations. This melancholy bird lodges and bewails itself indifferently in any corner. One finds it in the midst of the volcanic cinders of the sea-coast, in the quartzose sands inland, among the rocks of the Sierra, beneath the trees of the sultry valleys, and even in the poetry of the Quichua rhapsodists, who, not contented with calling the silly bird *urpilla-chay* (darling turtle), compare it to the women of their nation, a figure of speech, by the way, of which I do not recognize the propriety.

The singular region which we were now traversing, and which stretches from seven to eight degrees in length by three miles in breadth at most (if one could fly across it as the turtles do!), cost us the loss of two weary hours, to say nothing of the heat and dust which we had to endure. But we were well repaid for these troubles

by the scene which lay before us when, having rounded the last cerro, we found ourselves upon the esplanade which serves as the floor, if I may so speak, of these mineral formations. At our feet lay the valley of Arequipa, a profound ravine, some 500 feet deep, about six miles in breadth, and forty-five miles long in the direction seen from this point. Carpeted with green of various shades, it was dotted at every vantage-point with villages, farms, and country-houses, while through its commingled light and shade meandered two rivers which entered the plain from opposite points, approached each other, lovingly wound their way side by side for a certain distance, and at length merged their waters in one full stream. The whole eastern side of the valley was bounded by the first plateau of the Western Andes, that vast pile of snowy heights whose higher pathways seemed to scale the heavens. Two sierras, connected with the principal chain of mountains, to which they served as buttresses, loomed up in front. That on the right named *Pichu-pichu*, was serrated like a saw, the other on the left, called *Chachani*, rose perpendicular as a wall. A space of about sixty miles in circuit separated the two masses, and from the centre of that area, sloping from east to west, sprang in all its native majesty and its unrivalled configuration the cone of Misti,[1] one of the finest volcanoes which crown the Andes at various points from Tierra del Fuego to the equator.

CEREUS CANDELARIS AND OPUNTIA.

The valley of Arequipa was discovered in the commencement of the thirteenth century by the fourth Inca, Mayta-Capac, who, following the example of his predecessors, left his capital Cuzco with a view of extending the bounds of the empire, and of rallying to the worship of the sun the unsubdued tribes who peopled the littoral, and the snowy sierra. After subjugating the Aymaras of the plateau of Tiahuanacu in higher Peru, he had traversed

[1] Modern geographers have mistakenly substituted for the *Misti*, which rises above the valley and city of Arequipa, the *Huayna-Putina*, which they call *Guaga-Putina*, and place on a branch of the Western Andes; while, in fact, this volcano is situated on the main chain, in the valley of Moquehua, above the village of Omate—that is to say, about ninety miles south-east of Arequipa. Having pointed out this threefold error, I will only add that the Misti, which some travellers have tried to ascend, is forty miles in circumference at its base. Its height above the sea is 15,223 feet; above the Tampu and Pampa of Ilay it measures 11,306 feet; and above the central Place of Arequipa, 8545 feet.

the double chain of the Andes above the sources of the Apurimac to reduce to servitude those of the Aymara nation who lived in the environs of Pari Huanacocha (Flamingo Lake), under the fifteenth degree. These two expeditions having been completed, the Inca was traversing the foot of the Western Cordilleras when he came by chance where the Sierra of Velilla opened to this valley of Arequipa, then uninhabited and called Coripuna (the plain of gold), from the name of a volcano, now

REGION OF CERROS OR RUGGED HILLS NEAR AREQUIPA.

extinct and covered with snow, which rises on the borders of the provinces of Cailloma and Arequipa.[1]

We are ignorant, and the Spanish chroniclers were as ignorant as ourselves—for they say nothing about it, and are not the people to keep a secret—what aspect that valley presented, deprived of inhabitants and denuded of culture, at the epoch when Mayta-Capac took possession of it in the name of the Sun, his divine ancestor. But the continual rising of its level during the period of volcanic activity of the Huayna-Putina—which, as explained on a previous page, must not be confounded with the Misti

[1] By the side of this volcano, the cone of which is perfectly regular, rises another named the *Padre Eterno*, now extinct like the *Coripuna*, and like it covered with snow from the summit to the base during the whole year. They are both situated in the same parallel as the volcano (*Misti*) of Arequipa at the foot of the chain of the Western Andes. They are distinctly visible from the descent of the Recoleta, near the bridge of Arequipa.

—a period which comprises the eruptions of 1582, 1600, 1604, 1609, 1687, 1725, 1732, and 1738, allows us to suppose that in the thirteenth century the depth of its bed must have been double what it now is, its slope from south to north very slight, its temperature more elevated and more equal; while as to its flora and fauna, they were the same, with the exception of a few species, as they are at the present day.[1]

The actual physiognomy of the valley is characterized by an inclination of 7113 feet, reckoning from the Sierra de Characato, where it begins, to the vale of Quellca fronting the ocean, where it terminates after a course of ninety-six miles. Its vegetation in a temperature which varies from 39° to 90° Fahrenheit, presents successively barley, rye, and the quinoa (*Chenopodium Quinoa*) of cold countries, wheat and maize, the fig and

PÉONS OF THE VALLEY OF AREQUIPA.

the raisin, the olive and the pomegranate of southern Europe, and the sugar-cane and banana of the tropics. To the traveller who arrives panting and covered with dust on the threshold of that region of cerros, this long strip of verdure, sweetly softened by the distance and varying its aspect each league, is like a land of promise, a peep of that fertile Canaan which at length terminates the desert. It rejoices his soul, renews his strength, and has the effect on his sight, scorched by the hot reflection of the sands, of an extended shade of green taffeta.

This fertile valley, so remarkable on many grounds, so picturesque in its entire aspect and details, has nothing, or next to nothing, to offer to the naturalist. Its flora and its fauna, together with those of the environs of Arequipa, are meagre in the extreme, and the catalogue of plants and animals which they comprise would not take long to draw up.

A narrow path, forming a steep descent, led down into the valley on the left bank of the Tampu, one of the two streams by which it is watered. We crossed by a ford opposite Ocongate, a group of cottages shaded by a species of sallow, pointed

[1] The *Ardea alba*, or white heron, and the *Phœnicopterus*, or flamingo, observed in the time of the first Incas, have long since disappeared from these countries.

in form, and so closely set as to hide with a verdant curtain the base of the hill on the summit of which stand the church and houses of Tiabaya, a small town once renowned for its drinking and dancing festivities. Till now the difficulties of the ground had compelled us to march in column; but on turning a hill we found it possible to deploy into line upon a fine and perfectly level road, bordered by cultivated fields, and the ranchos of the Indians. Henceforth we had to fear neither hunger nor thirst, neither sunstrokes nor shifting sands, and the sense of this relief gave to the conversation of our friends a turn which became more and more sportive. The muleteers, gratified at having brought their cattle in safety through the difficulties of the

Farmer (Chacarero) of the Valley of Arequipa.

A Farmer's Wife (Chacarera) of the Valley of Arequipa

way, bawled their delight in ear-splitting shouts and melodies. One sang a ballad the subject of which was the delight of revisiting one's family and friends after a long absence, and at each return of the refrain—for this ode to native-land had a refrain—the very mules neighed and threw up their heels, as if they too had a domestic hearth and a family circle awaiting them. In this joyous mood we arrived at the hamlet of Sachaca, composed of less than a score of poor huts built in the sheltered crannies of a trachytic rock which bars the road. It is at Sachaca, so say the legends, that the sorcerers, the goblins, and elves of the environs are wont to assemble on moonlight nights. Unfortunates wearing cravat-wise the rope with which they had been hanged; others who had been flayed alive, dragging their bloody skins after them and the decapitated carrying their heads under their arms, figure in these *réunions*. All that is grotesque and revolting in the world of imagination throng the paths, eat, drink, and dance, play with the bones of the dead upon the gaping coffins, and vanish into thin air at cock-crow. In vain the inhabitants of Sachaca have had recourse to the exorcists of the country to disperse these nocturnal phantoms; in vain they have placed crosses and sacred bushes over their doors. The sorcerers have burned the crosses to cook their broth, transformed the bushes into brooms, and notwithstanding all the enchantments of their rivals in art, have remained

masters of the place. To this day Sachaca is an accursed spot, at the sight of which the good women sign themselves with the cross under pretence of kissing their thumb, and which no man would dare to pass at midnight unless he had drank enough to forget his usual prudence.

As it was now eleven o'clock in the morning, and sorcerers and owls do not show themselves by daylight, our muleteers halted at Sachaca to drink a jug of the native beer (*chicha*), which they say is excellent. Our friends, curious to verify the fact, caused some glasses to be served; but notwithstanding their pressing entreaties, I refused to drink, not from any repugnance to that particular beverage, which I prefer to stagnant water, but because I feared—and the reputation of Sachaca sufficiently

VILLAGES OF OCONGATE, TIABAYA, AND UMARO.

justifies the fear—that its beer, brewed under a malign influence, might act upon my reason like the juice of the lotus, or the moly of Homer, and detain me for ever in a country which I had arranged to quit on the morrow about this very hour.

From Sachaca to Yanahuara, three miles distant, the road is admirable, and the country cultivated with great care. Fields of maize, clover, and potatoes, squares of golden grain, streams bordered with well-grown willows, mud-built houses coloured white, blue, or pink, combined to form a landscape upon which the eye rested with pleasure. Here and there, in arbours formed of trailing gourds loaded with their pale yellow fruit, and surmounted with a pennon of the Peruvian colours, the sign of a rural cabaret—town cabarets have only a wisp of straw for their emblem—men and women in many-coloured garments, with complexions like sepia, and hair flowing down upon their shoulders, swallowed their favourite drink, strummed their three-stringed guitar, tootled a cracked pipe, and frisked merrily about, now embracing, now gourmandizing, now dancing again to the accompaniment of shouts and bursts of laughter, mingled with oaths, and ending in their dropping off to sleep with their heads under the shade of the arbour, and their feet in the sun, in such attitudes as would have sent a painter of *genre* into ecstasies. These exhibitions of local manners, to which my companions paid scarcely the least attention, familiar as they were with them from child-

hood, gave me, I must confess, the greatest pleasure. My curiosity and my philosophy were alike gratified. Pictures so artistically composed, so rich in colour, so alive with movement, charmed my eyes at the same time that they supplied me with serious subjects for reflection. I found myself surprised into silent disquisitions upon the nature of man in general, and in particular upon that of these indigenes, happy under the shadow of a gourd which served them at once for house, tent, and sunshade. "Happy people!" I said to myself, as I jerked the bridle of my mule, "whose appetite

HAMLET OF SACHACA.

of hunger is satisfied with a pumpkin; a people worthy of the age of gold, content to dine on a potato roasted in the ashes, to sup on a raw onion, to forget the very necessity of eating, provided they get something to drink, and pass through life to the sweet sounds of the flute and guitar, without disquieting themselves about a battered hat, or a ragged pair of breeches; who regret nothing, and are ambitious of nothing, not even of a new shirt, though it may be the first of January, and the one that has been worn for a year may be dropping off their backs; whose only fault—a very innocent one—is to organize an *émeute* once a month, and set up a new president of the republic. Alas!" I concluded with a sigh, "to what Nova Zembla, or what Papua, innocent of civilization, would it be necessary to direct one's steps to find a worthy parallel to such a people!"

Beyond Yanahuara, a little village remarkable for nothing but its name (black breeches) and its springs of sparkling water running in granite channels, the houses are closer together, and border both sides of the road. Drinking places now become

more frequent, their white and red streamers waving in the air like the wings of flamingoes. Troops of llamas laden with dried figs, pimento, charcoal, or rock-salt, mingle in busy contact with convoys of asses and mules. Indians of both sexes pass to and fro chattering with emulous loquacity. As we advance, the crowd and the noise augment; songs, too, are heard in the distance, which, mingling with this tumult, impart to it a joyous and holiday-making aspect. These people throng the approaches of a great city. Suddenly, on turning from the Recoleta—an advanced post of squalid and blackened houses, where the chicha brewers smoke night and day like chimneys—a rapid fall of the ground brings to view, in a perspective of dazzling light and pure azure, the city of Arequipa, lying at the foot of the great volcano Misti, and crowned as with a diadem by the snows of the Sierra. The *coup d'œil* is magical. Nothing more beautiful was ever seen at an opera. Mexico in its plain, Santiago du Chili, backed by the Cordillera de Mendoza, could alone for splendour of prospect furnish a parallel to it.

CHOLA WASHERWOMAN.

From the Recoleta we descended towards a bridge of six arches by which it communicates with the city. This bridge, which has somewhat the look of a Roman aqueduct, crosses at the height of more than a hundred feet the bed of the river Chile, the sister stream of the Tampu, which flows by Ocongate. A furious torrent when swelled by the melting of the snows, the Chile during the rest of the year is nothing but a common brook haunted by carp and crayfish, where the washerwomen of the city come to beat their linen, to a noisy accompaniment of shouting and singing. As these admired "cholas" wear short petticoats and chemises very loose about their necks, numbers of loungers (*aficionados*) come every day between the hours of three and six, under pretext of a promenade, to loll upon the parapet of the bridge and watch the women in the river. For three mortal hours these genteel loiterers lean on the parapet ogling the women, and delivering themselves of observations more or less piquant, all the time spitting in the water to make rings. There were none of these gentlemen on the bridge, however, when we passed, nor did a single short-petticoated chola exhibit herself on the banks of the river. This, however, surprised us little: just then all the clocks of the city were sounding the mid-day hour, at which time, when the sun is beginning to glare too fiercely, the citizens take a siesta in their houses, and the washerwomen, leaving their linen and their soap to the care of Providence, go to enjoy a jug of beer under the shade of the cabaret.

The first street into which we enter after leaving the bridge is the *Calle del Puente*, a long narrow avenue of stone buildings, the trade of which chiefly consists in provisions and drink. Every house in the street is a shop where black olives, unctuous cheese, butter put up in bladders, dried fish, fag-ends of salt pork prepared in fat, salads chopped small like minced meat, and fritters soaked in treacle, are exposed to the admiring gaze of the passengers in a state of mingled disorder, which is nothing

less than the effect of art. Leathern bottles of wine and tafia (a kind of rum) here and there showed their rounded forms. The odour which exhales from these dens of indigestion would make a European sick; but the native sniffs it with delight, gifted as he is by nature with a voracious appetite, and a stomach strong enough to digest glass-bottles.

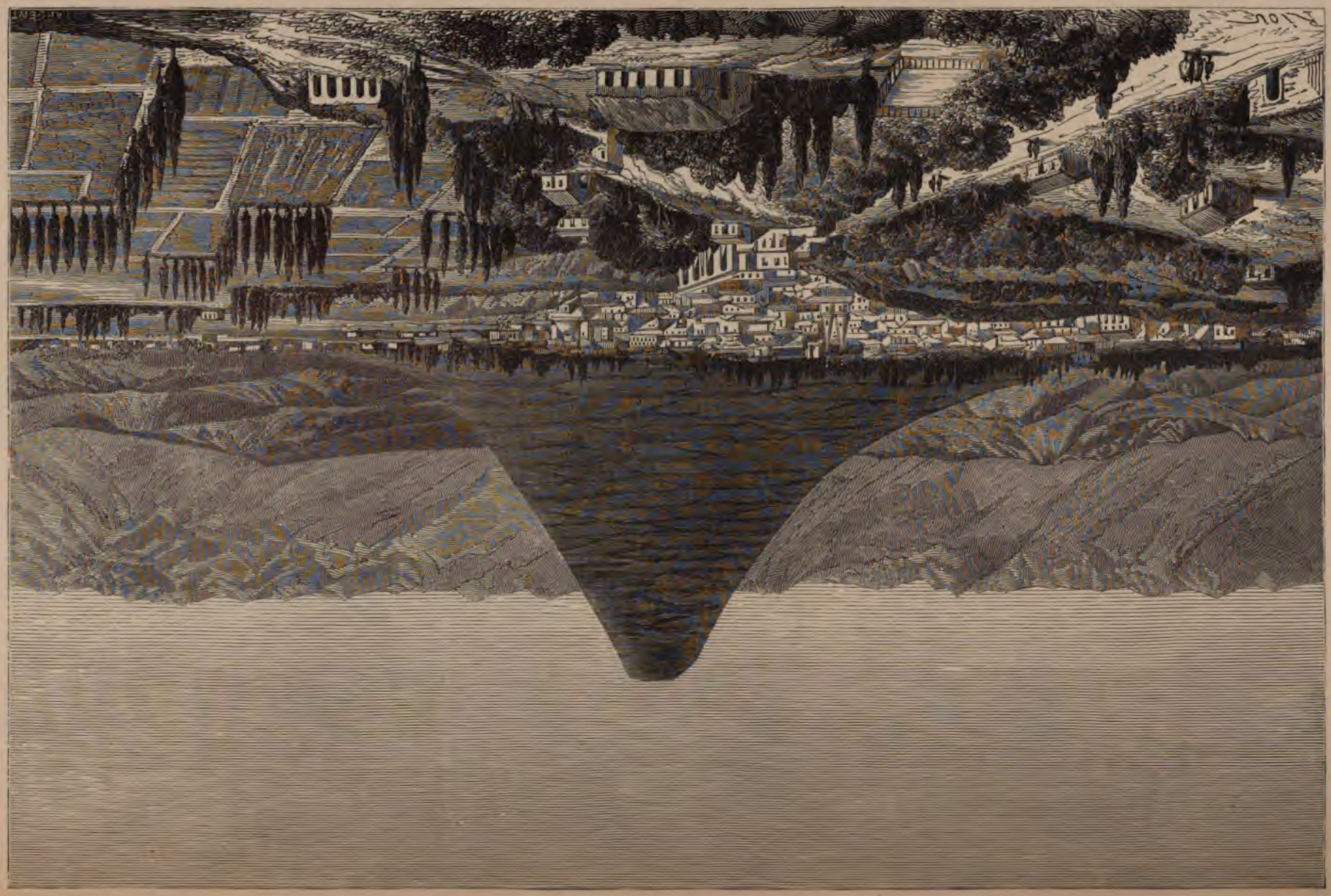
From the *Calle del Puente* we hastened with our mules at full gallop to the great square (*Plaza Mayor*) of Arequipa. Several streets radiate like the spokes of a wheel from this place as a centre. Having to proceed in opposite directions to regain our respective dwellings, we halted at this spot as with common consent, conscious that the hour of separation had at last arrived. The dinner on board the *Vicar of Bray* rendered quite superfluous a farewell festivity, which, according to the custom of the country, my friends had not been slow to offer me. Under the circumstances they contented themselves with clasping me in their arms, while their eyes were more or less filled with tears according to the degree of affection which existed between us. "Write to us"—"Write to me"—"Yes, I will write"—were the last words which we exchanged. A quarter of an hour after this affecting scene the door of my house, situated in the Rue de Huanamara, closed upon me.

Here I find myself obliged to open a parenthesis to beg the reader's pardon if I do not invite him into my parlour, for I wish it to be understood that I really enjoyed that luxury. It was a vaulted apartment with two holes in the roof for the admission of air and light; the walls, of granite, were three feet thick and were painted yellow. The floor was paved in a geometrical pattern with black and blue and white stones. But my parlour, otherwise not unworthy of notice, is at the moment of which I write turned inside out, as the saying is. The furniture is concealed under packages; the floor is encumbered with baskets and boxes, a fine layer of dust covers everything, and the spider, taking advantage of my long absence, has stretched his web from angle to angle of the walls. It being impossible, under these circumstances, to find so much as a chair to offer my reader; and being unwilling to leave him standing in the street till the hour of my departure, I beg permission to escort him through the city, and substituting action for description, give him certain details about Arequipa which he would seek in vain in geographies, itineraries, and guide-books.

Two Spanish chroniclers of the seventeenth century, Garcilaso de la Vega, and the reverend father Blas Valera, explain the etymology of Arequipa in the following fashion. When the Inca Mayta Capac, says Garcilaso, had discovered the valley of Coripuna, some of the Indians who accompanied him, charmed by the beauty of the sight and the agreeable temperature, expressed their desire to establish themselves here. "Since the place pleases you," said the Inca, "*ariqquêpay*,"[1] that is, "by all means remain here."

Three thousand men, it is said, remained.

[1] Those who are inclined to put faith in this etymology will at least permit me to observe that the word *ari-qquêpay*, by corruption *arequipa*, formed from the affirmative particle *ari*, and from *qquêpay*, the imperative of the verb, may be understood in two distinct senses: the verbs *qqueparini* (to remain behind), and *qquepacani* (to contain within certain bounds, understood of capacity or extent), both make *qquêpay* in the imperative.



THE CITY AND VALLEY OF AREQUIPA—FROM THE HEIGHTS OF YANAHUANA.

Valera simply observes that the word Arequipa signifies "sonorous or loud-sounding trumpet." In the idiom of the children of the Sun *quêpa* does, in fact, mean a trumpet, but the affirmative particle *ari* does not express any idea of sonorousness. We believe in this etymological guess the least.

During two centuries, Arequipa, a simple Indian village, like its neighbours Sucahuaya and Paucarpata, which date from the same epoch, was governed by curacas or caciques nominated by the reigning Inca. In 1536, on the 5th of July, Pedro

THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE AT AREQUIPA.

Anzurez de Campo Redondo, one of the adventurers who followed Pizarro into America, destroyed the village, and built a city in its place. Since that period, Arequipa, eight times partially destroyed, and thrice overthrown from its very foundations by earthquakes, has twice changed its site. Let me, however, hasten to say, for the honour of the Misti at whose foot the city is built, that this volcano is by no means responsible for the calamities which have befallen the city. The author of all its evils is the Huayna-Putina of the valley of Moquehua, a fire-belching mountain which geographers of robust faith have transported into the valley of Coripuna.

The most violent eruption of Huayna-Putina took place in 1609. The first signs of the volcanic tempest were hollow rumblings beneath the earth's crust. These subterranean disturbances, accompanied by ear-splitting claps of thunder, were followed by torrents of rain, which continued to fall for fourteen days. Then the volcano began to eject cinders, stones, and sand in such masses, and to such an extent, that the light of the sun was obscured. This frightful tempest continued for forty-five days. The city of Arequipa was completely destroyed, and, as well as its valley, was covered

with a thick bed of ashes. The neighbouring rivers, obstructed by sand and stones, changed their course, leaving upon their shores thousands of dead fish, the corruption of which occasioned a pestilence in the country. Beyond Quellca, at the mouth of the valley, the waters of the sea, to a distance of ten miles, were turned to a grayish colour; and Lima, the royal capital, at a distance of more than 600 miles, could count, by the reports which from minute to minute shook the ground, every throe of the agony suffered by Arequipa.

The present city, occupying an area of about 26,000 square yards, is far from being symmetrically laid out. It is divided into five quarters, which are subdivided into eighty-five blocks (*îles* or *cuadras*), giving a total of 2064 houses for a population of about 17,000 souls. The number of cabarets is 928, a figure which at first may seem very high, but will not be thought extraordinary if we bear in mind the burning thirst of a people who live and multiply over a volcano. The quarters of the city, respectively named Santo Domingo, San Francisco, San Mercedo, San Agustin, and Miraflores, have each a church and a convent for men; besides which, there are three convents for women, a Béguinage under the protection of St. Francis, and a house of spiritual exercise, where, during the "holy week," the fair sex of Arequipa come to flagellate themselves in remembrance of the passion of our Lord. The idlers of the city, aware of this circumstance, are accustomed at night to station themselves under the windows of this pious abode, to listen to the blows of the whip which the women apply to one another in the darkness, accompanying the operation with sharp cries.

The churches and convents, constructed for security against earthquakes, present little that is remarkable in architecture. The walls are built of stones to half their height only; all the rest is woodwork, plaster, or loam. The interior arrangement of the convents is always in the form of a square more or less perfect, with a quadrilateral cloister, from which open the cells. The plan of the churches is that of a capital T, the ancient Tau, or a Latin cross. For the most part they have only a nave without side-aisles. Their vaulted roofs, which rise from forty to fifty feet above the ground, are sometimes strengthened by double arches, and supported by walls, generally smooth, from seven to eight feet thick. In an architectural point of view, the interior of these churches is no doubt a little naked, but that nakedness is more than redeemed by the ornamentation of their façades, where the architect, no longer fearing to compromise the safety of his work, has combined, according to whatever rule he finds most convenient, egg-and tongue mouldings, volutes, cauliflowers and chiccory, fire-pots and balustrades, urns and columns, acroteria and terminals, such as characterized the Hispano-Lusitanian taste of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. All these toys, which at a distance one would think were turned rather than sculptured, are whitened with lime-wash, and being placed on the salient points of the straight lines as upon shelves, have the look of those ivory chessmen which are carved by the Chinese and the people of Dieppe.

If art and taste are at fault in these monuments, they are supplemented by a grand display of wealth. Gold and silver, precious stones and rich draperies, are

lavished with prodigality upon the altars and vestments of the images. The Christs—there are many in the Peruvian calendar, such as the Christ of Earthquakes, of Remedies, of the Faithful, Dead, &c.—are dressed in skirts of point-lace from England, and have crowns of the *Acacia triacanthus*, each thorn in which is composed of an emerald five inches long; the nails which fasten the image to the cross have diamond heads, and furrows formed of rubies imitate the blood of the wounds. The blessed Virgins, still more numerous, are dressed in farthingales or hooped petticoats, with court mantles of velvet, brocade, or embroidered satin; head-dresses adorned with streamers; turbans surmounted with feathers, collars of pearls, ear-rings of brilliants, jewelled rings on every finger, watches with chain and charms, brooches and scent-boxes, pocket-handkerchiefs of lace, and fans covered with spangles.

CHOLO OF AREQUIPA.

Seeing such magnificence complacently exposed to the public eye, a stranger who visits the country to seek his fortune is astonished that the petty thieves of Arequipa—who are as numerous, by the way, as the shop-keepers and costermongers themselves—have never yet thought of working this rich mine. One cannot help asking, What scruple or what motive can keep these *chevaliers d'industrie* with their hands idly tucked in their pockets? It is simply their wholesome terror of committing any outrage upon Holy Church. As for the huaso, the cholo, or any other ordinary specimen of mankind, very little would be thought of strangling him, or cutting his throat for the sake of emptying his pockets; but to steal a wax candle from a church is what these conscientious vagabonds would never dare to do, for fear of hell and eternal fire. Such an article of faith, let us admit, is most admirable! Unhappily, sooner or later it is sure to be undermined. The day will come, if it has not already arrived, when these sons of the soil, civilized by contact with packet-boats, steamboats, and transatlantic cables, will seek to rival the pickpockets of Europe, and depend upon it, their first essay will be a masterstroke.

The churches of Arequipa, often destroyed and rebuilt, are for the most part from two to three centuries old. The cathedral alone, which occupies all one side of the Plaza Mayor, is of quite modern date, having been built to replace the old structure consumed by fire—the work of an incendiary—in 1849. This structure measures about two hundred feet square, and is crowned by two wooden towers with rather squat-looking pyramidal roofs. Eight massive columns of the Roman Ionic order, and many smaller engaged columns, decorate the façade. The central entrance under this is surmounted by a pediment suitably ornamented with an acroterium and other architectural devices. Two porticoes, decorated with numerous Corinthian columns, spring from either extremity of the edifice, which is pierced with numerous windows, and whose total height from the ground to the attic near the apex of the roof may be from forty to fifty feet. This massive structure, square at the base, square at the

roof, virgin white with lime-wash, and glistening with cactus gum, stands out with singular boldness against the ultramarine blue of a sky almost always unclouded.

Notwithstanding the imposing appearance of the modern cathedral, it is impossible not to regret the destruction of its predecessor, whose walls of mouse-coloured gray harmonize so well with a style of architectural adornment on which the architect had lavished all his resources of taste. There was no salient point of the old edifice, however slight, which did not support a vase or some other kind of finial. That erection, however, possessed a greater treasure than its wealth of architecture, or the splendours of its sacristy, in its gallery of portraits of bishops, which consisted of nineteen pictures magnificently framed, all destroyed by the fire of 1849. The portraits represented the whole line of bishops who had succeeded to the spiritual government of Arequipa from the year 1614, arranged in chronological order. The figures were of full-length size, painted by native artists, and remarkable for this peculiarity, that the first of the series having served in arrangement, design, and colour as a model for the painter of the second, the subsequent artists had also thought it their duty to follow suit, so that every picture during two centuries had been an exact copy of those which preceded it, and the portraits were so scrupulously alike, so perfectly identical, that one might have supposed only a single picture existed, which was multiplied nineteen times by means of mirrors. While we grieve over the loss of this precious collection of clerical Dromios seated on gilded thrones, all draped in the same fashion, placed in the same attitude, holding the same book, and looking at the same spot, we cannot but lament the indifference of the Peruvian government in regard to danger by fire. Such an institution as firemen are unknown in the great cities of this republic.

After the churches come the convents, massive and commonplace buildings, which owe nothing to architectural art but the semicircular arches of their galleries. Without the stone cross over their gates, they might be easily mistaken for ordinary private dwellings, their exterior appearance is so poor, cold, and naked. Let me, however, hasten to say that this architectural poverty is not strictly symbolic; all the convents are rich, and they do not conceal the fact. Why should they attempt to do so? every one knows within a few reals the amount of their income, and what profit they derive, one year with another, from the haciendas which they possess in the valleys.

Besides its wealth in property and hard cash, in the costly ornaments and jewels which adorn its chapels, every convent possesses in its archives and its library, composed of some hundreds of works, often of a rare and precious character, a treasure of which the value is far from being appreciated. The monks, occupied with divers cares, have no time or inclination to bestow a thought on these dusty volumes. They are equally slow to offer any facility to others who would care for them, and it needs a powerful recommendation to be admitted with a view to literary research. By way of compensation, however, the convent cloister is open to all the world. From the hour of six in the morning to six in

THE GREAT SQUARE AND CATHEDRAL OF AREQUIPA.

the evening any one who pleases may walk up and down in the agreeable shade, and there read or smoke his cigar at pleasure.

From the containing vessel let us pass to the thing it contains, from the monastery to the monk. Though under the ban in Spain, he enjoys in Peru the highest possible consideration. As in the happiest days of his history, the monk is the adviser of men, the confidant of women, the friend of every house, the welcome guest at every feast. The sight of his frock, so far from inspiring sad and mournful ideas, is the immediate cause of mirth and gaiety. The amiable and tolerant religion of the monk is no hindrance to his enjoyment of the social board or the dance, or of whatever besides that serves to make life pleasant. Like a man of the world (from whom he differs only in costume), the monk comes and goes at pleasure, and in all respects enjoys an unlimited liberty of action. Like other people, he has his reception days and his circle of friends. In his cell, transformed into a drawing-room, chocolate, liqueurs, and cakes go the round, politics and music, religion and literature, take their turn; nor are the virtues of the fair sex excluded from the conversation, which is accompanied with a guitar and cigarettes. In a word, one enjoys in the monk's cell every lawful pleasure, though seasoned with I know not what grain of ecclesiastical scruple, which only augments its savour.

The monastic rule, much more severe in the communities of women, does not permit them under any pretext to cross the threshold of the convent where they have pronounced their vows. Even for a doctor to visit them in case of illness needs a dispensation from the bishop. A gardener is the only male individual whose presence is tolerated in a convent, this happy exception to the general rule not being a man in the eyes of the *religieuse*. Thus secluded beneath the shadow of their lofty walls, these holy women, who one might suppose wearing out their lives in prayers, tears, and mortifying ceremonials, nevertheless pass a sufficiently agreeable time. Their little cell is a thoroughly comfortable apartment, where each nun enjoys as much luxury in drapery and furniture as the fortune of her family (upon whom the cost of her installation exclusively falls) can afford. Each has her library, her pet birds, her guitar, her little garden of rare flowers, and even her bosom friend, or adopted sister, who shares in her secret ennuis, her pleasures, and her confidences. A friendship of this kind, born in the shade of the cloister, often becomes a passion. From nones to nones there goes on a constant exchange of tender missives, containing endless vows of undying friendship, bouquets of flowers and serenades, sometimes interrupted by a terrible explosion, the cause of which may be a smile, or a slight preference of some kind, shown to a rival. Unconsciously to themselves, these poor recluses play with the profane love which they fancy themselves to have renounced; and who would dream of imputing it to them as a crime?

Although these devotees cannot leave the convent, they have the privilege of receiving, and even of inviting to lunch, their relations of both sexes, and even the friends of their relatives. The meal on these occasions is served in the parlour—a great vaulted apartment, divided into two by gratings, and the table is placed so

near one of these gratings, that the nun seated at the other side can see and discourse with her guests. The conversation habitually turns on the recent gossip of the city; every kind of small talk about love-makings, marriages, births and deaths, is mingled with epigrammatic observations and bursts of laughter. When gentlemen are present they do not forget to season their pleasantries with a little of what I may call Attic salt. By merely shutting the eyes one may imagine himself in some ordinary drawing-room in the midst of an animated and fashionable company.

Sometimes a stranger is invited by the family to one of these monastic but savoury breakfasts. After the ordinary compliments, the nun at once begins to inquire, with an amiable show of interest, as to the birthplace and parentage of her guest. She even questions him as to his orthodoxy and the state of his heart; as to the illusions which time has dispelled, and those which he still cherishes; as to the countries he has visited, and the adventures of which he has been the hero. If the stranger's answers are satisfactory, she makes him promise that when he next passes the convent he will call in to take a glass of sherbet, and exchange a friendly good-day with the *desgraciada* (unfortunate) who inhabits it: so she styles herself. At the end of the repast, in the general bustle of parting, if the stranger has talked himself into her good graces, a beloved brother, or an influential uncle, undertakes to induce her to raise her vail, that the friend of the family, who has never yet seen her, may carry away her image engraved on his memory. After a little hesitation—for that action so simple is a mortal sin—she yields to their entreaties, not without first assuring herself, by a rapid glance round, that the mother and the sisters have their backs turned. Of course the only way in which a favour of this kind can be acknowledged is to express the most lively admiration, murmuring aside, but so as to be sure that the nun hears, *Que faz encantadora!* (What a sweet face!) It may happen that the vestal is snub-nosed, has a jaundiced skin, and but five teeth in her head, but it is the intention she values; and the stranger gains by his harmless flattery the reputation of being a man of taste and a gentleman.

In a country where pastry-cooks and confectioners have not yet penetrated, these communities of women monopolize the manufacture of sweets, cakes, and ornamental pastry. They supply to order the necessities of every ball, wedding, or other party, sparing no pains to satisfy the public and increase the number of their customers, and this not so much for the love of gain, as for the pleasure of outdoing some other community, because, say they, you may stone us to death for the indiscretion, yet it is undeniable that there exists between the various convents a bitter rivalry, the cause of which is as yet unknown to the physiologist, though the fact is daily attested by the petty annoyances which these religious ladies inflict on each other, and the abuse, nay, blows, which their servants resort to when they meet in the streets.

Each community is noted for some speciality in cookery, which recommends it to the appreciation of the public. The convent of Ste. Rose has its *mazomora au carmin*, a preparation of the consistency of pap, and of a reddish colour; it is exposed at night on the convent roof, where the cold imparts some peculiar quality to it. The Ste. Catherine's sisterhood excels in *petits-fours* (little patties), and in a con-

fiture of chicken stewed in milk of almonds: this is the *manjar blanco* or blanc-mange of the country. In fine, the Carmelites are proud of their fritters of honey, sprinkled with powder of dried rose-leaves and spangles of gold; and of their *impériaux*, or yolks of eggs beaten up with powdered sugar, and curdled by a process unknown to us. Let it be observed that it is not to the community that any particular order is addressed, but to one of the nuns, who, on sending home the cakes, takes care at the same time to send in her bill, as would be done by an ordinary pastry-cook.

Some of the nuns whose friends cannot afford to assist them, make up a certain amount of income by the sale of their cakes; others, whose friends are wealthy, and who are above profiting in this way, content themselves with making and cooking these dainties from the pure love of the art, and the pleasure they give to their friends and acquaintances. The latter, whom we may call the finer porcelain of the convent, receive from their friends every Monday enough provisions to last them a week, and which generally consist of a quarter of beef and a whole sheep, to say nothing of tender chickens, choice fish, seasonable game, eggs, fruits, and vegetables. After having selected from these viands the portion they prefer for their own particular cuisine—for our nuns have the privilege of using the *pot au feu* in their cells whenever they do not wish to go into the refectory—they give the rest to the community, which by this means is enabled to keep its commissariat on a war-footing at small cost.

CHOLA OF AREQUIPA.

Thanks to the troop of cholas, more or less active, more or less acute, that each nun entertains at her cost in the character of domestics, scullions, messengers, and the like, who are in and out of the convent from morning till evening, she knows better than the inhabitants themselves what is going on in the city and suburbs. If a stranger has put up at some tampu, if a citizen has loitered too long opposite some other window than his own, if two drunken *señores* have fallen foul of each other in the streets instead of singing the office and the *Ave Maria,* the inhabitants of the convent are sure to be the first to hear of the fact. Though she has shut herself up in a tomb, the nun of Arequipa has cleverly kept its roof open to the world.

Besides the saint day of their convent, which the nuns celebrate by mass with music, and a display of fireworks let off between eleven and twelve in the day according to the custom of the country, there are certain festivals of the church which are solemnized by masquerades, accompanied by songs and dances. Christmas-eve is one of these. Before the episode of the Nativity, theatrically represented by means of painted decorations and pasteboard dolls acting the various parts, the nuns divide themselves into two parties, the one of shepherds, the other of peasants, and carry on a dialogue to the sound of the guitar and accordion, while dancing quadrilles *de circonstance.*[1] Eight days previously, such of the nuns as had

[1] Quadrilles for the occasion, in which some appropriate action is introduced: known to some of our readers, perhaps, as "improved quadrilles."—TR.

to play in the character of shepherds had borrowed from their relations and friends of the male sex the handsomest articles of their attire, so that they might have time to alter them to their own height, and embellish them with tinsel, ribbons, and other trimmings in the correctest taste. We ourselves remember to have taken on one of these occasions a satin waistcoat, a frock-coat, and a pair of black pantaloons, which had certainly neither a very pastoral nor a very scriptural look, but which, nevertheless, were received with pleasure on account of their elegant French cut. Alas! after Christmas-day we received back our patched garments in a most deplorable condition,

APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSE-TOPS OF AREQUIPA.

but as they had been worn by a holy sister, and sanctified by monastic quadrilles, in place of pitching them into the river, as an indifferent or irreligious person would have done, we have preserved them with great care under the name of relics.

The conventual rule which interdicts the public from admittance into these communities of women, the reception-room or parlour excepted, is relaxed in a time of *émeute* or revolution. In such dreadful times the feminine aristocracy of the city find a welcome and sure asylum in these monasteries, the gates of which are thrown wide open for their reception. It is to them that every family flees for refuge, carrying with them gold and jewels, plate, and whatever precious objects they possess, and leaving the house almost without furniture to the care of a father or a husband who barricades himself in with the customary precautions. After staying a month in a monastery under these circumstances, women have been known to refuse to return under the conjugal roof, captivated by the amiability of the nuns, and the sweetness of intercourse with them.

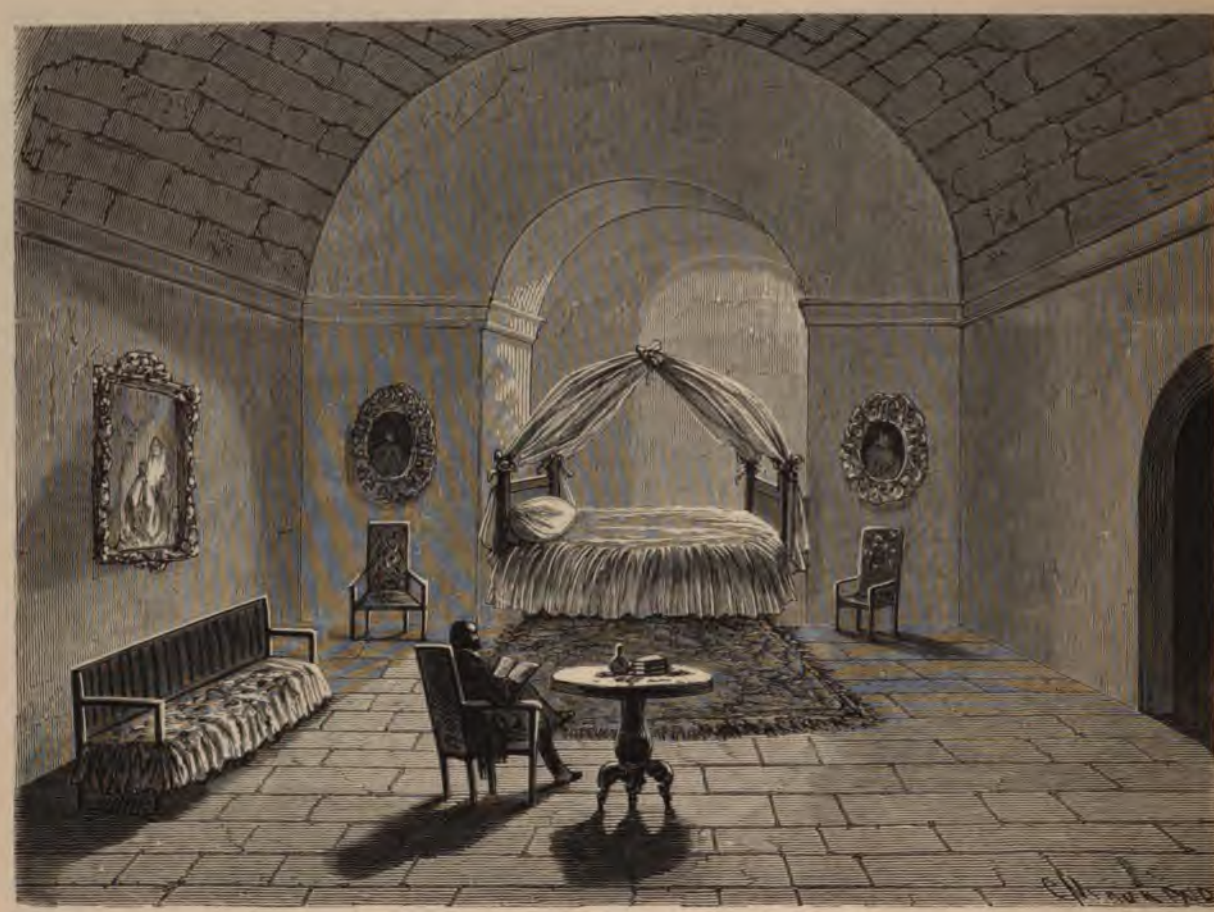
After death, if the souls of these holy women are borne to heaven on angels' wings, their bodies, which for a long period it was customary to bury in the churches with those of the citizens, are now carried away by men into a vast cemetery, adorned with funereal monuments, at the distance of two leagues southward from Arequipa. Each religious community has in that asylum, which they call an *apachecta* (place of rest), a special vault. The aristocracy of the city make use of certain parts of the walls, six feet in thickness, pierced with three rows of cells. Each cell is occupied by a single body, the head of which is introduced first as into a sheath, and the entrance of this narrow sepulchre being finally closed with bricks and plaster. As for the Indians of Arequipa, men and women alike are thrown negligently into a great trench, where all the rats of the country come to visit them.

Now that we have done with the convents of men and women, let us take a stroll through the city hap-hazard, not in the expectation of discovering any remarkable monuments—Arequipa has nothing of the kind—but to get a notion of the arrangement of its streets and the aspect of its houses. In general, the streets are broad and well paved, laid out at right angles, with side-walks for foot-passengers, separated from the road by gutters of granite (*acequias*), in which the torrents of water which pour down from the Cordilleras roll noisily along to the river. The houses resemble each other in all but a few details. They are all built of stone, sometimes of gray trachyte, have vaulted roofs, and are pierced with large bay-windows, which are protected by bars of iron, and shutters inside covered with sheet-iron, as a precaution against burglars and the shots of *émeutiers*. The entrance-gate, generally arched, has two leaves formidably adorned with great S's of iron and heads of nails. Their width is sufficient for two carriages to pass without touching. These houses have only a ground-floor and sometimes one story above, which is nearly always uninhabited, and opens upon a balcony like a long and clumsy chest of carved wood, painted red, brown, or dark green, and capable of being opened or closed at will by means of movable panels. These balconies, in which the women do not appear except on special occasions, throw deep shadows over the façades of the buildings.

The interior of these dwellings is composed of two courts *en suite*, paved with pebbles, and bordered with broad foot-paths (*veredas*). The walls of the first court are white-washed, and sometimes ornamented with monochromes in a primitive style, and of a design more primitive still; representing naval combats, impossible situations, and *stations of the cross*. The reception-rooms and bedrooms of the family are arranged, in most houses, upon the two lateral faces of this entrance-court, and the bed is placed under the arch of an arcade, which is not less than from four to six feet thick. This peculiar arrangement is a measure of precaution on account of earthquakes. These apartments have no windows, but massive folding-doors, pierced with a *judas* or a small wicket, which serves to give air and light. Beyond the courts there is generally a garden, bounded by the semicircular arches of a large apartment paved with tiles or flag-stones, which serves as a dining-room.

It cannot be said that the houses of Arequipa are luxurious abodes. With the

exception of those belonging to foreign merchants and distinguished citizens, where paper-hangings are used in the principal rooms, they all have white-washed walls, ornamented with Greek borders, love-knots, and caligraphic flourishes in red ochre or indigo blue. The little furniture they contain is of two kinds: it is either in the Spanish taste, cut out of the solid wood as with a hatchet, coloured white or sky-blue, besprent with roses and china-asters, and relieved by gilded lines; or in



A BED-ROOM AT AREQUIPA IN THE OLD STYLE.

the Greek-imperial style, such as Jacob Desmalters was celebrated for manufacturing in 1804; sofas of mahogany (the Indian *acajou*) with sphinx heads and griffins' feet; chairs with their backs pierced in imitation of a lyre, surmounted with a helmet or a trophy of arms; and all covered with dove-coloured kerseymere, or with silver-gray kerseymere printed a rose pattern. While inspecting these doubtful splendours, the eye discovers here and there, lost in the shade, or dismissed into some obscure corner, a beautifully carved chest, a crédence-table of black oak sculptured like lace, an abbatial chair covered with cordovan, of which the floral decorations in cinnabar and gold are nearly obliterated. These articles, which date from the Spanish conquest, seem to protest against the miserable taste of the furniture with which they are found in company.

A few Parisian lithographs in mahogany frames complete the decorations of the

modern drawing-room in Arequipa. Chief among these works of art shine the *Souvenirs* and *Régrets* of Dubuffe; the Poetic Alphabet of Grévedon—ideal representations of Amanda, Bianca, Cecilia, Delia, and so on; the Four Quarters of the World, and the Four Seasons, by the anonymous geniuses of the Rue St. Jacques. In other houses, where civilization has not yet extended its enlightening rays, the walls are embellished with smoke-dried pictures, representing the beheadings, crucifixions and burnings of martyrs. These works of art, painted some half century ago by certain artists of Quito and Cuzco named Tio Nolasco, Bruno Farfan, and Nor Egidio, are in general wretched daubs. Good paintings of the Spanish school, once so common in the country, have now become extremely rare, in consequence of the avidity with which they have been hunted up by connoisseurs and speculators of all nations. At the present time, were one to rummage all the churches and convents of Arequipa, it is very doubtful if ten passable canvases could be found.

The private life of the Arequipanians is restricted, in the case of women, to gossip on the politics of the day, or the small-talk of the city, conveyed by cholas, chinas, negresses and chamber-maids, who constitute the always numerous domestic household. Some ladies embroider, prepare sherbet, or play the guitar, but the greater number pass away the week longing for Sunday: first, on account of mass, which is always a pleasant change for these women, afterwards to enjoy the privilege conceded by etiquette of opening on that day the parlour-windows, and of passing the afternoon squatted upon carpets, and making remarks, more or less charitable, upon persons in the street. In general, the women of Arequipa make few visits, but content themselves with keeping up a verbal communication by means of their chamber-women, and of perpetually exchanging flowers, fruits, and sweets, accompanied by compliments sweeter still. Nothing less than a musical festival, a Palm Sunday, a carnival, or a marriage would be needed to bring together a dozen of the fair sex under one roof in this city.

The women of Arequipa, whose personal portraiture has been rather neglected by travellers, are for the most part distinguished by that happy roundness of form so favourable to beauty. In this respect they preserve a just medium between the ampler majesty of the Chilians and the impassioned grace of the women of Lima. Though but of middling stature, they carry themselves well, their shoulders are finely formed, their feet small, their movements distinguished by that rhythmic balancing of the hips which the Spaniards call *meneo*, from the verb *menear*, and which the French *remuer* translates with sufficient point. If to these charms we add that of their intelligent and lively looks, features delicate but irregular, black eyes whose glances are like winged arrows, their vermilion lips, from which repartees and sparkling conceits, seasoned with a touch of Andalusian salt, are poured out like apples and raisins from the horn of plenty, the reader may form some idea, perhaps, of these charming creatures who are allied to Spain by their ancestors and to Peru by their ancestresses.

To a taste for perfumes and flowers they unite an equal penchant for music, the song, and the dance. Dainty and disinclined to exertion, they are nevertheless

characterized by a singular restlessness of spirit, and pass at once from the warmest enthusiasm to the most complete indifference. Their religion is neither highly spiritual nor austere; they are devout rather than pious, always ready to prefer pleasure to devotion, in the persuasion that a signing of the cross and a *Padre nuestro* will compensate for any faults they commit. For these charming women love is not a passion, but an agreeable pastime, a pretext for romancing, a mere something for a change. They have studied it deeply and know all its resources, they take it up and lay it down at pleasure, they invite it or repel it as caprice dictates, and display in all these different manœuvres the coolness and ability of an old band-master conducting a symphony.

These love-sports, in which the fair sex of Arequipa show themselves first-rate adepts even by the side of the Limanians, are indulged in by married women only, who, as one does or does not know, enjoy in this country, as in France, absolute liberty. Love is for them the daily game of whist or boston, which diverts their thoughts from the bondage of wedded life. The maidens of the country, confined to their barred chambers, and under the immediate surveillance of their family, never cease, poor turtle-doves, to groan and sigh for a union by which alone they can expect emancipation, and be permitted, in their turn, to taste of the forbidden fruit. This natural desire, transmitted from Eve to all her offspring, and sharpened by the precocious maturity of the girls of Arequipa, causes them to cherish at a very tender age the most vehement matrimonial aspirations. In a cosmopolitan spirit, very flattering to the self-love of Europeans, they prefer foreigners to their own countrymen, with whatever eminent qualities the latter may be gifted. A foreigner, though he may have neither youth nor beauty in his favour, and nothing whatever may be known of his antecedents, instantly throws into a flutter the whole crowd of mammas and marriageable daughters. They dispute possession of him one with another, they snatch at him as at a morsel of the true cross, bouquets and *recados* (presents) of all kinds, from the toilet-soap of Piver to the silk handkerchiefs of Lyons—such are the tokens of friendship peculiar to these countries—pursue him even to his private apartments. Flasks of eau-de-Cologne, little attentions, flatteries, everything is done to catch in the net of marriage this fine bird from distant Europe, whom innocently cruel hands would pluck alive perhaps soon afterwards. The houses at which he calls are for ever beating to arms, the furniture is relieved of its covers, jewels are taken out of their boxes, the family plate is displayed upon the sideboards and tables, the servants, properly trained, have orders to make themselves agreeable to their future master, the cats are commanded to purr and the dogs to wag their tails when he approaches. From the venerable grandmother to the youngest child in the family, the only question is, who shall show the highest appreciation of the stranger's merits, who shall flatter him the most with sweet words. The claws are hidden in the velvet paw, the lips distil choice honey, the tenderest rose colour and the bluest azure is spread over all, guitars tuned to the hymeneal pitch twang incessantly the happiness of two devoted hearts. Everything, in fine, even to the air impregnated with the perfume of burning pastiles, conspires to charm the soul

and the senses of the stranger. In the midst of this *mise en scène*, of which our poor prose can hardly convey an idea, the goddess of the fête, the virgin of the hearth, is prepared like a shrine. Seated upon a sofa, her arms supine, her hands modestly crossed, her eyes apparently fixed upon a flower of the Atuncolla carpet, she is in reality devoutly attentive to the effect produced upon the visitor by the marriage-making programme. Some Europeans, whose hearts are cuirassed in that *æs triplex* of which Horace speaks, come out victorious from these trials; but the greater number succumb, and meekly bowing their shoulders to the conjugal yoke become established in the country, where they presently lose not only their illusions, but their hair and their teeth.

An account of the manners and customs of the fair sex of Arequipa would be incomplete if we did not relate in what fashion the women dressed their hair and shaped their garments, and of what materials they make choice. We know well enough details of this kind will arouse the anger of classic spirits, and will cause grave men to raise their shoulders with a shrug of disdain; but then their wives and their daughters will be interested, and that is sufficient for me. A French woman, above all a Parisian, is always glad to learn whether a woman abroad surpasses her in beauty or grace, in dress or intelligence, and is equally ready to commiserate or revile her according to circumstances.

Dressmakers, modistes, and hair-dressers being as yet unknown in Arequipa, it is the ladies themselves who cut out, sew, and trim their garments and fripperies; who disentangle, arrange, and curl their hair. To say that these arrangements are made in exquisite taste, and copied from the engravings of the latest fashion, would be to gloss the severe truth. To speak frankly, there is generally in the cut of the corsage and the sleeve, in the shortness and scantiness of the skirt, that mysterious something which characterized the fashions of the Restoration, and gave to the women of that epoch a certain resemblance to birds of the order of waders. Some fashionable ladies of Arequipa wear, along with the high tortoise-shell comb of the Andalusians, bunches of borrowed ringlets imported from England under the name of *anglaises*, the shade of which is not always exactly the same as that of their own hair. These lionesses also generally adorn their heads with a bird of paradise, one of those aigrettes of glass-thread made in Germany, or toy butterflies mounted upon a spiral wire, which they name *tembleques*, and which vibrate at every movement. The climate of the country renders the fan almost useless; instead of it the ladies have a silk or velvet bag with steel mountings or chains. This they carry in their hands and balance coquettishly when they make their visits. Some of our matrons whose memories reach back to the fashionable whimsies of the period from 1815 to 1820, will smile at these souvenirs of bygone times.

The materials most affected in the city and province of Arequipa are plain or figured silks in lively tints, prints with large spots or sprawling flowers, and muslins with broad stripes or flowers of many colours. I ought to add that the prints and the muslins in which the shopkeepers' and farmers' little daughters disport themselves are only worn at home in *négligé* by the women of the aristocracy. On great

occasions and gala-days the latter abandon the *rebos* or mantle of Castilian wool which they carry about with them during the whole year, to display themselves in *cuerpo*, that is to say, *décolleté* as for a ball, and with bare arms. Those of the women whose delicacy would suffer from cold or pleurisy after an exhibition of this kind, or those whose shoulder-bones are a little too obtrusive, cover themselves with a light scarf, or a China crape shawl of some striking colour. Their feet, very small and prettily shaped, are always covered with silk stockings and white satin shoes, an

LADY OF AREQUIPA IN FULL DRESS.

elegant little detail of dress which gives to their carriage I know not what grace, lightness, or poetry of motion by which the eye and the imagination are equally charmed.

The presence and the carriage of Peruvian women, that *garbo* and that *meneo* which they derive through their fathers from the Spaniards, are but ill-suited to tight stays with steel busks, with hoops and wires, which make the glory and triumph of the women of Paris. The generality of these charming women also—one's hand trembles to write the profane accusation—wear our French fashions very awkwardly; and now that this fatal adverb has escaped us we will even brave the wrath and indignation of the lovable creatures whose monograph we have attempted to write, by avowing that the woman of Arequipa, traversing the street *en grande toilette*, reticule in hand, and butterflies or crystal feathers fluttering on her head, is by far less charming in our eyes than the same woman *en déshabillé*, with her large comb, her orange or flame coloured

shawl, worn carelessly like a veil, a rose in her hair, and reclining negligently upon a sofa or squatted on a carpet, and puffing the smoke of a cigar heavenwards. Besides their out-door toilets, their *négligé* costume at home, and their riding-habits—for most of these ladies are good equestrians—they have a church-going costume, invariably black, composed of a jupe of silk and a mantilla of the same stuff trimmed with velvet and lace, which they fold back from their foreheads. This article of apparel, of Spanish origin, suits them to admiration, a fact which they themselves do not

LADY OF AREQUIPA IN RIDING COSTUME.

seem to suspect, if we may judge from the haste they are in to throw it off when they return from church. The use of hassocks or *prie-dieus* being unknown in the churches of Peru, the women are followed at a distance by a young servant carrying a carpet upon which they kneel. For a fashionable woman of Arequipa the very height of *bon ton* is to have for her carpet-bearer a little Indian from the Sierra Nevada; whether a boy or a girl is of no consequence, but the little dwarf should be as round as a tub, and clothed in the traditional costume, which is designedly exaggerated to render it grotesque. To be followed by a couple of these marmots is the very tiptop of fashion. The gift of a young Indian of from four to five years old is such a present from a man to a woman as shows the very best taste. The sweetest of wheedlings, the most express commands, are brought to bear upon the traveller who leaves home for the Sierra. *Vida mia, no se olvide U. Mandarme un Indiecito!* (My life, do not forget to bring me a little Indian!) Such is sure to be

the parting phrase, and if the traveller has no reason to decline compliance, he selects from some family of the Indians one or two children of the required age, whom he purchases from the father for a few piastres and a supply of cocoa and brandy. The mother, who has received nothing, of course raises a great outcry at

LADY OF AREQUIPA DRESSED FOR CHURCH, ACCOMPANIED BY HER CARPET-BEARER.

the idea of parting with the Benjamin of her family, but the traveller consoles her with a new petticoat, and for a little rum even obtains her consent. Possessed of the prize, he profits by the departure of the first caravan to pack him off like luggage to the lady of his heart. The arrival of the young autochthone exites no end of transports; they lift him down from the mule upon which he is perched, they admire him, and laugh over him till they cry. Then he has to be undressed, soaped all over and his skin scraped, nay, almost stripped off; lastly, he is clothed in a costume

with which he is delighted and proud. After a certain amount of indigestion, for the child cannot be expected to change with impunity the poor living of his home for the cakes and other luxuries which he gets among his new friends, his stomach acquires the necessary dilatation, and the little actor plays, to the general satisfaction, his double part of page and lap-dog.

Unhappily, nothing is stable here below. Our little Indian finds this to his cost when he reaches his twelfth year, and his owners finding that his legs have grown too long for the office of carpet-bearer, banish him from the parlour and deprive

TYPES OF THE VALLEY OF AREQUIPA—CARPET-BEARERS OUT OF OFFICE.

him of his livery. He is then passed on to the kitchen, where the domestics, of whose little secrets he had so long been the tale-bearer, make him pay by many a twitch of the nose for his past indiscretions and prosperity.

Although these Indians are sold away, or given up by their good parents, and are in some degree brutalized, they are not slaves, for on arriving at age they dispose of themselves as they please, and no one has any claim upon them. Sometimes the young man will remain in the character of domestic in the house where he had grown up, sometimes he quits it and offers his services elsewhere. Women stay voluntarily. In course of time they contract out-door relations of a too temporary character, and the offspring which results, as used to be the case with the negro girls among the planters of the Antilles, increases by so much the number of domestics attached to the house. These children of love, once parted from their mothers, are trained by their mistresses to become carpet-bearers, but they have never the same attraction in their eyes as the little Indian of pure blood from the Sierra Nevada.

At Arequipa, as in all great cities, the men are more occupied out of doors than

at home; a man is always called away by some business or other. These Arequipanians pass much of their time in going from house to house with political objects in view, in smoking an indefinite number of cigarettes, mingled with games of *monté* or dice, in taking a siesta, in riding on horseback, in love-making, and in dreaming of the glorious future of the republic. But if, from this manner of passing their time, the reader should infer the want of intelligence or instruction among the natives, he would greatly deceive himself; they have all learned much if they have not retained much, and run through successively the vast fields of theology, jurisprudence, canon

TYPES OF AREQUIPA—INDIAN OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

and civil law, and medicine and surgery, these sciences being held in honour at Arequipa and preferred to all others. These men, apparently occupied with trifles, have nevertheless publicly sustained the theses necessary to acquire the diploma of Bachelor of Arts. They have, besides, a great faculty for versification, and are clever in gallant and elegant turns of *bouts-rimés,* in which they are exercised incessantly by their fair friends. If they show themselves indifferent to intellectual pursuits it is not then through ignorance, but the effect of philosophy, of instinct, and from that never-enough-to-be-admired laziness which they have inherited from their fathers, and which they cherish as a sacred fire. Every idea of innovation or of progress which would disturb the quietude which they so much enjoy is antipathetic to them. The moral and physical activity of the European is a phenomenon at which they can only marvel like savages gaping to hear the ticking of a watch, the cause of which they cannot explain. It is necessary to add, that they do not even try—*Para que sirve eso?* (Of what good is it?) is the unfailing question with which they meet everything that they either disdain or fail to comprehend.

Scientific establishments, colleges, and schools are numerous in Arequipa. Its faculty of medicine, whose sheet-anchor is bleeding, rivals that of Chuquisaca in Upper Peru. The university of St. Augustin, the two academies, and the college of Independence, founded by the great Marshal Gutierez de la Fuente, enjoys an undisputed

CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO AT AREQUIPA.

celebrity. The public library, which dates from 1821, owes its existence to the zeal of a friend of learning named Sieur Evaristo Gomez Sanchez. It possesses some 2000 volumes of theology and jurisprudence, the map of Peru prepared by order of the liberator Simon Bolivar, the atlas of M. Vaugondy, hydrographer to Louis XV., a volume of caricatures by "Gavarni," two theodolites and an armillary sphere, not to forget a librarian and a porter. Let us add to these divers establishments two printing-offices, each publishing a small journal which records the acts of the government.

Let us mention also the philanthropic institutions of the city, the hospital of San Juan de Dios, a foundling hospital, a charitable institution, and an office of vaccination; and we shall have completed the list of the charitable, scientific, and literary institutions of the city.

Aristocracy and commerce, which in America have always lived on the best terms, occupy in Arequipa the seven or eight streets which radiate from its great square

SAN FRANCISCO STREET IN AREQUIPA.

(*Plaza Mayor*) as a centre. This place, of which the cathedral occupies all the north side, is bounded on the other sides by the commercial buildings, galleries or corridors constructed of stone with vaulted arcades, where calicoes, printed cottons, woollen stuffs, and ribbons are exposed in the open air in festoons and fillets of various colours. In the middle of the square is a bronze fountain with three basins, supported by moulded balustrades. This hydraulic monument, which very much resembles a reel, is crowned with a figure of Glory or Fame—for one cannot decide in a matter so doubtful—the pose, and, above all, the emaciated look of which recalls the classic work of Houdon.[1] This allegorical beauty is blowing a trumpet, and looking very stubbornly in the direction of the Calle de San Francisco. It has been shrewdly suggested that the

[1] One of this sculptor's most celebrated studies is a figure represented without its skin (the *écorché*), which images with wonderful fidelity to nature the muscular structure of the human body.—Tr.

sculptor, by leaving nothing but skin and bones to this figure, and putting a trumpet to its lips, meant to teach his contemporaries and future ages that glory or fame is nothing but an empty phantom, an intangible breath.

It is in this square, the accustomed scene of public rejoicings, of revolutionary proclamations, and of criminal executions, that for five hours in the middle of every day a market for vegetables is held. The indigenous population which flock thither from all parts of the city and country, offers to the observer but two distinct types, that of the Indian of the Pacific coast, with a round countenance, flattened nose, blubber lips, narrow eyes of a yellow sclerotic hue, oblique and contracted at the

TYPICAL PORTRAITS OF THE POPULATION OF AREQUIPA—QUICHUA INDIANS.

corners like those of the Chinese and the Mongol races,[1] and the Quichua type, with an oval face, high cheek-bones, a nose like an eagle's beak, oblique but well-shaped eyes, abundant and soft black hair, seeming to connect them with the great Indian family of the eastern Aryans. From the mixture of these two races of the coast and of the Sierra there has resulted, in course of time, a goodly number of hybrids, whose distinctive trait is that of stupidity and ugliness combined.

The costume of these indigenes, always of striking colours, recalls at once the Spanish modes of the seventeenth century and the primitive taste of the Incas. With the once fashionable coat with three square skirts, the long-flapped waistcoat, and breeches ornamented at the knees (*culottes à canons*), the Indians wear their hair in two falling plaits or tresses in the ancient Egyptian manner, and complete their toilet with a loose cloak (*llacolla*) and sandals of undressed leather. The women add to the tucked petticoat and the round or triangular Spanish hat, the *lliclla*, a piece of woollen stuff two feet square, which they wear on their heads like the *pschent* of the Sphinx,

[1] The Indian of the Pacific coast descends from the Llipis, Changos, Moquehuas, Quillcas, &c., tribes of one and the same race, who once peopled the littoral between the sixteenth and twenty-fifth degree of latitude.

or fasten over their shoulders as a kerchief with a pin (*tupu*) shaped like a spoon, the use of which can be traced to the times of the first Incas. But let us leave a subject which can have no interest except for ethnographers or costumiers, to consider for a moment the strange effect produced, when seen from a distance and from any elevated point, by the accidental mingling of striking colours perpetually in motion. An adept in comparisons and figures of speech, were he by chance to look out from some loophole of the cathedral spire, might without exaggeration compare the great

TYPES OF THE POPULATION OF AREQUIPA—WOMEN OF THE QUICHUA INDIANS.

square of Arequipa at market time to a prairie studded with gay but common flowers. The cabbages, lettuces, and other kitchen vegetables spread on the ground may be taken for the carpet of grass, upon which the garments of the men and women with their predominant blue, scarlet, and yellow, stand out like corn-flowers, poppies, and dandelions fluttering in the wind.

Beyond the great square and the arterial streets branching from it, commence the suburbs and their unpaved alleys, where dwell the *métis* or mixed caste, and the small shopkeepers, impertinently called people of no account (*gens de demi-poil*). There flourishes the whole world of small commerce, represented by sellers of groceries and liquors (*pulperos*), dealers in fried fish, and keepers of cabarets. In Peru the cabarets where chicha is sold are always kept by two or three women, relations or friends.

We have already described the rustic cabarets; it remains to speak of those in the city of Arequipa. These establishments, frequented only by the Indians and the cholos of both sexes, are dismal and smoky dens, with no opening for air or light but the door, encumbered with jars and pots of various forms, strewn with broken straw,

the *débris* of vegetables, bones, and leavings of animals, which cover the floor with a thick litter. Fowls, chickens, and guinea-pigs cluck, squall, grunt, and have unlimited scratching right in these diggings. Like the country cabarets these poor abodes possess neither chairs, benches, nor stools, so that their customers sit on the ground, holding in one hand the dish of ground pimento which serves as an incentive to drink, and in the other the jug of chicha, that concoction of maize imported into Peru in 1043 by the empress Mama Ocllo Huacco (*brooding mother*), the sister and wife of the first Inca Manco-Capac. While the company gossip and laugh, or eat

TYPES OF AREQUIPA—A CHICHA BREWER.

and drink to their content, fresh chicha is being brewed under their eyes in a corner of the cabaret by a process very simple and inexpensive. Into a hole six feet square and a foot deep a certain quantity of maize has been shaken from the stalks, and being slightly damped is covered with boards loaded with heavy stones. At the end of eight days the heat and moisture combined have determined the germination of the grain, which then takes the name of *guñapo*. This *guñapo* is taken from the hole and dried in the sun, and then sent to the mill, where it is crushed small by great stones without being ground. From the mill it comes back to the brewery, where the women throw it into great jars full of water and make it boil for an entire day. In the evening they strain the thick liquid through a cloth, which they wring by holding the two ends; they then leave it to cool until the next day, when it is ready for use. The dregs remaining in the cloth, called *afrecho*, serve to feed the pigs and poultry. As for the liquor itself I know not what to say, but its colour is like the water of the Seine after a thaw or a fortnight's rain.

This local brew is not drunk by the common people alone; the aristocracy of the country, while ostensibly repudiating it as a vile beverage, enjoy it secretly. So our

white Creoles of the West Indies speak disdainfully of fried cod and pumpkins (*calalou de gombauds*) and Angola pease as *negroes' victuals*, yet all the same enjoy them in private. The Peruvian bourgeoisie, more candid than the aristocracy, proclaim openly their decided taste for chicha, which they designate by the elegant diminutive *chichita*. To hear them talk, life's sweetest and best employed hours are those which are passed under the shadow of the gourds in a rural cabaret between a fritter of turkeys dressed with allspice and an amphora of chicha brewed the day before.

Arequipa, which modern travellers copy one another in depicting as a flourishing city, enlivened by commerce and industry, by pleasures of all kinds, and by the spirit and gaiety of its inhabitants, is in all these respects only the shadow of its former self. Political revolutions and commercial bankruptcies have reduced the city almost to poverty, and singularly cooled that *verve* and gaiety with which it is so often credited. The town, which long rivalled Lima the king of cities in pomp and brilliancy, is at the present time no more than a chrysalis inclosed in its humble cocoon awaiting the transformation which the future is to bring about. Its balls, its routs, its much-vaunted cavalcades, its mad orgies at the *val des Poiriers* exist only as a tradition. Formerly, any trifle was made a pretext for a lavish expenditure and indulgence in pleasure. Now, an event of the first importance or a great solemnity is needed to unloose the purse-strings of the inhabitants. Hand in hand with poverty has come economy. It would be easy to prove by figures what we now assert, but to do so would be to encroach on the rights of the statistician. Let us therefore confine ourselves to the mere statement of the decaying condition of Arequipa, a setting star which optimist travellers, or those barely acquainted with the facts, have taken for a star in its zenith.

Further, in order to efface the melancholy impression with which our revelations in respect to the commercial, industrial, and financial position of this town are calculated to impress the minds of our readers, we will describe one of the annual festivities, when Arequipa, forgetting for a while its habits of calculation and economy, borrows for a few hours its ancient mask of folly, and, as in the days of its splendour, scatters gold by the handful, certain to regret it on the morrow.

This solemnity is that of Shrove-Tuesday, in which hens' eggs play so great a part that we feel constrained to devote a parenthesis to the fact. The mathematicians of the country who pass their time in counting the A's, B's and C's repeated in the Old and New Testaments, have calculated that on Shrove-Tuesday 800,000 francs are spent in Arequipa on eggs, an amount the more extravagant considering that the edible portion of the eggs has long since disappeared, the shells only remaining. It is of these shells that the religious communities and the greater number of housewives make so good a thing. To do this, they are careful during the whole year to break the eggs, of which the consumption is enormous in Spanish American kitchens, at one end only, and being thus emptied, the shells are carefully preserved in a heap. The week which precedes *Carnestolendas* is occupied in preparing them. Three women unite in this employment: one of them dilutes in a tubful of water some gamboge, indigo, or carmine, the second fills the egg-shells with this tincture, whilst the third closes the opening by means of little squares of cloth fastened with a liquefied wax which con-

SHROVE-TUESDAY AT AREQUIPA.

geals immediately. Thus prepared, these shells are offered for sale at the price of one cuartillo, and even half a real each. Basketfuls of them are exposed at the corners of every street, so that those who engage in the sport can provide themselves with ammunition without difficulty.

Hardly have the gates of heaven been opened on the morning of Shrove-Tuesday, when the two sexes clothe themselves in white from head to foot. Those who are first up hasten to the bedside of those still asleep to give them the matutinal accolade, which consists, on that day, in the application of three or four eggs of various colours broken on the face of the sleeper, who is immediately sprinkled with flour. The unlucky victim removes his pasty mask as he can, clothes himself in his turn with the white armour of the combat, and supplied with eggs and flour revenges on all around him the affront he has received. The morning is employed in these skirmishes; all alike, the masters in the parlour, the servants in the kitchen, are engaged in bombarding and flouring each other, to the best of their ability. Neither old age nor infancy are excepted from these saturnalias. The egg of Shrove-Tuesday, like the satire of Jean Racine, knows neither sex nor age. His illustrious highness the bishop himself, the autocrat of Spanish towns, is rolled in flour from morn to eve of *Carnestolendas.*

This memorable day is almost the only one of the year on which the balconies of the houses are opened. After mid-day a battery of syringes is established in each, and the inmates mutually flood each other with water, to the music of the flying eggs and the papers of starch-powder which describe white trajectories in the air. The excitement increases with every succeeding hour. Whilst the aristocracy continue the combat from their housetops and balconies, the bourgeoisie, too much cooped up in their homes, rush about outside like a torrent breaking through its banks. Men and women going in couples and furnished with umbrellas to protect them against the showers from the balconies, traverse the town to the music of guitars, and, over-excited by copious libations, accompany their cries and refrains with the most extravagant grimaces and contortions. This crowd, which one might suppose to be struck with epilepsy, yells and struggles as one man. About three in the afternoon, Arequipa is one immense mouth, from which escapes a continuous roar.

At this moment troops of horses, decayed, one-eyed, foundered, dropsical, consumptive, are brought from the Pampilla, a desert situated to the north of the city, and offered for sale on the Plaza Mayor. There those who want them have them. The price of these Shrove-Tuesday coursers varies from five to twelve francs, according to their degree of vitality. In the twinkling of an eye detachments of cavalry are organized to besiege the enemy in the balconies whose liquid artillery has caused the greatest ravages amongst the crowd. Each cavalier having mounted his jade, takes on his arm a basketful of eggs, which active boys are commissioned to fill again when they are emptied. Then the detachment posts itself before the balcony specified, which is habitually defended by persons of the gentler sex. These armed with pumps and syringes, boldly sustain the assault; to the eggs of the enemy they oppose torrents of water more or less limpid. The combat often lasts more than an hour without victory

declaring for either of the combatants. The men drenched like Tritons, the women dishevelled like Bacchantes, rival each other in the hardihood and fury with which they hurl defiant epithets one against another, in the true Homeric style. In the heat of the engagement a piercing shriek, issuing from the besieged balcony, rings like the note of a fife in a *charivari*. This cry, received by the men with a general roar of laughter, comes from some Marfisa, who has been struck in the eye, or otherwise hurt by a pink or blue egg thrown by a vigorous hand, and who falls temporarily into the arms of her companions. This victim of Shrove-Tuesday is conveyed to a safe distance from the

ENVIRONS OF AREQUIPA—CHOLO OF TINGO. ENVIRONS OF AREQUIPA—CHOLA OF TIABAYA.

field of battle, and the action, suspended for a moment, is recommenced. But as our Amazons have now to deplore the defeat of a sister and to avenge her hurt, it is not with a gentle shower that they reply to the enemy, but with flower-pots and broken fragments of plates, indeed anything that comes to hand. Under this shower of hardware, which wounds all it touches, and of one-eyed horses makes so many blind ones, the dismayed warriors disband themselves and go to besiege another balcony.

In the villages near Arequipa the carnival is carried on in a different manner. At Paucarpata, at Tingo, at Sabandia, bands of men and women, whose drunkenness amounts almost to fury, traverse the country dishevelled and foaming, yelling *Carnavo* in the manner of Evohé, and driving before them the leanest ass they can procure; any individual they may meet, of whatever age or sex, is taken possession of bodily, despoiled of his clothes, perched on the angular back-bone of this Al-borak, and driven across the country for an hour. A pot of water occasionally emptied on the shoulders of the victim, combine for him the luxuries of the bath with the pleasures of the promenade.

The natives of Sachaca and of Tiabaya celebrate Shrove-Tuesday perhaps in a less

ridiculous, though, on the other hand, in a more warlike manner. After having despoiled the apples and wild fig-trees of their green fruit, they fill baskets with them, which they carry on their arms, and scatter themselves along the pathways in quest of adventures. The first face they see serves as a target at which to aim their projectiles. At these times timid people who are terrified at the idea of a wound remain shut up in their dwellings. Those whose curiosity leads them to cross their threshold to see what is going on out of doors, receive in their eye, and at the moment they least expect it, some green fruit the size of a fist. The next day the greater part of the inhabitants of these localities are enveloped about the head with bandages. When they are questioned on the subject, they answer that, while perhaps getting a little mauled, they have so amused themselves that the pain they feel is nothing compared to their enjoyment of the sport.

In town and village the first stroke of the bell of the evening *angelus* brings these street orgies to an end. The Shrove-Tuesday revellers all take refuge in their houses, where, with hair disordered and clothes soiled, they continue to drink, to yell, and to fight until daybreak of Ash-Wednesday. At that hour each one hastily doffs his absurd disguise, washes his face and hands, combs his hair a little, and runs to kneel at the feet of a monk, his partner of the evening before, who, after having marked him on the forehead with a gray cross, recalling to him the fact that he is but dust, sends him about his business duly absolved of his folly.

A chapter on the *Mysteries of Arequipa*, if we consented to write it, would offer details as piquant and as full of interest even as the *Mysteries of Paris* and *of London*. But for one fraction of the European public who might thank us for raising the veil which hides the sores and turpitudes of a society on which weigh heavily the example of past corruption, the population of both sexes of Arequipa would rise *en masse* to throw the stone at their accuser. We will therefore limit ourselves to this ethnographical notice, which completes the good or evil information furnished up to this day by geographers, travellers, and tourists, respecting the city of Pedro Anzurez de Campo Redondo. Further, as our baggage, already made up, has been placed on the backs of the baggage mules, and our *arriero* is impatient to start, we will close the door of our lodging, return the key to our hostess, mount our animals, and following the cordilleras we will continue our journey across the American continent.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE PAMPILLA.

SECOND STAGE.

AREQUIPA TO LAMPA.

The Pampilla and its charcoal-burners.—Station of Apo.—What the traveller finds, and what he experiences on arriving there.—*The soroche.*—Occasional gossips *en route.*—Disappointment at Huallata.—A storm 15,000 feet above the sea.—Hospitality in a sepulchre.—Retrospective *coup-d'œil* of the Aymara nation.—The Lake of Gold and Lake of Silver.—Elegy on a rooster.—A night at Compuerta.—The landscape and other things worth observing.—Cabana and Cabanilla.—A priest, according to the gospel.—About a giant humming-bird and yellow Ranunculi.—Aspect of Lampa at nightfall.—An importer of printed cottons (*rouenneries*).—Manner of honouring the saints.—Effect produced on the organs of vision by the sharp application of a bit of *foie de volaille.*—The strawberry of Chili, and its use as a stimulant.—The day after a revel.—The author resumes his journey, reflecting on the past history and the present state of the province of Lampa.

NORTHWARD of the city of Arequipa, at the extremity of its suburb of San Isidro, renowned for its drinking-places, extends a desert of sand called the Pampilla. The Indian charcoal-burners, who pass to and fro between the mountain and the valley, have made this place their camping-ground and erected their huts on it. One might take them for a band of gipsies encamped at the gates of the city, and the more so, because in respect to their idiom,[1] their clothing, and their hair, like

[1] They speak only Quichua, but they understand Spanish. The first of these idioms, which M. Huot, who continued the *Annales* of Malte-Brun, informs us was the idiom of *gallantry and good society* at Lima, is not only unused, but is depreciated and turned into ridicule, like all else that relates to the manners and customs of the Sierra. It would not be possible to find five persons either at Lima, Arequipa, or any other city of the coast, moving in *good society*, able to understand, much less to speak, Quichua, unless they were originally from the Sierra, which they would not care to avow after some years' residence on the coast, but which one discovers without difficulty from their guttural accent and their bad pronunciation of the Spanish.

horse-tails, which gives them a wild aspect, these Indians differ entirely from the mixed caste of Arequipa, with which they always hold some transient relation of a business character.

A half hour's march at the ordinary pace of a mule sufficed to traverse this desert, at the end of which commenced a zig-zag road leading to the heights. After a slow and troublesome ascent, which afforded time to study the configuration of the volcano (Misti) and the aerial perspective of the villages and cultivated grounds of the valley of Arequipa, we reached the tampu of Cangallo, 10,554 feet above the sea; higher still, 3046 feet, we came to a heap of bones of horses and mules, known in the country by the name of *El Alto de los Huesos,* and at length arrived, bent with fatigue, with our faces blue from the effects of the air and cold, at the station of Apo, the first halting-place of the Sierra Nevada.

Here the traveller who stops to pass the night and rest his beasts may admire at leisure the beauties of a hyperborean landscape. Looking northward, the ground is concealed by hard snow, the silent streams sleep under the ice, the waterfalls are only a confused mass of stalactites, the crystals of which taper off at their lower end. From the north-east to the north-west the snowy peaks of the Andes hover round the horizon like white phantoms. The thermometer marked from twenty-one to twenty-five degrees below the freezing-point (Fah).

This station of Apo, at which I arrived about nightfall, resembles all establishments of the kind in Peru, which are nothing but huts, of greater or less size, divided into two or three apartments, and more or less dilapidated according to their remoteness from civilized places. A square space, *sub Jove crudo,* inclosed by stones piled on one another, serves as stabling for the horses and mules. As for the travellers themselves, they have to manage as well as they can in one of the compartments of the hut, sleeping on the bare ground if they have neglected to provide themselves with a mattress or a sheep-skin, shivering with cold all the night, and rising as early as possible to fly to the fresh torture which awaits them at the succeeding post.

On awaking in the morning after having fulfilled the conditions of this programme, I entreated the *arriero,* who had accompanied me, and who had been my chamber comrade, to saddle our beasts without delay. While he obeyed my orders with the *nonchalant* activity of his profession, I went into the kitchen of the establishment, where a little fire of llama's dung (*takia*) was burning, to prepare for myself the cup of chocolate which invariably composes the breakfast of the traveller who crosses the Andes. Nor Medina, my muleteer, finished his task as I swallowed the last mouthful of my beverage. We had only to settle our accounts with the postillions, and to get into the saddle. The sun had risen in a serene sky; the day promised to be a magnificent one. We urged on our mules, and soon left the post of Apo far behind us.

At the end of an hour's march, during which we had ascended some hundreds of yards, I began to feel a general uneasiness, which I attributed to the insufficiency of the atmospheric pressure. This phenomenon, which the Quichuas of the moun-

tain heights call the *soroche,* and from which they do not themselves suffer—having lungs one-third larger than those of the European—is attributed by them to some mephytic gas produced by antimony—in Quichua *soroche*—even in places where that metal does not exist. A contraction of the diaphragm, a dull pain in the dorsal region, shootings in the head, nausea and giddiness, sometimes followed by fainting, are the symptoms of this singular malady. I, however, did not suffer to that

PART OF THE PAMPILLA OR SANDY DESERT NEAR AREQUIPA.

degree. Nor Medina, to avert what my livid countenance and my efforts to keep in the saddle betrayed I was suffering, gave me a clove of garlic, and advised me to chew it as I would a sugar-plum. I obeyed, but not without grinding my teeth. This antidote, which my Esculapius pretended to be a specific against the *soroche,* not having produced any effect, he advised me to make my nose bleed by striking it with my fist, which he said would give me instant relief. This I thought too heroic a remedy, and preferred to crunch another clove of garlic, notwithstanding the very slight fancy I had for the smell and taste of that species of the Liliaceæ.

About twenty minutes elapsed, and whether it was that the remedy began to operate, or whether my lungs became accustomed by degrees to the rarified air,

I began to feel better. Soon I was able to talk with my companion about the road he had taken to reach Cuzco, the route that I had marked out deviating from the direct line and from the stages which divided it so unequally. The man enumerated the various posts between Arequipa and Cuzco, calculated their respective distances, and concluded by assuring me that the Lampa road which I had chosen in preference to the common route, known in the country as the *Carrera real de los Andes*, possessed the disadvantage of seven fewer stations and eighty more miles of road, which meant, in other words, that after a hard day's work across a difficult country, the elevation of which varied from 10,000 to 18,000 feet, we should find no other shelter than a shepherd's miserable *pascana*,[1] where we should be compelled to sleep on the floor, with scarcely room enough to stretch our legs. He ended by asking why I chose to go so far about to obtain my end, when it would have been natural to prefer the straight line and the common road? I told him that as I was about to quit the country never to return, I did not mind lengthening my journey by a few leagues for the purpose of visiting a priest, whom I had heard had been very skilful in cross-breeding certain species of the Camelidæ. The *arriero* looked at me with great astonished eyes.

"Is it the curé Cabrera that monsieur means?" he asked.

"Precisely," said I. "That worthy priest, formerly curate of Macusani in the province of Carabaya, and now domiciled at Cabana, in the province of Lampa."

"And monsieur will go eighty miles to see an old man who, people say, is a little cracked!"

"My good fellow," I replied to Nor Medina, "he of whom you speak so lightly is one of those men to whom, in my country, they would long since have erected a statue of bronze, as to a benefactor of the human race. I cannot therefore regret a journey of eighty miles to shake hands with him, especially as I shall easily recover the lost time by shortening my stay at Cuzco."

"As monsieur pleases," said the muleteer. "A curious idea," he added in a lower tone, yet not so low that I did not hear the remark, though I thought it best to make no reply.

We continued to push our way through the snows, my companion pinching his nose to warm it, and I breathing on my fingers to prevent them from being numbed. In vain the grandeur of the horizon, the sparkling blue of the heavens, and the sense of liberty which one respires with the air on mountain heights, gave to the landscape I know not what of greatness and sublimity, so calculated to elevate the soul and command enthusiasm. The coldness of the temperature rendered all such emotion impossible to me. To this grand book of earth and heaven opened before my eyes I would have preferred a close chamber and the warmth of a stove.

The day passed without a single living thing having presented itself except some vultures hovering high in the air, or some vicugnas (a species of llama) on the mountain slopes. At five o'clock we discovered, hidden in the rocks, the station of Pachaca, where I proposed to pass the night. But it is above all when travelling

[1] From the Quichua verb *pascani*, to feed or pasture.

that "man proposes and God disposes;" the station was shut and silent, and notwithstanding the outcry we made to announce our arrival no postillion in the national head-band appeared to receive us. We were thus compelled to make two stages, and pushing on to Huallata we arrived there at nine o'clock in the evening.

Built upon a solitary mamelon surrounded with snows and precipices, besieged by every wind, battered by every tempest, often shrouded in frosty mists, this station of Huallata is one of the most fearful sites in the whole chain of the Andes, from the Tierra del Fuego to the equator. Five times the chances of my life had led me to this wild spot, and each time I regretted that I had not, like Joshua, the power to arrest the sun, in order to prolong the day, and to proceed further.

A POSTING STATION, OR TRAVELLER'S HALTING-PLACE, IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

The sensation that I now experienced was less disagreeable than formerly. Fatigue, hunger, and above all, the dread of passing the night under the stars, had disposed me to look at the bright side of things. The welcome of the postillions completed the satisfaction with which I submitted to circumstances. When I had supped on my cup of chocolate and toasted bread I entered the apartment kept for travellers, and commenced my nightly toilet, whilst Nor Medina did his best to stop the holes and cracks in the walls. A fire of llama's dung was kindled in the centre of the apartment, and an Indian, for a small remuneration, undertook to watch it, while chattering to himself, during the night. Thanks to the vigilance of our vestal in drawers, we enjoyed a sufficiently pleasant temperature. On the morrow we quitted the station of Huallata suffering from one of those colds which circle the forehead with a band of iron and provoke an abundant secretion of the lachrymal glands; and leaving on our left the road to Cuzco, marched in the direction of the rising sun. After having descended a succession of rapid slopes we came to the great plain called the *Pampa de los Confites* (Sugar-plum Pampas), on account of

the ground being strewn with little pebbles rounded by the action of the primitive waters. This plain, which we crossed in two hours, is bounded, from north-east to south-east, by an entanglement of trachytic peaks, rough, sharp, and disordered. Under the snow which partly covers them were discernible long bands of yellow, black, and red, which produced by contrast a singular effect. Had a painter transferred such a scene to his canvas no doubt the critic would have laughed in his face in virtue of that axiom so euphonically formulated by Boileau: "Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable"—The truth may sometimes not be like truth.

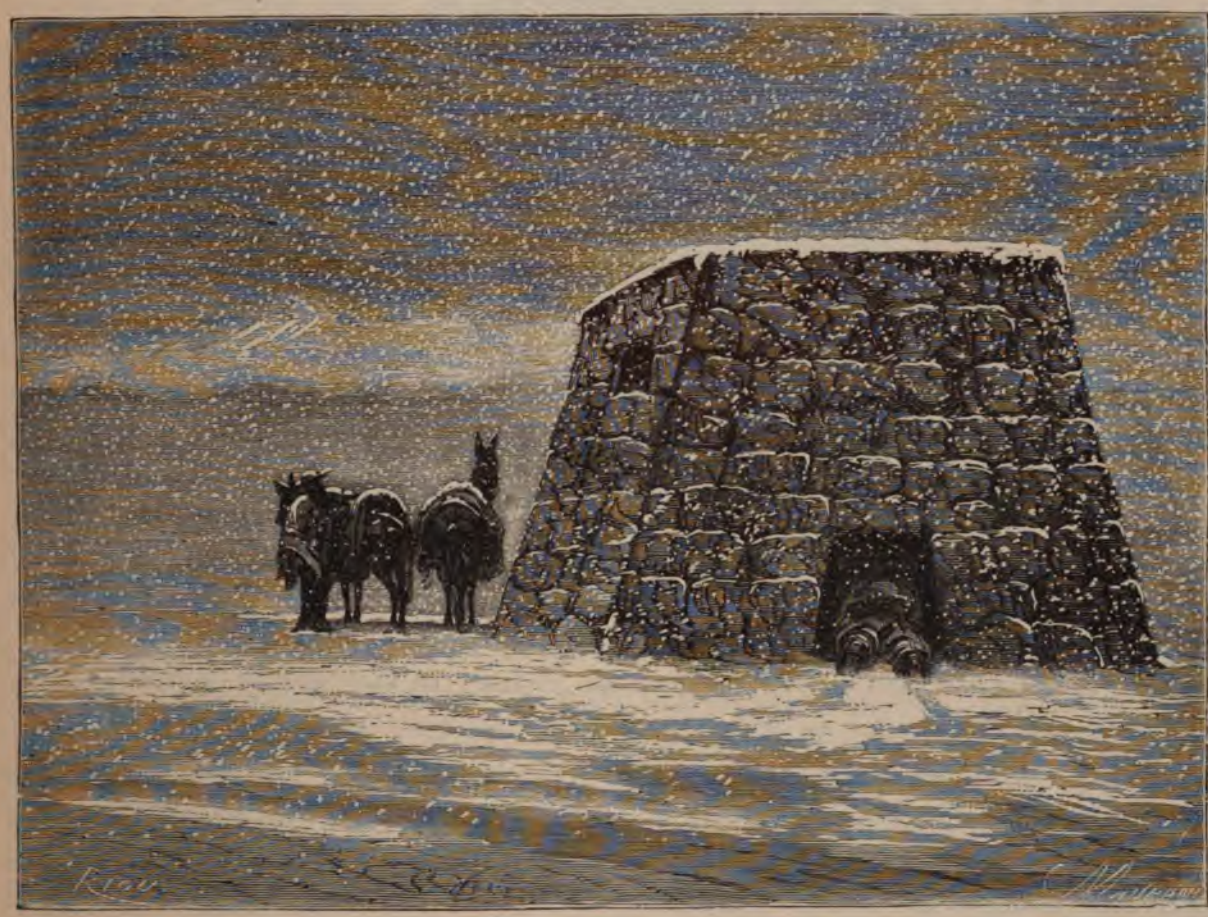
It is possible to cross the chain of the Andes in any season, since I have made the journey some thirty or forty times at various points, and at different periods of the year. Still the most favourable times are the months of April and September. In April the snow has not yet fallen, and only appears in the regions where it is eternal. In September the fallen snow, which from June to August covers the roads, is already melted, and having flooded the torrents and rivers, is bearing away its annual tribute to the two oceans.

As it was now July, that is to say, the depth of winter, we were in danger of being surprised by one of those tempests which generally burst in the afternoon, unless the heavens—and this was little probable—should show themselves merciful, on our account, for a day or two. At this moment we were traversing a stony and jagged region where, had I relied on my own topographical knowledge, I should most certainly have lost my way; but Nor Medina was an experienced pilot, and the manner in which he manœuvred to pass the ravines and quagmires banished all fear from my spirit. In narrow and perilous passages he went on before without speaking, and I, following him, imitated his silence. When the breadth of the way permitted us to keep side by side we charmed away the *ennui* of the journey by talking, not of love and war, like La Môle and the Count de Coconnas, but of the probability of finding at the end of the day an hospitable cabin and something to eat.

Two hours had passed when some bulging white clouds of the kind which sailors call "cotton-balls," and the learned *cirro-cumuli*, appeared floating in the air like a flock of doves. In a few instants these clouds increased, closed up their ranks, and at last quite hid the face of the sun. A storm was brewing. We looked round for some kind of shelter, but all was desolation. Even the mountains presented no grotto or crevice in which we could take refuge. Then we hurried on our mules, scarcely knowing in what direction to continue our forced march, moved solely by that apprehension of danger, and the need of escaping from it, common to all living creatures. At the moment when our fast trot had increased to a gallop, the wind began to blow in sudden gusts, so that the clouds were heaped together like floating ice on the breaking up of a river, and grew dark in our faces. Lightning and thunder immediately joining the *melée* warned us that the storm was near, and had the feet of our beasts been gifted with the swiftness of Achilles they would have tried in vain to outstrip it in speed.

Nevertheless we continued to flee before the tempest, now and then raising our

heads to judge of the state of the atmosphere, but again burying them almost immediately in the immense wrapper called a *tapacara*, which everyone is obliged to wear in these latitudes. Meanwhile the distant rumblings of the thunder succeeded at more frequent intervals, the lightning traced lines of fire in the heavens, the clouds sinking by their own weight, approached rapidly towards the earth, and a livid light illuminated the landscape, which stood out in bold relief against the deep neutral tint of the horizon.



HOSPITALITY OF A SEPULCHRE.

A sudden thunder-clap filled us with fear and made our mules tremble upon their hocks. The clouds bulged like overfilled leathern bottles, and a shower of hailstones beat upon our heads. To protect ourselves as much as possible we huddled up in our cloaks; our unhappy beasts, unable to follow our example, whined with the pain caused by the rough contact of the projectiles with their poor noses. We quite pitied their condition, and did all we could to excite them by voice, spur, and bridle. The hailstorm was succeeded by a fall of snow, such as one never witnesses but at this elevation. It fell so fast and thick that it was impossible to see ten steps in advance. In an instant the whole landscape was wrapped in one great winding-sheet; the mules profited by the stupefaction we felt to slacken their pace and proceed to their own liking. We had thus felt our way for a quarter of an hour, when a dark mass seemed to cross the moving curtain of snow. "God be praised!"

exclaimed Nor Medina, drawing rein by the side of this construction, of which I could not yet divine the character. As I approached he cried out to me to dismount. I obeyed with the more promptitude seeing that the door of this lodge was wide open, only it was so low, that to enter I was obliged to go on my knees. In the meanwhile Nor Medina relieved the mules of their harness, which he covered with a waxed cloth (or oil-skin), and gliding through the cat's hole very soon rejoined me. The snow continued to fall like pressed wool.

The shelter we had found so opportunely was an edifice formed of enormous blocks, and covered in with a single stone. A little window looking eastward, at about a man's height, scarcely lighted the interior. This sepulchre, for such it was, might measure ten feet on each side by eight feet in height. Its walls, sloped in the Egyptian manner, and of tremendous thickness, had probably seen many centuries and endured many tempests. I asked my guide what he thought of this sepulchre, and if any tradition attached to it. But the snow which had soaked through the man's clothes had dried up his habitual loquacity; he replied with a yawn, "It was the work of the heathen Aymaras." I ought to have been satisfied with this reply; but reflecting that it might happen to me, as to so many others, to tell a traveller's story to the public, and reflecting further that the public would not be satisfied with Nor Medina's laconic explanation, I used my flint and steel, lighted a bit of wax-candle, and wrote the following lines:—

"When the Children of the Sun first appeared in Peru, the great Aymara nation possessed the country which extends from Lampa to the frontiers of Desaguadero, and comprises under the name of Collao the region of the Punas, or plateaux situated eastward of the chain of the Western Andes. In various parts of this country, which is some 270 miles in length and of an average breadth of 90 miles, were temples, palaces, and monuments of various kinds, some intact, some already in ruins, the architecture and statuary of which bore witness to an advanced state of civilization. The Aymaras, who ascribed to these constructions a very remote date, attributed them to the Collahuas, whose descendents they boasted themselves to be. According to them, that nation had come from a far-distant country, situated to the north of Peru, and had occupied different places for a long period before advancing to the region of the Peruvian plateaux, which in memory of them had since borne the name of Collao. These ancestors of the Aymaras, so to speak of them, believed, according to hieroglyphic pictures, of which their chiefs alone possessed the secret, that previous to the sun which gave them light there had been four others which were successively extinguished by a flood, an earthquake, a general break up, and a great tempest which annihilated at the same time all created beings. After the disappearance of the fourth sun the world had been immersed in darkness for twenty-five years. In the midst of that profound night, and ten years before the appearance of a fifth sun, the human race was regenerated. The great Creator, when he formed anew a man and a woman, created also this fifth sun, which had lasted already a thousand years. This astrological fiction, which the Aymaras derived from the Collahuas and which has served as the basis of a particular system of cosmogony,

was common to the whole group of peoples speaking the same language: the Toltecs, the Cicimecs, the Nahuatlaques, the Acolhues, the Tlascaltecs, the Aztecs, &c., who, about the beginning of our era, inhabited the country of Anahuac in New Spain. These peoples are said to have received their civilization, their architecture, their quipos,[1] and their hieroglyphics from the Olmecs and the Xicalanques, two powerful nations who preceded them, and who themselves boasted of their high antiquity.

"To return to our Aymaras. The establishment of the Incas in Peru, as it caused a displacement of most of the Andean nations, so it dispossessed this people of the country which it had so long occupied. In the time of the second emperor, Sinchi-Roca, it had abandoned the *Condesuyos*[2] of Cuzco, and had withdrawn more and more westward to escape from the domination of the Children of the Sun. The third Inca, Lloque-Yupanqui, carried his arms into that part of Collao of which the Lake of Titicaca and its monuments are the historic centre. Occupied in subjugating the Aymaras established in the south, he left in peace such of them as lived to the west. Mayta-Capac, his successor, attacked them at two opposite points of their territory. Having subdued the Aymaras of Tiahuanacu in Upper Peru, he marched against those of Parihuanacocha (the Flamingo lake), situated almost under the fifteenth degree, and they also fell under subjection to him.

"This circle of conquests, successively enlarged by each emperor, and touching at the several points indicated above, had pushed towards the coast of the Pacific the Aymaras who were still free. Some families of that nation were stopped from advancing beyond the entrance of the western valleys, where their relics are still found.[3] Others were driven as far as the sea, where they mixed with the fish-eating tribes who at that epoch inhabited the shores of the ocean between the fourteenth and the twenty-fourth degrees of latitude.[4] In the fifteenth century, the conquests of the Inca Capac-Yupanqui extending even to Chili, and causing the almost total extinction of these peoples, the Aymaras disappeared with them from the littoral; only those individuals of that nation who had previously bent under the yoke of the Incas continued to occupy in the Sierra a part of the ancient territory of their fathers. At present we count about 200,000 of these indigenes spread along the Bolivia-Peruvian frontier, and in the seven departments of Higher Peru.

"Among the ancient customs of that nation, a custom, so singular that it may assist the ethnographer to recover the traces of its passage across the two continents, was that of deforming the skull at birth, giving it a conical form, by means of boards padded with cotton and compressed by ligatures. The skeletons of Aymaras, found

[1] The *quipos*, or strands of coloured wool, which the Peruvians used to record their dates and traditions, was not invented by them, as so long supposed. It was used by the Canadians, and was known to the Chinese at a very remote period. It was also used by the nations of Mexico, referred to in the text, by whom it was called *nepohualtzitzin*. (See *Botturini*.)

[2] From the Quichua *cunti* (west) and *suyu* (direction): one of the four divisions of the empire established by Manco-Capac.

[3] The Aymara ossuary, the existence of which we are the first to make known, is situated at the distance of a few miles S.S.E. of Ilay, in the midst of the zone of trachytic ashes, which extends from that port to the entrance of the valley of Tambo, called the Arenal.

[4] The *Quellcas* (now *Quilcas*), the *Moquehuas*, the *Llipis*, and the *Chancus* (now *Changos*).

in the neighbourhood of the coast between the sixteenth and eighteenth degrees, are perfectly recognizable by their oblong or egg-shaped heads. An egg, of which one end should form the face, would give an exact idea of their shape.

"The mode of burial practised by these Indians, at the epoch of their splendour, was also very strange, and unlike anything found among the nations of South America.

INTERIOR OF AN AYMARA CHULPA.

Their tombs, called *chulpas*, have the shape of a truncated pyramid of from twenty to thirty feet high. This pyramid, constructed of unbaked bricks (*tapias*), was formed in several retreating courses, recalling by its general configuration the Mexican *téocallis*, the first idea of which would seem to have been borrowed from the temple of Bel. Sometimes the tombs of the Aymaras were simple monuments of Cyclopean structure covered with a single stone, and forming, in the interior, a square chamber—such as that wherein I write these lines—with a low entrance, and a little window looking to the rising sun. Sometimes, again, these tombs took the form of an obelisk, the elevation of which, from twenty-five to thirty feet, was twice the dimensions of their base. These were covered with an inclined roof, and built of mud. Each tomb of the kind was adapted for the reception of a dozen individuals, whose bodies, embalmed with the *Chenopodium ambrosioides* of the neighbouring valleys, and clothed in their own garments or wrapped in a sack woven with the leaves of the totora, and sloped

off to let the face appear, were seated in a circle, their feet touching one another, resembling the felly of a wheel. Each of the dead had near him, under the pretence of provisions and household utensils, some spikes of maize, a jug of chicha, a bowl, and a spoon. If it was a man, they added to these objects a sling, a *macana* or club, hunting or fishing implements, and a weft of wool. If a woman, they placed near her a basket made of the stalks of jarava, some balls of llama's wool, and a few shuttles and knitting-needles made of the long black thorns of the *Cactus quisco*.[1] When once this tomb was in possession of the number of guests it was meant to

AYMARA INDIAN MUMMY.

contain it was closed up, the window alone being left open, probably with the idea that passers-by might look in and perhaps derive instruction and consolation from

[1] In the hillocks of Cocotea, of Tambo, and of Mejillones, in the neighbourhood of Iquique, in the *Morro* of Arica, and other places near the coast, are many huacas or burial-places of Chango, Aymara, and Quichua Indians, dating from a period anterior to the Spanish conquest, in which we find objects of the same nature. The nationality of the mummies is apparent at first sight, both from the construction of the huacas in which they are found, and from the position of the bodies. Thus, the huacas of the Changos are as much as eight feet high inside, and the dead are laid upon their backs. Those of the Aymaras are circular cavities, at the bottom of which the corpse, wrapped in a woollen mantle, a mat, or a sack made of rushes, is simply seated. The huacas of the Quichuas, which are scarcely four feet high, are of an ellipsoidal figure, and lined in the interior with small flat stones. The corpse is placed like a child in its mother's womb; that is to say, squatting upon its heels, its knees raised to the level of the chin, its elbows resting upon the thighs, and its fingers doubled up against the eyes.

The garments and the woollen tissues which envelop these mummies, as well as the articles placed near them, are in all cases very much alike, and are coarsely made. In most of the huacas we have found spikes of maize, and what was once chicha. The grain had become the colour of old mahogany, but it preserved its gloss. The little chicha that remained at the bottom of the *cantaros*, made of baked clay and hermetically sealed, had acquired the colour and consistency of treacle.

the calm spectacle of the dead, seated side by side, and, so to speak, regarding each other with hollow eyes. Every morning the rising sun darted a golden ray into the interior of these sepulchres, and warmed for a moment, without reanimating, the yellow parchments which once were men. Some of these *chulpas* exist still, but empty and desecrated. French, English, Germans, have with one accord broken into these monuments, and the mummies which they inclose, disturbed from the rest of ages, have been transported into the museums of Europe, where they grin in some glazed show-case awaiting the day of resurrection. . . . ."

As I finished writing the last word, Nor Medina, who had kept his eye on the weather, told me the snow had ceased falling, and that it was necessary to resume our journey. It was four o'clock. We went to mount our beasts, whose manes, stiffened with frost, recall to mind the horses of Odin Hrimfaxi and Skinfaxi with frozen hair. The poor beasts had not moved from the spot where we left them. My guide patted their flanks to console them for the wretched quarter of an hour they had passed. Then, having saddled and bridled them, we were soon far from the Aymara sepulchre.

After an hour's march I discovered on my right, hidden by the undulations of the ground, a pretty river winding its joyful way among the rocks which it fringed with a border of foam. I pointed it out to Nor Medina, who told me it was the same thread of water that I had seen bubbling from the hollow of a rock near the station of Apo. A course of sixty miles in the midst of the snows of the Sierra had worked this prodigy. "So are born and so grow societies and empires," said I to my guide; who smiled his approbation.

The road we were following presently wound along by the river, so that we kept close to its banks. In places destitute of stones, it spread its water deliciously over a bed of quartzose sand, so white, so fine, so pleasant to the eye, that for a moment I was tempted to dismount, to take off my shoes, and wade in it to the unknown gulf into which it flowed. The day however, which already drew near its end, prevented me from giving effect to this idea. I contented myself with dipping into it, by the aid of a bit of pack-thread, the tin pot which when travelling served me at once for a glass, a bowl, and a cup, and I drank some draughts of its limpid and icy water.

As there was no station in the neighbourhood, nor even a shepherd's hut, where we could pass the night, and as the hamlet of Compuerta—the only inhabited place, as my guide said—was still some leagues distant, we urged our beasts to a lively pace. The storm of the afternoon had cleared off, and left no trace in the heavens. Nothing stained the immense vault of azure, save that the setting sun tinged it with an orange purple. Proceeding on our road we came to a lagune, something less than a mile in circumference, on the borders of which grew large-leaved *totoras* (*Juncus peruvianus*). That "drop of limpid water which glassed the heavens," as the poet says, served as the home of several kinds of aquatic birds, such as grebes, divers (*Colymbidæ*), and teals, which sported and quacked at each other as they prepared for rest. A sluice at the outlet of this basin allowed its surplus water to flow into a ravine which communicated with the river. Two hundred paces from this lagune I discovered another exactly like it, but situated upon the right bank of the watercourse which we were following. Nor

Medina was particular in explaining to me that beyond these two lagunes—the first of which was called the Lake of Gold (*Coricocha*), and the second the Lake of Silver (*Colquecocha*)—the river, which we had seen to take its rise at Apo, and which even then was called the Rio de Cuevilla, took the name of the Rio de Compuerta. I noted the fact, and just as I questioned the man if the hamlet of Compuerta was yet far distant, he showed me, at some bow-shots from the second lagune, a group of ruined

THE LAKE OF GOLD AND LAKE OF SILVER.

houses backed by a hill. We crossed the river on a sand-bank, which seemed to be placed there expressly to facilitate the passage from one shore to the other, and directed our steps towards these houses, which, from their tumble-down appearance, one could not have supposed to be inhabited, if the thread of smoke which rose from the roof of one of them had not revealed the presence of man.

At the noise made by our arrival the door of the smoking house opened, and the head of a woman appeared. She regarded us with a scared look, but apparently reassured by our pacific exterior, asked my guide what good wind had blown him here; as for me, I obtained no more notice than if I had been one of the bags carried by our mules. However, I was accustomed to the manners of the Quichuas, and this indifference did not trouble me. After exchanging a few words with this woman, my guide requested me to dismount, and seek for a room in the house that would suit me.

I looked at the Indian to judge by her expression if she were agreeable to this or not. As soon as she caught my eye she faced about and turned her back upon me. "Silence gives consent," I said to myself, as I passed her haughtily and entered.

That which Nor Medina—no doubt from regard for the sex—had called a house was a square space, black, smoky, and sordid. Tattered garments were everywhere hanging from the rafters. The original colour of these rags was hid under a covering

HAMLET OF COMPUERTA.

of soot. A fire of llamas' dung was burning in the centre of the place, spreading an odour like musk, which, added to the thick smoke it emitted, offended both sight and smell. A pot placed before the fire indicated that some kind of supper was in preparation. I lifted the cover, and saw one of those broths composed of water and the flour of maize, which the Indians highly relish in defect of anything better. To me it seemed but poor stuff. I drew a stool before the fire, and while I reflected, as I stirred up the embers, on the meagre fare which awaited me, a cock which was roosting in a corner of the hut began to crow. I started up at this unusual sound, and signing to Nor Medina, who entered just then followed by the Indian, he came near me.

"I do not care for *élagua*," I said in a low tone, showing him the Lacedæmonian broth that was stewing in the pot, "but the cock I heard crow just now is exactly to my mind: is it possible, do you think, to get it for supper?"

"Nothing is more easy," he replied, in the same low tone. Then turning to the woman, "Mamita," said he, "go and see if the mules are all right." She went out, and returned in a minute or two to utter a cry of rage at the sight of Nor Medina seated before the fire, his legs wide apart, and in the act of plucking her favourite rooster, whose jugular he had already cut.

"Mamita," he said, in reply to her cry of rage, "this fowl is very thin."

"Monster!" she cried in Quichua, "dog of a Métis, thief, murderer! To kill a cock that I myself reared, and that told the time so well by his crowing. What had the poor thing done to you?" And thereupon she began to cry.

"Silence! woman," said Nor Medina, gravely. "The *élagua* that you were cooking is not to the taste of this traveller, and as it was absolutely necessary he should have something to eat, your old rooster will have the honour of satisfying his hunger. Besides we mean to pay you for the skinny brute! How much may it be worth? A real? Two reals?"

The Indian, accustomed like others of her caste to exactions, often accompanied with violence, from the descendants of the Spaniards, appeared so surprised and delighted at the idea of being reimbursed for what, till then, people had contented themselves with taking from her, that her tears suddenly ceased. Nevertheless, from the singular manner in which she looked at Nor Medina, it was evident she thought the offer was made in derision; so to end her anxiety, I took from my pocket a piece of four reals, and putting it in her hand, begged her to excuse the rough manners of my guide. She received the money with a sort of doubtful astonishment, turned it over and over, as if to assure herself that it was not bad; then, convinced of the goodness of the metal, she smiled, and slipped it into the hem of her petticoat.

"In fact," said she, drying her eyes, "it is better so: the *apuhualpacuna* [literally, *lord of hens*] prevented Juan from sleeping, and sooner or later he would have wrung its neck." And to show the muleteer that she bore him no malice, she sat down by his side, took one wing of the fowl, and set to work plucking it, while Nor Medina devoted himself to the other. Thanks to their emulation, the cock was soon despoiled of his coat of many colours, singed, cleaned, dismembered, and thrown into an earthen pan which the woman furnished with the best grace, as she did also some beef-dripping, and some onions which she took out of a hole in the wall that appeared to serve as a larder. A few pleasant words which I addressed to her by way of acknowledgment, and two or three friendly slaps on the back which Nor Medina gave her, restored to the Indian all her good humour.

While my supper was cooking the sound of voices was heard without. "That is Juan and his friends come from the mine," said the woman. As she finished speaking the door opened, and four Indians enveloped to the eyes in their striped ponchos entered. At the sight of the strangers they could not hide a grimace; but Nor Medina having welcomed them home, and the woman having shown her husband the half-piaster which she had received, their physiognomies, for a moment hostile, brightened, and they smiled in unison. Whilst the Indians took off their cloaks the woman lighted one of those resinous torches, done up in the spathe of the banana-tree, and which

they obtain from the eastern valleys. In its light—though, by the way, it emitted more smoke than flame—the Quichuas, seated on the ground, took from their wallets a wooden porringer, which they handed to the hostess, and which she filled to the brim with smoking *élagua*.

Then commenced a most amusing pantomime, the notion of which would have delighted Pierrot-Debureau. Each Indian, on receiving his full porringer, balanced it on the tips of his five fingers, then making it revolve, began to sup that portion of the soup which had been slightly cooled by its contact with the wood. The dexterous rapidity with which these honest fellows manœuvred their bowls, the twinkling of their eyes, and the play of physiognomy which accompanied the operation, combined to form a spectacle so new and curious, that while I watched it I quite forgot I had eaten nothing since the morning.

The fact however was recalled to me by Nor Medina's announcement that supper was ready. He had spread my saddle-cloth on the ground like a table-cloth, and set in the middle of it the earthen dish and its contents, sharpened a piece of wood to serve as a fork, and provided a jug of iced water. I had nothing to do but to fall to work. My repast finished, and observing that my muleteer was disposed to appropriate all that was left of the supper, I desired him to offer the mistress of the house, as a token of my perfect esteem, a portion of the fowl whose tough flesh had made my jaws ache. The man eagerly obeyed, only instead of a wing or a thigh which I had wished to see him offer my hostess, it was the wreck of the carcass that the rascal gave her, which however she sucked with evident pleasure.

"Poor *apuhualpacuna*," said she, as she licked her fingers, "if anything could console it now, it would be to think it had been eaten by a Spanish cavalier!"

The sitting soon came to an end. The Quichuas, after consulting together in a low tone, disappeared, saluting us with *Quedense con Dios*—Rest with God! By the rummaging which followed in the adjoining hut, I concluded they had bestowed themselves there for the night, and had given us entire possession of the apartment we occupied. This was confirmed when the woman, having added some handfuls of fuel to the fire which was on the point of going out, went to rejoin her husband. Left to ourselves, we spread our skin-cloaks at some little distance from the hearth, and threw ourselves upon them with all our clothes on. In five minutes we were sleeping like the blessed.

At six o'clock in the morning we resumed our journey. The ground fell away rapidly from west to east. The landscape which lay at our feet was concealed by a thick white fog, the borders of which were feebly illumined by the rising sun. In the measure we descended the fog lifted, and very soon all the lower part of the plateau stood out well defined and clear, whilst the heavens were veiled by a thick mass of vapours. After a moment these vapours began to move in masses that rolled over one another, and from opaque white changed to transparent red; then the immense curtain was rent, and we beheld in all their splendour the ethereal blue and the orb of the rising sun.

The distance from Compuerta to Cabana, which we intended to reach before

night, is estimated at six leagues; but these six Hispano-American leagues are equal to nine French leagues, or twenty-seven miles. Moreover, the landscape, a very unimpressive one, offered nothing to the casual observer but short grass and stones, so that the tourist in search of recreation would more likely have found himself wearied to death with its monotony. Not so, the learned devotee of Flora or of Cybele. For him there was no lack of subjects for delighted admiration. Thanks to the spectacles he habitually wears, which enlarge objects, and occasionally make them appear double, he discovers in the grass beautifully branched *fragosas* of liliputian size, little stemless flowerets, gentians, *wernerias, loasas, lysipomias,* lobelias, &c., for the most part white, justifying the local saying, *Oro en la costa y plata en la sierra.*[1]

If from the vegetable kingdom the same learned traveller turns to the mineral, where the tourist sees nothing but stones, there is visible to him, always aided by his spectacles, mighty masses of trappean porphyry, composed of nitrous feldspar and amphibolite, in which he recognizes the character of the materials employed by the Incas in their beautiful constructions of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

As it was neither in the character of a savan nor that of a tourist that I was travelling, but as a man occupied with his own affairs, I neither looked for discoveries nor for diversion in the landscape. All my attention was concentrated upon my mule, urging him on by voice and spur, while listening, without replying, to the perpetual chatter of my guide.

Since leaving Compuerta we had kept steadily along by the river bank, with the view of avoiding the mountains and declivities that lay in the direct line to Cabana. This had been decided on by Nor Medina, not out of consideration for me, as one might have thought, but for the sake of his beasts, who, he said, were almost done up with these perpetual transitions from the nadir to the zenith. Any one else in my place would have remonstrated, and compelled the worthy muleteer to follow the more direct line, especially as the curve of the road we were following lengthened a little the stage. My *amour propre,* however, prevented me from grumbling. I feared to give the honest man occasion to laugh at a traveller who should complain of a league more or less of road, when he had himself gone eighty miles out of the way to gratify a mere whim.

The sun rose high; hour after hour passed by. The river of Compuerta changed its course from south-east to east, and then north. The ground fell away in a more decided slope. At that moment, to speak nautically, we were off Chucuytu, at the distance of forty-five miles from which stretched the immense basin of the Lake of Titicaca, and if there had been a high mountain at hand we might have looked from its summit upon the sacred lagune, the thirteen isles dotted over its surface, and the fourteen rivers which assist to swell its waters. In the impossibility of delighting my eyes with the spectacle of that alpine sea, by turns so calm and so furious, the elevation of which is nearly 12,800 feet above the level of the two oceans, I recalled to

[1] *Gold on the coast and silver in the sierra.* Almost all the flowers which grow in sight of the Pacific Ocean, and which are of the *Aster, Helianthus, Hieracium, Actinea,* and *Chrysanthemum* characters, are in fact of a golden-yellow colour; while those which we meet with in the Sierra are silver-white.

mind, day by day, the happy time when I wandered without care on these banks, seeking to surprise in their aquatic sports, but never finding them, the "green spider," the "gyrinus" (a species of water-beetle), and the "bearded triton," of which Father Valera speaks in his *Histoire Naturelle du Pérou.* I remembered, too, how vainly I had rummaged among the reeds and rushes to find the *Polygonium amphibium,* mentioned by the same learned writer; and how, disappointed in my fruitless researches, I had stopped to crunch a biscuit, or make ducks and drakes with the white and black stones on the river side. Alas! that the memory of the past should bring with it so much that is sad and melancholy.

At the moment of leaving for ever these elevated regions, about which many closet savans had written so learnedly without having seen them, I felt myself drawn to them by every bond of habit and sympathy. I would gladly have carried in my hand, as Charlemagne carries his globe, this historic country, of which the ancient civilization of India, in its march round the world, had made a centre of light. With what ethnographical fervour, with what archæological enthusiasm, I could have deposited it in some European museum, under a glass case, in order that our savans, by studying it close at hand, might agree, once for all, as to its origin and history!

These memories of the past absorbed me so completely for some hours, that I felt neither the hunger from which I was nevertheless suffering, nor the cold caused by a penetrating wind which blew from the snowy Andes of Crucero, as the sun set behind us. Neither did I remark that at the extremity of the plateau we were crossing, there appeared, like white and black points, the houses of two villages, built opposite each other, and separated by the breadth of the river Compuerta. Nothing less than an exclamation from Nor Medina that we were drawing near the end of our day's march, would have served to dispel my reverie, and overthrow the scaffolding of hypotheses that I had been so busily erecting.

I had scarcely realized the fact that the villages in sight were those of Cabana and Cabanilla, when my stomach reasserted its long disregarded rights. A moment afterwards we entered the village of Cabana, leaving on our right that of Cabanilla, which a roughly constructed bridge of three arches, built of gray trachyte, unites to its neighbour.

Cabana, to which the makers of Peruvian statistics, with a modesty which savours of good taste very rare among them, simply allude in their little compilations, without attaching to its name any striking epithet, is neither an *illustrious* capital, a *well-deserving* city, nor a *heroic* town! It is a cluster of small houses constructed of broken stones and mud, thatched with *ichu,* the stiff straw of the Cordilleras, and disposed in the form of a Z. The middle of the downward stroke of this letter forms a kind of plaza or square, occupied by the church, a modest structure of mud, with a square belfry, the projecting roof of which, supported by pillars bent with age, is turned up at the edge like the roof of a pagoda. On this little belfry, lit up for a moment by a ray of the setting sun, a dozen black vultures (*Percnopterus urubu*), like undertakers in feathers, had aligned themselves in that immobility of *pose* which is the characteristic of this obscene bird.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE ANDES BETWEEN THE UPPER LAKE OF TITICACA AND THE LOWER LAKE OF PARIHUANACOCHA.

Notwithstanding the neighing of our mules, who had scented the stable, and the clamorous manner in which Nor Medina announced our arrival, not a soul appeared at the doors of the houses. The melancholy village seemed to be enchanted, or unpeopled by a pestilence. On remarking this to my guide, he explained that the inhabitants had probably gone to explore the quebradas, rivers, and brooks of the neighbourhood, in search of gold-dust or fragments of silver-ore, with which to pay their dues.

THE VILLAGES OF CABANA AND CABANILLA.

"But," I objected to the man, "the abolition of tribute has been decreed, and consequently the Indian has no longer anything to pay to the state!"

"*Cabal*" (just so!) he replied; "but if the Indian pays no tribute to the state, he has always his little accounts to settle with the sub-prefect of the province, the governor, and the alcalde. I say nothing of the lord-bishop, of the curé, of the vicar, and of the monks of our convents, holy men, who care so little for silver that they content themselves with deducting a tithe from the crops of potatoes, chuño, quinoa, oats, or whatever the Indian may grow. Perhaps he has no crop at all; but his wife has a distaff, and she spins and sends to the tithe-collector (*diezmero*) a few balls of llama's wool, which are always received with pleasure. In default of wool she has perhaps a guinea-pig, a few eggs, a cake of tallow, or other article: any of these will do, and the little presents she makes serve to keep up a good understanding. Our Indians know this so well,

that although they may grumble a little, they take care not to neglect these little duties when the time comes to pay court to the civil and religious authorities."

"But this is frightfully tyrannical," I exclaimed.

"It would be unpolite to contradict your lordship," replied the mule-driver, "but assuredly the Indian looks at these things from a different point of view. He may grumble, sometimes, but he does not raise a clamour. Habit counts for much in so many things. I will even venture to say that most Punarunacunas[1] view these excursions into the quebradas as nothing more than a party of pleasure. They would like to enjoy the outing alone, and at liberty; for all are lawfully married, and a married man is never sorry to be free for a moment. But Scripture having ordained that the wife is to cleave to the husband, the Indian wife, caring nothing whether it pleases her lord and master or not, follows in his wake, under the pretext of preparing his food and mending his clothes, but really only to vex him. Then, as the children could hardly live without their mother, and as the dogs would die of *ennui* without the children, it comes to pass that both man and beast absolutely abandon their village for a time; considerations which will explain to you the complete solitude we have found here.

"Our Indians will remain ten or twelve days afield. At the end of this time, if they have filled their chuspa with metal, they set apart the few piastres which are due to the superior authorities, and lay out the rest in the purchase of brandy and coca. At home once more, they will dance merrily to the sound of a tin trumpet and a charango; drink, get drunk, and soundly beat their wives, as a lesson not to leave the conjugal roof another time. But this is labour lost. A woman is by nature incorrigible, and an Indian woman has a taste for being beaten. It flatters her *amour propre*. A good shower of blows from a stick or a knotted cord, administered now and then by him she calls her *palomachay*,[2] or "cherished dove," is a better proof to her than any number of protestations and oaths that the man in question has chosen her for his companion, and continues to cherish her above all other women. . . ."

Here the dissertation of Nor Medina was interrupted by the baying of a dog which seemed to be affected with laryngitis.

"It is the *alcco* of the curé," he said, "a poor animal that has grown as useless as his master."

At this moment we turned the angle of an almost broken-down wall, and I discovered a miserable house built against the apsis of the church, of which the projecting thatched roof protected it from the north wind as the foliage of a tree protects the nest of a bird. This dwelling, furnished with one window and one door, was so low that a horseman by rising upon his stirrups could rest his elbows upon its summit.

[1] *Runa*, man; *puna*, plateau; *cuna*, the;—the men of the plateau. This is the name given to the indigenes of the region of Collao.

[2] The word *paloma*, pigeon or dove, is Spanish, this bird not being found in the wild state in South America, but having been naturalized there by the Spaniards. On the other hand, there are seven or eight varieties of turtle-doves, of which the largest is the size of a wood-pigeon, and the smallest that of a common sparrow. The first is called *urpi*; the second *cuculi*. It is the *urpi* that, under the name of *urpi-lla* and *urpilla-chay*, sweet turtle-dove, darling turtle-dove, figures in the greater number of *yaravis* and poems of the Quichuas.

The front of this humble abode was somewhat enlivened by being whitewashed. On the window-sill, in a common earthen pot, but of such a shape as to recall the art of the Etruscans, blossomed one of those *alstrœmerias* which European horticulturists improperly call the *Lily of the Incas*,[1] and of which the variety *tomentosa*, which I recognized at a glance, flourishes in the shady thickets in certain sheltered spots of the Entre-Sierra. The sight of these pretty flowers, with their petals of greenish pink, spotted with a brownish red, gave me much pleasure. They indicated on the part of their possessor a certain delicacy of organization, which seemed a good augury for the refreshment and shelter which I designed to beg of him. As the dog, a miserable cur, toothless, blear-eyed, his hair bristling, redoubled his noise on seeing us alight, an old woman made her appearance on the threshold, regarding us with an astonished air.

ALSTRŒMERIA,
Called by mistake the Lily of the Incas.

"*Dios bendiga à U. mamita*" (God bless you, little mother), cried my guide, in a tone at once respectful and familiar.

"*Alli llamanta Hueracocha*" (Good day, signor), the woman answered in the idiom of the Quichuas.

The manner of the salutation, and the difference of idiom between the two personages, testified not only to a greater degree of civilization in the one than in the other, but the title of honour which the woman had accorded to the muleteer in answer to the qualification of "little mother," seemed to imply an inferiority of position, with which I could not help being struck. I had no opportunity of asking my guide about this. The old woman on learning from him that I desired to see the curé Cabrera, immediately invited me to enter the house. I therefore followed her in, leaving Nor Medina to unsaddle our mules.

Having crossed the first room, which appeared to serve as ante-chamber, kitchen, and dining-room, my conductress stopped and asked me timidly if my business with the curé was of so pressing a nature as to make it necessary to wake him out of the siesta in which he was just then indulging.

To this inquiry I courteously replied that it was not necessary to interrupt the holy man's slumber, that I could very well wait, more especially if to wile away the intervening time, my hostess would give me something to eat. Hardly had this sentence escaped me than the curé, who was not, as the good woman believed, asleep, and had heard me through the partition, called out in Quichua, "With whom are you speaking, Veronica?"

"With a white-skinned Huéracocha, who says he has business with you, my brother, and who asks for something to eat. . . ."

"For he is faint with hunger," added I, raising my voice, and using purposely the idiom employed by my hosts.

[1] It is the *Narcissus amancaës*, not the *Alstrœmeria*, which the natives call *Lily of the Incas*.

"Eh! my sister, to work quickly," replied the curé: "kill a guinea-pig, beat some eggs and make an omelette; do you not hear that this poor traveller says he is hungry? And you, sir," said he, addressing me, "be so good as to walk in here where we can converse with more comfort."

I left the good dame Veronica to her culinary preparations and took advantage of the curé's invitation. When I had opened the door which formed the communication between the two apartments, I found myself in a room of some size, though with a low ceiling. A Verenguela stone, transparent like glass and cut square, was fixed between the rafters of the roof and illuminated the room after the manner of an artist's studio.

The curé was seated on one of those square blocks of masonry which serve among the common people the purposes of chair, table, and bed. A pile of fleeces, with coarse woollen coverings over them, modified the hardness of this couch. The pastor was saying his rosary, which he suspended to a nail when I entered. Then as I drew near, he stretched towards me in an uncertain manner, as though seeking mine, his two hands.

"Help me, dear sir," he said with singular sweetness of expression, "I know you are there, but cannot tell your exact position; four years since God deprived me of the light of the sun, and now I cannot see earthly things except in thought."

I eagerly took the old man's hands, who drew me towards him and made me sit on his bed. I was so moved by the discovery of an infirmity so unexpected, that I was unable to offer the slightest attempt at consolation, or even a word of politeness to the venerable father. As I stealthily examined him he caressed my hands with an effusion quite juvenile, felt the stuff of which my clothing was made, and seemed to give himself up to a physiological examination of which I could not imagine the aim.

"You do not belong to this country," he at length said, "you have neither the tone of voice nor the exterior of my countrymen; tell me, dear sir, whence you come, whither you go, and what kindly wind has drifted you to my humble dwelling?"

"With great willingness," I answered. "I left Ilay last week, and I am on my way to Brazil, which I hope to reach before three months are out. My motive in coming to your home is a very simple one. Nearly five years ago, when visiting *en amateur* one day the museum of Lima, I perceived in a corner of the hall which contains the genealogical tree of the Incas, a portrait of Don Juan Pablo Cabrera, the curé of Macusani. This portrait, painted in oils, by an artist of the country, was of small value as a painting, and my attention would have been immediately turned from it if I had not read the biography of the original inscribed in a corner of the canvas. I was so impressed by this account of a holy and laborious life that I vowed to myself I would not leave America without seeing the original of the portrait. It is in fulfilment of this determination, reverend father, that instead of taking the road to Cuzco by the Andes I have come by way of Lampa, feeling almost certain that I should find in the village of Cabana him whom I wished to see, and whom I had long loved without knowing."

"You have done that for me!" exclaimed the poor priest, raising my hands to his lips with such eagerness that I could not prevent this demonstration of profound gratitude and wonderful humility. "Ah! sir, ah! my child—because I guess from your voice you are young—God will bless you, since you remember those who suffer and are forgotten."

A thoughtful silence prevailed between us for some minutes.

"Europe is a noble country and her sons have noble hearts," said the curé, at length, as if in reply to some anterior meditation. It is to Europe we owe the great

THE CURÉ OF MACUSANI, A TRUE PRIEST ACCORDING TO THE GOSPEL.

ideas that have been disseminated among us. If those ideas have produced nothing, if the good seed has dried up in the ground, or has given but the stubble without the ear, it is because our hearts and our understandings were not prepared to receive it. When I dwelt at Macusani I knew Europeans who were drawn to these countries simply by their love for science. Although my relations with them were of the shortest duration, their memory has been deeply engraved in my heart."

Whilst the priest spoke I studied his physiognomy and mentally compared it with the horrid portrait I had seen of him. His features presented the type of the Iranian race, but without the projecting cheek-bones and prominent curvature of the nose which characterize that race. A constant habit of thought, instinct with human charity and divine love, seemed to have still more ennobled and refined the contours of a face that was already noble and perfectly formed by nature. The old man's eyes, closed, as he himself had said, to the light of this world, and not communicating to the spirit any reflection from exterior nature, imparted to his face the noble calmness of a beautiful antique mask. The Quichua idiom, with its ornate expressions and high-flown metaphors, which he employed in preference to the Spanish when conversing, had added spirituality, so to speak, to that plastic beauty by taking from

his thought I know not what mysterious grace, what sustained elevation, which had nothing in common with the habitual language of men.

The costume of the priest consisted of a kind of loose gown or wrapper[1] made of *bayeta,* a coarse cloth manufactured in the country. His shirt was made of unbleached cotton cloth, and a handkerchief of cotton stuff with a square pattern served him for a cravat. As for the room itself, it was, like the old man's garments, simple almost to bareness. Whitewashed walls, a bolster for his head, a linen cloth representing the Virgin Mary *des sept douleurs;* a holy-water vessel, and a rosary by the side of the image; here and there a few benches and stools, a leathern trunk, and some objects of no value; on the right side of the chamber, in the shade, a second couch, probably that of the priest's sister Veronica, completed the humble furniture, and brought to my memory these lines of a poet—

> "La croix de bois, l'autel de pierre,
> Suffit aux hommes comme à Dieu."

The worthy pastor had been silent for some time when I asked him, with suitable apologies, to relate some details of his past history and the life which he led in this solitude.

"My child," he replied, with a beautiful smile, "did you not tell me you have read the inscription on my portrait?"

"That inscription," I replied, "has only told me of the virtues of the priest and the labours of the man. It has told me nothing of his sufferings, and it is of them I wish to hear, because, if I had not gathered as much from your words, I should have divined, on seeing you and hearing you speak, that you had suffered."

An expression of bitterness passed over the old man's face, as the shadow of a cloud over still water. But he promptly replied:

"The day is far advanced, and it is fifteen miles to the nearest *estancia.* Will you give me your company this evening and pass the night under my roof? On that condition I will tell you the story of my life, not as you have read it in the museum at Lima, but as God alone knows it. . . ."

"I will not quit you till to-morrow morning," I replied.

"Veronica!" he cried, leaning towards the door of communication, "will it be long before the supper of our guest is ready?"

"A little patience, brother," replied Veronica; "the *couy*[2] is only done on one side, and I have still my omelette to make."

As I apologized to the curé for the embarrassment and trouble I had occasioned to his sister with these preparations for a meal, when a morsel of bread and cheese would have sufficed:

"Oh!" he said, "we are not in Lent and to-day is not Friday, that you should be half-starved; I am only vexed that there should be any delay in serving you. The fact is, Veronica has no one but herself in the house. Our sister Epifania is gone to Lampa

[1] *Houppelande* in French; it has neither a collar nor sleeves fitted to the figure, and is generally wadded.—Tr.
[2] The Quichua name of the guinea-pig (*Cavia minima*).

to sell the wool which the poor girls have spun together during the past week, and I do not expect her back till the evening."

"That is a journey of six leagues" (eighteen miles), I observed.

"Six there and six back," replied the curé; "making twelve leagues (thirty-six miles) that our sister will have to walk to-day, so that she will return thoroughly tired. Thank God the river of Lampa will not be flooded, for Epifania will have to cross it by a ford, and the current is very strong. . . .

"With a good mule she has nothing to fear," I remarked.

"Alas!" said the priest, "we have neither horses nor mules, and our sister is obliged to go afoot. This is one of my greatest troubles. My poor sisters, whom I would willingly surround with every comfort in their old age to recompense them for their past labours. . . . But God will know how to reward them in my place. . . ." This conversation was interrupted by Dame Veronica, who called out that supper was ready.

"Give me your arm," said the curé, "and let us go to the table. Whilst you eat I will finish saying my rosary."

After I had satisfied my hunger, and Nor Medina had also had his wants supplied, the curé proposed that we should walk out to enjoy for a moment the evening air. As we left the house a joyous chime of bells struck up in the direction of Cabanilla. "Already the oracion!" said the priest. Dame Veronica, who had followed us to the door, looked at the summit of the hills, which were reddened by the last rays of the setting sun. "My brother," she said without hesitation, "it is six o'clock. I will put back my watch: it makes three minutes past six." "That woman," I said to myself, "is a veritable chronometer."

The curé having passed his arm within mine, we walked through the village, all the houses of which were closed, and out on the plain. A silence unbroken by the voice of man, the song of bird, or the chirp of an insect, reigned around. The sun had sunk to rest in a winding-sheet of violet, fringed with purple and gold; in these latitudes, where there is no twilight, night follows day suddenly. Already the distance was gathering darkness, vapours ascended from the bottom of the ravines and rose in the air like smoke from the tripods of antiquity. The nearer cerros grew dark as we gazed, the stars began to twinkle, yet daylight had not completely disappeared. A vague and charming glimmer of rose-coloured light, reflected from the purple of the setting sun, tinged the snows of the Crucero which bounded the horizon in the east. These snows so delicately coloured and so life-like in the midst of the dull, gray, sleepy landscape, might be compared to the smile which lingers upon the mouth of a beautiful woman whose eyes have already closed in sleep. In presence of this calm and radiant spectacle of the earth hushing its noises and heaven kindling its stars—a spectacle which God gives every evening to his creatures, and which it was my privilege to contemplate—I felt a sense of inexpressible pity for the poor priest to whom for four years all this glory had been but a memory.

We continued our walk in silence. From time to time my companion dropped a short sentence, to which I replied in the same laconic manner, and then we again

relapsed into meditation. We continued to walk thus, purposeless, dreaming rather than talking, until the night grew cold, when the old man manifested his intention to return home. Half an hour afterwards we were seated on his bed. Dame Veronica had taken her distaff, and, squatted on a bit of carpet a few steps from us, was occupied in spinning by the smoky flame of a lamp.

"The moment has arrived," said the curé, "to tell you that part of my history of which men are ignorant and God alone knows. I was born at Canima, a small village in the department of Puno, and not at Macusani, as my biographers have said. I was a priest at twenty-five, officiating in the cure of Macusani, in the province of Carabaya. My two sisters, Veronica and Epifania, left alone after the death of our parents, had come to live with me. Impressed with the greatness of my office, and thoroughly alive to the obligations it imposed on me, I had resolved to raise from the brute-like condition to which they were reduced the wretched Indians whom God had given me for my flock. To open the eyes of their spirit to the true light, to bring hope to their withered hearts, to make of the poor slaves, whom fear of the whip kept in subjection to their masters, freemen, brothers in Jesus Christ united indissolubly by the bonds of affection and devotedness, such was the dream which I had cherished before taking orders, such was the idea to which, when I became a priest, I resolved to consecrate my life.

"After a first year passed in the exercise of my functions, and during which I rebuilt, by the aid of my own money, the church of Macusani, which had fallen to decay, I realized all the difficulty of my apostolic mission, of which I had previously regarded only the end without embarrassing myself with the means. Brutalized by the oppression of three centuries, the men who surrounded me were incredulous or indifferent to my words. They saw nothing in the future but a fatal continuation of the past. Accustomed to seek oblivion of their sorrows in the fumes of drunkenness, they did not comprehend that it might be found in the renunciation of self and devotion to others; in love, charity, and fraternity; in a word, in the soul's life.

"For a long time I studied these unhappy beings, degraded by long suffering and abject fear, seeking a vulnerable place where the sword of the Word might penetrate. But I gave up the study in despair, as I recognized its utter inutility. No longer hoping to convince them by reason, I substituted sentiment for logic, and gave them the evidence of a life absolutely devoted to their welfare. In acting thus I expected to awake their gratitude, to draw their affection to myself, and to reach their spirit through their hearts. But in this again I was cruelly deceived. In return for all my efforts in their behalf I met only with doubt and suspicion, often irony, malice, or falsehood, almost always baseness under apparent mildness. Ten years of the best part of my life were devoted to this thankless work—ten years, which fell into the gulf of the past, without having caused to grow a single blade of grass upon its borders.

"Oh, my child! how disenchanted, how wearisome life appeared to me when thus thoroughly convinced that my idea of regenerating this degraded race proved to be a chimera, in the pursuit of which I had laboured in vain! During a considerable period, the exact duration of which I cannot fix, I felt thrown back upon myself and indifferent

to everything. If I was sustained in this trial, it was by the loving care of my poor sisters, who sympathized with my sorrows without understanding the cause.

"Cast down by the loss of my illusions, hurt in my dearest sympathies, yet without anger or hatred for the men to whom I had opened my arms and my heart only to be repulsed, I gave myself up to the study of nature, expecting to find a cure for my sorrows, and at the same time food for my thoughts. I trusted that the contemplation of the Infinite, by exciting a new order of ideas, would draw me away from the troubles of this world and open to my sight the glories of heaven. I became an observer of the wonders of creation, trying to follow nature in her various transformations and to penetrate her secrets. I listened in ecstacy to her capricious harmonies, I tried to penetrate their hidden sense, I was filled with enthusiasm for the order and beauty of the universe and the regularity of the laws which govern it. After having thus marked effects, I tried to ascend to causes, I aspired to know the thought which had presided at the creation, and often uttered a fervent prayer to God that he would satisfy my longing. By-and-bye I perceived that this constant strain of admiration exhausted my powers, without recruiting them. My spirit floated with no guiding hand in this immensity, like a vessel without oars and without a compass, and my eyes, blinded by the light of the stars, closed in very lassitude. I understood then by the strange void which opened in me that I was not meant for a contemplative life. To enjoy instinctively these serene and mysterious scenes, an organization more poetic than mine had been necessary; to study the mechanism of these spheres, and explain in a satisfactory manner the laws and affinities which govern them, had needed an intelligence matured by studies of a more substantial kind than those which are customary with us.

"Again I was thrown back upon myself, and felt anew my soul crushed by the weight of ennui. The study of nature, which had smiled upon me for a moment, had become hateful. For months, for years, I lived this sad and languid life, doing scrupulously all my duties as a priest and a Christian, but never finding that inward satisfaction that is given by the certainty of a duty accomplished. The errors and the evils for which I had been unable to find a remedy were like so many phantoms which still pursued me when I was awake, and still returned to trouble me in my sleep.

"The revolution of 1824 broke out. Royalty had to yield to the republic. Great institutions were shaken in a day, the ruins of which encumbered every path. For a moment I hoped that something great and useful would result from this political and social catastrophe—that a happy era had commenced with our populations. But my hope was of short duration. The word 'Liberty' emblazoned on the banner of Simon Bolivar labelled the new power with a lie. As in the past, despotism reigned without control. Instead of viceroys there were presidents, and that was all. The people remained as they were, and as you see them at this moment, miserable, ignorant, brutalized, and, what is worse, either satisfied with their condition, or consoling themselves with drunkenness. This is a phase of my life which you do not read of in the inscription on my portrait, because men are ignorant of it. If I have concealed it from them with the solicitude that one con-

ceals certain private afflictions, it is because it would only have excited their incredulity, irony, or indifference, instead of the sympathy which I had a right to expect.

"I now come to a circumstance of my life which has caused my name to be widely spoken of, and gained for me the honour of a place in the museum of Lima as one of the benefactors of Peruvian industry. The facts are these. When strolling about one day in the hilly region which separates Macusani from the first valleys of Carabaya, I found in the hollow of a rock a male alpaca just born; the mother, who was cropping the grass a few steps off, fled at my approach. I brought away the little creature in my cassock, and on arriving at home gave it to my sisters to bring up. The alpaca grew in company with a vicugna which we had domesticated. At the end of fifteen months these animals presented us with a kid, of which the wool was remarkably fine. A specimen of it having been sent to the merchants of the province attracted so much attention that my sisters saw in the crossing of the pacocha and vicugna breeds a means of recovering the little fortune of which San Martin and the Independents had deprived us.[1] I assisted the poor girls in the execution of their project rather from affection for them than for anything I cared for the fortune. With much trouble we succeeded in procuring several alpacas and vicugnas, and at the end of seven years our flock of hybrids numbered sixty heads. But what pains we had taken to arrive at that result!

"Meanwhile the news of our enterprise had spread to Lima. The president of the republic, impressed by the advantages which might accrue from it to the commerce and industry of the country, interested himself in our success. He condescended to write me a flattering letter, and as a proof of his particular esteem he wished to place my portrait in the museum of Lima, and to strike a golden medal in my honour, besides giving me the choice of any living I preferred in the department of Cuzco. That offer I declined. For thirty years I had lived at Macusani, and should have felt it too painful to remove elsewhere. Subsequently, however, circumstances compelled me to beg the bishop of the province to allow me to remove. The favour of the great had excited a feeling of hatred against us in the country; people who had hitherto regarded our enterprise with indifference grew jealous, and as they dared not lay hands on us personally, they attacked our poor beasts, and poisoned them one by one. My sisters, deeply affected by their loss, and not knowing where the malice of our enemies would stop, entreated me to abandon Macusani. In fine, we established ourselves at Cabana, of which Cabanilla, the neighbouring village, was then an adjunct. We had lived here two years when the hand of God was again heavy upon me. I lost my sight. As I could not fulfil my ministerial duties, the bishop transferred the seat of this cure to Cabanilla, and sent a priest there to supply my place. Left without resources, I addressed a memorial to the government, which concluded with a statement of the distress to which we were reduced, and begged, in place of the honours which the chief of the state had offered me, that he would allow to each of my sisters a

[1] Don Jose de San Martin commanded the liberating army of Peru, and assumed the title of Protector, August 3d, 1821.—Tr.

piastre a day to assist us to live. My petition had the honour of being presented to the Chamber, where the deputies made it the text of many fine speeches; but time passed, and no reply came. As we had no means of living, my sisters, with their own hands, cultivated a small field; besides which, we bred chickens and guinea-pigs, and thus obtained food and the means of barter with our neighbours. By-and-bye my sisters conceived the idea of spinning and knitting for the charitable people of Lampa, who recompensed them suitably for their work. Little by little we enlarged our resources, and without rising above poverty succeeded in getting enough to keep us alive. For four years we have lived thus, one consoling the other, and drawing closer the bonds of our mutual affection in the degree that we approach the time when death will unravel them."

Dame Veronica.

The curé ceased to speak; his head slowly inclined as if some thought, brooding in secret, had caused a stupor. Perhaps the recital of his history had been too much for his strength. I looked at Dame Veronica, who continued to spin. Her countenance expressed nothing but a serene impassibility. Had the habit of suffering blunted the sensibility of the poor old soul, or had she learned from her brother's example to bear her cross patiently? I know not; but her whole attention seemed to be concentrated upon her spinning, as from time to time she examined the thread by the lamp-light, as if to assure herself that it was of equal thickness.

The hour had come to retire; the good priest desired them to make my bed in his chamber. Some sheepskins, which his sister spread on the ground, formed a soft couch. As Nor Medina brought in my saddle, which was to serve me for a pillow, the dog outside began to bark and the voice of a woman replied. "God be praised!" exclaimed the priest, "that is our poor Epifania returned from Lampa!" Dame Veronica went out to meet her sister, and an instant afterwards the two women reappeared together. Epifania took her brother's hand, kissed it, and placed it on her head according to the ancient custom of the Quichuas. "God bless you, my sister, as I bless you!" he murmured.

"You must be very tired after such a journey," I said to the poor woman, whose dusty feet were cased in sandals of untanned leather, such as are worn by the common people of the country.

"Bah! I shall sleep all the better for it," she replied gaily; and then placed in her brother's hand some pieces of silver, no doubt the produce of the sale of her work, which the old man slipped under his pillow; then the two women hastily collected some fleeces and woollen coverlets and left the room, closing the door behind them. I was thus left alone with the curé, who having wished me good night and desired me to extinguish the lamp, turned round to the wall. For a moment I heard him praying in a low voice, and sighs were mingled with his prayer. Then my eyes closed, and I fell into a profound sleep.

I was up early in the morning, but not before the two sisters had prepared a bowl of porridge made of the flour of maize, of which they insisted I should eat some spoonfuls as a protection against the morning damp. While I was supping my breakfast Nor Medina came to announce that the mules were saddled. I gave him my porringer, half full, that he might finish it, which he did in three mouthfuls. My host and his sisters came to the door to witness our departure. I took the hands of the old priest in both mine——

"Reverend father," I said, "I have nothing to offer you in exchange for your cordial welcome and touching confidence. I am about to quit this country, never to return; but I have at Lima, at Arequipa, and at Cuzco influential friends, who I am certain would receive favourably any request that I might address to them in your behalf. Tell me what they can do that would be agreeable to you?"

"Absolutely nothing," he replied; "my time upon earth is too short for anything that men can do to be available. Go, my dear child, and may God guide you! You will be remembered in the prayers of the old man whom you have come so far to see." The venerable priest folded me in his arms, and the two women shook hands with me as if I were an old acquaintance.

At the moment of quitting for ever these unfortunate but noble souls, I felt my heart swell and the tears come into my eyes. "Good-bye," I said abruptly as I jumped into the saddle. "Good-bye, and bon voyage," replied all three. Nor Medina was already mounted. "*Vamos!*" he cried, urging on his mule, whom mine immediately followed. In five minutes afterwards the villages of Cabana and Cabanilla, and the three-arched bridge which tied the one to the other, had vanished behind us.

I was too completely absorbed with the remembrance of my hosts to interest myself in the locality we were traversing, or in the always glorious spectacle of a sunrise in the Cordillera. Nor Medina, while respecting my silence, appeared desirous of ending it by making occasional remarks in a high voice. Now it was the girth of my mule which appeared too loose; now my saddle-cloth which hung too much on one side; or, again, he had something to say about the distance to Lampa. I let him talk without replying. When he saw that his indirect endeavours produced no result, he adopted another method, aiming straight at the mark.

"Was not monsieur pleased with his reception at Cabana?" he asked with an obsequious air.

"Why that question?" said I.

"Because monsieur has not opened his mouth since we started, and his silence makes me suppose he is discontented. However, I told you that old Cabrera was a little cracked, and if he has wearied you it is not my fault."

At these irreverent words I rose in my saddle, and standing in my stirrups in order to crush my interlocutor with the whole height of my stature and my scorn,—

"Nor Medina," I said, looking like thunder at him, "you are, and you will never be anything else than a—muleteer!"

"Indeed, I hope so, monsieur!" he replied, raising his hat to show how he

respected himself; "my grandfather was a muleteer, my father was a muleteer, and I have succeeded my father, as my boy will succeed me some day. Muleteer, *caramba!* is it not the finest thing in the world?"

Before such a profession of enthusiastic faith, it was impossible to remain serious. The wrath which had been boiling in my veins exploded in a burst of laughter. The ice was broken. Seeing me laugh, my guide laughed also; and becoming good friends on the spot, we recommenced our gossip of the evening before just where we had broken off. After following for two hours the course of the river of Cabana, which now ran with a gentle current, now hurried on its course, according to the ever-varying level, we left it flowing eastward, and took the northward direction to Lampa. The sky was beautifully serene, the landscape was lighted up by a glorious sun; but in about two hours all this glory was hidden behind a curtain of dark clouds. These dense vapours, of the *nimbus* kind, looked as if they would burst in thunder, hail, and snow, and we had prepared ourselves to receive the shock as philosophically as possible, when Providence took pity on us. The black whirlwind passed like a waterspout over our heads, satisfied with having filled our eyes, nose, and ears with dust, and swept along to burst in storm over the Titicaca, to the great terror of the web-footed inhabitants of the sacred lake. An instant afterwards, the sky resumed its serene azure, and the sun shone brilliantly over our heads.

It was four o'clock when we crossed the shoulder of a hill, over which were scattered fragments of a blackish green obsidian, so sparkling that it pained our eyes. Here and there were erratic blocks of a rectangular shape, and of enormous dimensions, looking like the ruined walls of some fallen edifice. As we passed within a few steps of these masses I noticed a bush of the tolas kind (*Baccharis obtusifolia*), with stiff and dark-looking foliage. It grows in spots sheltered from the north wind. Round about it, half hidden in the fine shiny grass, some dwarf *eranthis* (herbaceous Ranunculaceæ, known as winter-aconite) peculiar to these latitudes, opened their white petals. I was about to dismount and collect a bouquet of these alpine flowers, which recalled to my memory the golden-hearted daisies that April scatters over the green sward of Europe, when a bird, coming from I know not where, darted like an arrow upon them, and without letting his feet touch the ground, passed from one to another, dipping in their chalice his curved and sharp beak, which was of an extraordinary length. In the buzzing flight of this bird, in his quick and jerky movements, and his peculiar configuration, I recognized an individual of the humming-bird species (*Trochilus*). But a humming-bird of this size, measuring almost a foot from tip to tip of its expanded wings, appeared to me so prodigious that for a moment I doubted the evidence of my eyes, which opened wide with wonder. However, it was impossible to doubt that this was truly a humming-bird, though a giant one, compared with which other individuals of his species was as the sparrow to the dinornis, if the dinornis still exists.

While the humming-bird balanced himself for a few moments over every flower, which he tore with strokes of his beak when he could obtain nothing from it, I fancy I remarked that the plumage of his back and wings was of a blackish green,

having a metallic glitter, and that his breast was of a blue or blackish gray, passing to a dirty white on reaching the belly. His repast of honey finished, the bird disappeared by a movement of the wings which reminded me of the whirling flight of dried leaves which an autumn storm carries far away from the woods.

As I had nothing better to do I took out my note-book and wrote the following lines in pencil, now so nearly obliterated that I am obliged to use a magnifying-glass to decipher them.

"This day, July 7th, the festival of San Firmin, Bishop of Pampeluna, who lived

BACCHARIS OBTUSIFOLIA.

in the fourteenth century, I observed between Cabana and Lampa, at an altitude of about 12,000 feet, a humming-bird of extraordinary size. This humming-bird, brought by the wind, was also carried away by it. The naturalist Tschudi has already established the fact that humming-birds have been found seeking their food at an elevation of 13,700 feet above the sea. But he has said nothing of the flowers which the bird sucks at that altitude. Now the humming-bird which I have this day accidentally seen sucked the honey from an *Eranthis gracilis*, the nectarium of which, or the petalloid scale which serves as a nectary, can contain nothing but an acrid juice of venomous properties like that of the Ranunculaceæ. Submit to the judgment of the first savant I meet this curious case, as it seems to me, of humming-birds flying above the limit of perpetual snow and feeding on poisons."

An hour after the appearance of the humming-bird, which my guide had taken for a swallow, we crossed by a ford the river of Lampa, a stream of no importance in the dry season, but which becomes a furious torrent on the melting of the snows. Already the sun had sensibly declined; the atmosphere, of wonderful purity, seemed to be saturated with gold-dust. The lichens and the lepraria which covered certain rocks took from the reflection of the declining sun tones of reddish brown like the

iridescent hues of a dove's neck. The eastern hills assumed a bluish hue, and as evening approached were shrouded in an atmosphere like gauze; while those of the west, coloured like ochre and bitumen, stood out with surprising boldness against the purple back-ground of the heavens. At the instant when the sun disappeared a dark and serrated line barred the horizon before us. We were approaching the end of our day's journey; that line was formed by the houses of Lampa. We pushed resolutely forward, and in half an hour more were crossing the stone bridge of three arches which spans the river of that city.

This bridge, which has been built some fifteen years, replaces an old one of *mimbres*, the invention of which is attributed to the Incas. The present chief of the state, feeling that a mere swing of osiers recalled injudiciously the past barbarism of the province, had it taken down and replaced by a bridge of stone. This was very speedily done, thanks to an extraordinary contribution of 5000 piastres (about £1000 sterling) which the *Lampeños*, anxious to beautify their river and to please their president, heroically imposed on themselves.

Having crossed the bridge I found myself surrounded with low houses grouped without the least order. A *pulperia* or liquor and grocery store, of the most dilapidated aspect, its interior walls covered with soot, threw a livid light upon their squalid façades. I shivered from head to foot without knowing why. A profound silence increased the depression caused by the gloomy aspect of the place. The town seemed to have lost all its inhabitants. Nevertheless as we advanced further I could just distinguish some passengers gliding along by the walls like shadows, and here and there a ray of light shone through the cracks of the shutters. This was little enough, yet it was something, and I felt a renewal of hope. At last we came to the grand square occupied by houses tolerably well built. The heavy mass of a church with square towers loomed above their roofs. A few shops badly lighted, but still open, proclaimed that this was the commercial centre of the place, which counted about 2300 souls. I pulled rein at one of these *tiendas* or tradesman's stalls, the proprietor of which was busy taking in piles of plates, salad bowls, and other articles of crockery, which had been exposed at his door, and begged him to direct me to the house of a certain Señor Don Firmin de Vara y Pancorbo, a trader in printed cottons, to whom I had a letter of introduction. The man pointed out at the further end of the plaza a house with a wooden balcony, its well-lighted windows contrasting cheerfully with the darkness of the neighbouring dwellings: "You will find the company very merry," he said.

I thanked the crockery merchant for his information without dreaming of asking for an explanation of his words. On arriving before the house I heard a noise of voices and laughter. My guide and I dismounted. The door was opened by a pongo, whom I sent to inform his master of my arrival. An instant afterwards the wooden staircase of the house creaked under the foot of a man who threw himself down rather than came to meet me. "I am Don Firmin!" he cried on perceiving me, "and you, senor, who are you, and what do you want with me?" From the singularity of this reception, and the flushed face of the draper, I concluded that I had interrupted him in his

worship of the "divine bottle," to quote Rabelais. But as his brusqueness appeared to be kindly meant I did not stand on ceremony, but took a letter from my pocket-book, containing a few lines which recommended me to his attention, and presented it to him with a smile.

"You are welcome," he said, after having read it, "my house is at your service as long as you choose to stay. I am a bachelor. To-day is the festival of San Firmin, and I have invited a few of my friends, merchants like myself, and some charming women. You will assist us to keep the festival of my blessed patron."

Without waiting for my acknowledgments the merchant took my arm and walked

VIEW OF LAMPA.

me upstairs. Arrived on the landing he opened a door and ushered me into a large apartment, slenderly furnished but brilliantly lighted, where I judged there were some fifteen persons of both sexes seated round a table. The dirty cloth, the disarranged viands, and the empty or overturned bottles, indicated that precise moment of a Peruvian entertainment when the hunger of the company is completely satisfied, but their thirst is only just beginning to enforce its demands. On seeing me enter arm in arm with the amphitryon of the feast, men and women set up a loud hurra, which the passengers in the streets—if there were any—must have heard to the extremity of the city. When this sudden excess of enthusiasm had calmed down, each began shouldering his neighbour aside to make room for me. I squeezed in between two lovely women, a little *passé,* but charmingly *décolleté,* who with that graceful assiduity which is the exclusive privilege of their sex, devoted themselves to my comfort; one loading my plate with various kinds of eatables, the other urging me to drink. While doing full justice to these viands, for I was as hungry as a dog, I did my best to answer the questions which these straightforward people at once plied me with. By my dusty and dishevelled costume, and the clank of my Chilian spurs, the gentlemen had judged that I had arrived on horseback, and they wished to know whence I had come, whither I was going, whether I was wholesale or retail, and what articles I traded in. When I told them that I was travelling through America with nothing but an album and a

few crayons, for the purpose of sketching anything remarkable that I might discover, these Philistines looked at each other out of the corners of their eyes and bit their lips to avoid laughing. I saw that I had failed in my intended effect, but I consoled myself by eating all the faster.

However, if the avowal I had made had alienated from me the sympathies of the men, it had piqued the curiosity of the women, as I judged from the singular glances they directed towards me. The sweeter half of the human race loves the mysterious and the unintelligible. In this respect a woman is like a child. Anything odd or out of the way pleases her, the complicated charms her, the obscure and incomprehensible takes her whole soul captive. It was sufficient that the beauties who surrounded me could not understand why a man should cross America with no other baggage than an album, to be instantly interested in him. At least I judged so from the toasts which these charming women proposed to what they called "my journey *en déshabillé*." I acknowledged the favour with becoming warmth by raising my glass to the height of my shoulder, passing it from right to left, and, according to the custom of the country, drinking to her who had so honoured me, after having expressed a wish that she might live a hundred years longer.

This exchange of courtesies with ladies evidently younger than themselves was not very pleasing to my companions. I was made aware of this fact by two rather sharp nudges of the elbow which they gave me simultaneously. Women of a certain age have strange manners sometimes! However I bore the shock bravely; seeing which, the ladies quickly filled their glasses to drink with me, and counterbalance if possible the rising influence of their companions. In addition to this polite attention, they thought it the right thing to ply me with *bocaditos*, or choice little morsels of food which they put in my mouth with their forks, or more often with their fingers. All this kindness was mingled with arch looks and flattering remarks whispered in soft tones close to my face. From regard for their sex, rather than respect for their experience of the world, I allowed them to have their way. At last they grew so eager in their rivalry that I was at a loss which to attend to; the one invariably interrupting me at the very moment I was about to speak to the other. As I drank a glass of wine with my Clotho—I had given this mythologic name to the lady on my right, not knowing what she was really called—the lady on my left, whom I called my Lachesis, whispered in my ear, "Sweet friend, this last mouthful for the love of me," and, turning quickly round, I received the said mouthful, which I afterwards found to be a bit of fowl's liver, in my eye instead of my mouth. As it had previously been peppered with ground pimento I felt as if a thousand needles had been thrust in my eye. At the howl I set up all the company laughed, and every one wanted to know what the joke was. The author of my mischance told the simple fact. Her calm manner, while I was suffering the most dreadful torment, completed my exasperation. At that moment I felt the fury of Othello, and could have strangled the silly woman!

Meanwhile the burning and inflammation caused by the pimento had become worse. Unable to remain in my chair, I rushed across the room, with my napkin to my eye. A *mozo* (man-servant) brought some cold water, in which a woman—an

angel in comparison with the society in which she was—beat up the white of an egg, and dipping her cambric handkerchief in this salve, she applied it to my burn like a compress. I soon felt quite revived, and by repeated applications the irritation was so much lessened that at the end of ten minutes I was able to open my eye and direct a look of thunder at the abominable woman who had done the mischief.

The humour of the company, damped by this incident, resumed all its hilarity. The servants carried away the remains of the repast, removed the cloth, and set on the table one of those huge cut-glass tumblers, as big as a pail, which are manufactured in Germany and imported into this country. Our amphitryon emptied into it six bottles of Bordeaux, four of sherry, and two of rum, sweetening and seasoning the whole with sugar and nutmeg. Into this fiery amalgam, called *cardinal*, he threw a strawberry,[1] which sunk and disappeared, but rose again to the surface of the liquid. Then each of the company, taking from their host the gigantic tumbler, and dipping his lips in the beverage, tried to drink up the strawberry, either by suddenly snatching at it, or by drawing it into his mouth with the help of a perfidious eddy. The little strawberry, however, knew its business, and turning on itself, disappeared every time that an open mouth approached too near it. After several vain attempts, and the absorption, voluntary or otherwise, of copious mouthfuls of liquor, the poor victim passed the glass to his neighbour, who followed the same tactics with no better success. This pleasant pastime, called "fishing the strawberry," of which a bishop, Melchior de la Nava, who lived at Cuzco in the beginning of the eighteenth century, is said to have been the inventor, is for the Peruvians of the Sierra merely an honest pretext to drink. The poorer classes fish the strawberry in a great glass of chicha (the local beer already described), the rich make a heterogeneous and expensive mixture of fine liqueurs and foreign wines. The means, as one sees, may differ, but the result is always the same. Drunkenness is the port at which these strawberry fishers all alike fatally arrive.

When the glass reached me in its round, I was obliged, whether I liked it or not, to dip my lips and pretend to catch the strawberry. But I was careful to keep my teeth so close shut that no drop of the liquid, in which so many indigenous mouths had dabbled, could get down my throat. This local amusement lasted as long as any liquor remained in the vessel. Then the strawberry, which had settled at the bottom of the glass, was eaten by one of the drinkers.

Under the inspiration of the traitorous drink, which soon fermented in their brains, all the company rose. The guitars strummed a triumphant *razgo;* the women attended

[1] *Fraga reniformis*, one of the five varieties of strawberries cultivated in Chili and Peru. It is not a native of these countries, as our horticulturists still believe, but was imported from Spain about the end of the seventeenth century, as other plants, which botanists call after Chili and Peru, were also originally brought from Europe; such are the *Scilla*, or Peruvian hyacinth, the *Pancratium ringens* and *P. latifolium*, the *Crinum urceolatum*, and the *Amaryllis aurea* and *A. flammea*, originally found in the Azores and the Philippines, but naturalized in Europe by the Portuguese. Some plants of the *F. reniformis* variety, taken from the island of Mocha or Conception, on the coast of Chili, by Captain Frézier, to whom we owe an account of his visit to these countries, were carried by him to France in 1712. As the reader may be surprised to find strawberries in the midst of the snows of Collao, it is necessary to state that twice a week convoys of asses and mules provision the markets of the principal cities of the Sierra with European and tropical fruits.

for a moment to the flying frippery of their garments; the men flourished their handkerchiefs; the *zamacueca* called on the dancers. A couple renowned for the agility of their movements opened the ball with one of those character dances which the Spaniards call simply *troche y moche*, but at the sight of which a Parisian *sergent de ville* would hide his face for shame. Instead of the enormous glass tumbler, they now produced a leathern bottle of brandy, a bacchic bagpipe, from which each in turn

AN ENTERTAINMENT AT LAMPA—PREPARATION OF THE CARDINAL.

drew sweet sounds. The orgie now assumed the proportions of a Babel, and I watched my opportunity to slip out of the room. On the landing I found a mozo, whom I collared in a friendly way, and drew into a corner. "Listen," said I, "it is necessary that I should leave here early in the morning, and I want to get a little sleep; show me into a room where, to make all safe, you can lock me up, and take care of the key. If by any chance the master asks for me, tell him I am gone. Take this *pourboire* and be discreet," I added, slipping into his hand a piastre; "for if you tell where I am, the muleteer who accompanies me will not fail, under some pretext or other, to give you a thrashing before we leave the house." The mozo was sharp enough to understand. "Come, monsieur," he said, pocketing the money, "this is the festival of San Firmin, and the master will not dream of going to bed. I will therefore put you in his own room, and if he should want to go in, I will tell him the key is lost."

A moment afterwards I was comfortably stretched between two white sheets which the mozo had substituted for those of his master, an attention which I took kindly of him. The worthy mozo presently left me to my reflections, taking away the key as I wished. At first it appeared strange to be occupying the chamber and bed of a man whom I had not known at sunset, and without his knowledge; but this scruple, if I may call it one, soon vanished. I considered the thing philosophically, and admiring the secret ways by which Providence supplies the birds of the air with food, and the benighted traveller with rest, I laid my head on the pillow, and at the end of five minutes, notwithstanding the roaring of the human tempest a few steps from me, I was fast asleep.

I had not awoke in the morning when my careful jailer came to open the door. "Your mules are saddled," he said, "and the *arriéro* awaits you in the street." I sprang out of bed, and while dressing asked the mozo if the night had been a boisterous one. "You shall judge for yourself before you leave," he said. When I had finished my toilet I was going to rejoin my guide, but as I passed the chamber where the banquet and the ball of San Firmin had been held, the mozo who preceded me opened the door. "See!" said he. I put my head in, and a sorry spectacle presented itself. The whole company of the previous evening, then so gay, so noisy, so full of life and health, were lying one over another on the ground. The faces of the women had assumed a greenish hue, while those of the men were purpled. Some, with their mouths open, showed their teeth. Broken chairs, stringless guitars, empty leathern bottles, here and there articles of clothing and objects of the toilet, a net of false hair, a tumbled head-dress, formed the accessories of this picture. A ray of sunlight entering by the window enabled me to see more clearly; but it did not revive these bodies, chilled and stiffened by drunkenness. "Horrible, O horrible, most horrible!" I exclaimed like Macbeth, as I shut the door and sprang down the staircase four steps at a time. Nor Medina was waiting at the door. The mozo who had followed me held the stirrup while I settled myself in the saddle. "Give my compliments to your master when he awakes," I said to the honest garçon: "I will not fail," he replied, laughing.

As we passed the last houses of Lampa, northward, I recalled to mind that the episodes of the evening had caused me to neglect entering in my diary certain details relative to the commerce, the industry, and the inhabitants of the province. I immediately filled up this *lacuna,* not so much from a love for statistics, or to put myself *en règle* in respect to learned societies, as to deprive travellers present and to come, commissioned by the latter, of all pretext for dazzling the public by a pompous display of *authentic* documents, *official* evidence, and *accurate* figures.

The province of Lampa, inclosed by those of Arequipa, Chucuytu, Puno, Azangaro, and Canas y Canchis, occupies an area of about 4000 square miles. In this extent of country, completely denuded of trees and shrubs, but diversified with hill and dale, with ravines and gullies, and furrowed by three rapid streams,[1] are contained one capital city—the town we have just left—forty-three villages—read *hamlets* of the most

[1] The Pucara-Ayaviri, the rivers of Lampa and Cabanilla, and some streams of less importance. The three first named debouch in the Lake of Titicaca.

wretched description—and 108 pascanas or shepherds' huts. The population of the province is about 57,000 souls, and the number of sheep about 400,000. Thanks to the vast deserts carpeted with moss and yarava, interspersed with lagunes of stagnant water from one to three leagues in circumference, which characterize the provinces of Collao in general, and that of Lampa in particular, sheep, cattle, and Camelidæ cross and multiply marvellously. Butter in bladders, cheeses shaped like

THE MORNING AFTER THE FESTIVAL OF SAINT FIRMIN.

gruyère, smoked mutton (*sessina*), the beef of oxen and llamas cut into strips (*charqui*), candied batatas[1] (*chuño*)—of which we count three varieties, the *tunta*, the *moraya*, and the *mosco*—form the most important branch of the commerce of Lampa with the neighbouring provinces. As for their external trade, the annual shearing of sheep and alpacas, whose wool is bought on the spot by two or three speculators from Arequipa, and by them sent into Europe, enables the Lampeños to boast that their commercial relations extend to the two ends of the world.

Mining, from which the country once derived large revenues, has decreased year by year. A number of productive mines have been abandoned, others have been submerged by incessant infiltrations from the Andean lakes. Among those which are still worked may be mentioned the eight *socabons* or galleries of the Cerro of Pomasi,

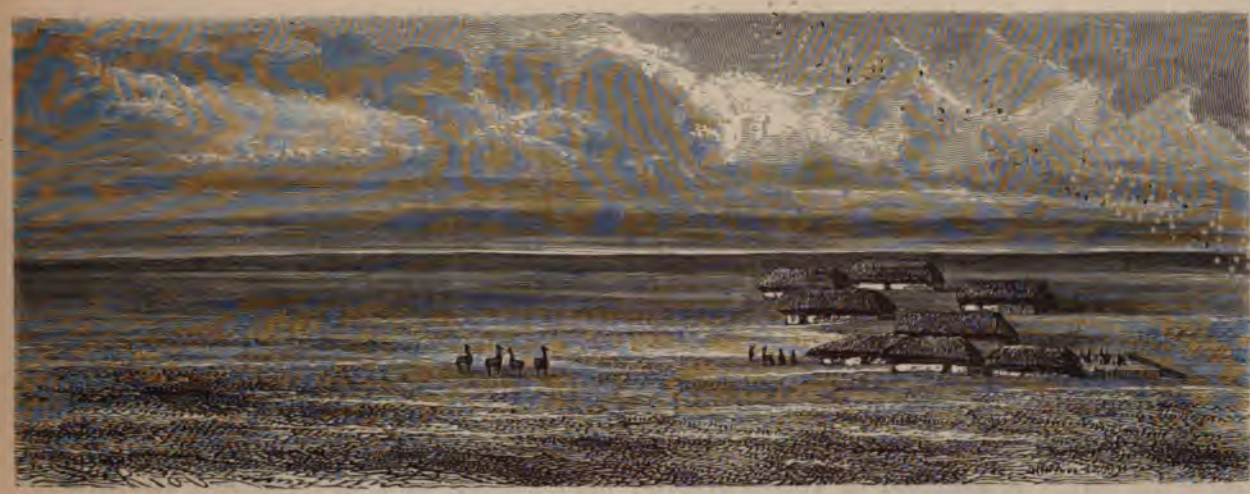
[1] *Batatas* are the "sweet potatoes" that were commonly used in England three centuries ago, not only as pot-herbs, but candied, and made into sweetmeats.—Tr.

the annual produce of which has decreased from 35,000 marks at the commencement of this century to 8000. This enormous difference in the result is not occasioned, as one might suppose, by the exhaustion of the metallic deposits, but simply by a parsimonious application of the means of working. For a long time labour and capital have both been wanting. Where they once employed entire populations and large sums of money, they are now contented with spending a few hundreds of piastres, and employing a very few labourers. As to the surface workings of minerals, so celebrated in the financial records of the country, when virgin gold and silver were obtained by the simple operation of a chisel or pick, it is now only a thing of memory. Those splendid *bolsons*, nevertheless, abound in the mountainous parts of Collao; only the Indians who discover them by chance, or who know of them by hearsay, do not care to reveal their existence to the descendants of the Spaniards. Knowing by tradition all that their ancestors had to suffer from the insatiable greed of their conquerors, and fearing to be employed like them in the labour of the mines, they keep their knowledge to themselves.

The commerce of Lampa, as we have seen, is very limited. Its industry is confined to the fabrification of the coarser kind of pottery, and hair rugs or coverlets, of which the village of Atuncolla has had the monopoly some two centuries. As to the vegetable products of the soil, they owe nothing to botanical science nor even to culture. In this rigid climate two kinds of potato, the sweet and bitter (*papa franca* and *papa lisa*), grow with difficulty. The country also produces a variety of oats, and very poor barley which does not develop spikelets, but is eaten by horses and mules as grass; two *Chenopodiums*—the one sweet, called *quinua real*,[1] the other bitter, called *cañahua*, the grains of which are eaten by the indigenes in their soups, and the leaves in their *chupé*.

The statistics I have been able to give, if in all respects trustworthy, are not very flattering; one might even, speaking with strictness, pronounce the account a beggarly one. Yet notwithstanding this poorness of the country, or perhaps by very reason of it, Lampa is of all the sixty-three provinces of Peru, that in which the indigene is best satisfied with his lot and does not count the hours as they roll by. Without ambition and without desires impossible of fulfilment—exempt from cares and disquietudes, disdaining sickness and laughing at death—he lives from day to day in a philosophic calm. In vain insects devour him, and oppression crushes him; in vain his natural masters, the presidents, the bishops, the curés, the sub-prefects, the governors, and the alcaldes, squeeze him like a lemon,—all in vain the military despoil him, and citizens abuse him; he consoles himself for all by a fresh draught of chicha and brandy; by fishing the strawberry and dancing the *zapateo*. Some pessimist or badly informed travellers have mistaken this quietude of spirit which characterize the Lampeños for brutishness; I avow that it has always appeared to me the highest result of worldly wisdom, and therefore as the height of carnal felicity. If some Jerome Paturot, in his search for happiness, were to travel the whole world over, it is in the province of Lampa that he would certainly find it.

[1] By corruption *quinoa*.



THE PUNA OR PLAIN OF LLALLI.

THIRD STAGE.

LAMPA TO ACOPIA.

The plain of Llalli.—How to soften the heart of the Indians and procure a dinner.—Affecting history of a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law.—*Manibus date lilia plenis.*—A royal courier.—If day succeeds day in Peru with little in which they resemble each other, village succeeds village with little in which they differ from each other.—*Apachecta*, a monument crowned with flowers.—Pucara, its etymology and its fair.—A sick man and a doctor.—A new balsamic preparation recommended to any good wife who has a bully for a husband.—Dithyrambic essay on the subject of streams.—Drunken farewells.—The curé Miranda.—A pastoral with a curious accompaniment of stone-throwing.—Santa-Rosa.—A fête in the midst of the snows.—The postmaster of Aguas-Calientes.—Something that distantly resembles the marriage of Gamache le Riche.—The author discloses in a familiar epistle the blackness and perfidy of his soul.—The temple of Huiracocha.—Two miraculous crucifixes.—Useful notes on the beer of Combapata, and the manner in which it is brewed.—Remarks upon the past history of the Canas and Canchis Indians.—The question arises whether Cæsar shall pass the Rubicon.—At Acopia.

If the town of Lampa looks dull when we enter it at nightfall by the pampas of Cabana, it does not present a more brilliant aspect when one leaves it at sunrise by the puna of Llalli. Such was the judgment I formed as the last houses of that capital disappeared from my view, and the two cerros, or low hills, behind them sank in the horizon.

The puna of Llalli, which we now prepared to cross from south to north, is a vast and gently undulating surface, carpeted with moss and short grass, and with a few small sheets of water interspersed, on the margins of which grow thin, rigid, and blackish looking rushes. A silence like that of death reigns in this plain, which is bounded on the west by the first snowy ridges of the Cuesta de la Rinconada,[1] and on the east by the rapid stream of Pucara. I should remark that, journeying as we did through the middle of the desert, we could discover neither watercourse nor mountain, and

[1] *Recoin*, nook or corner: that is to say, the *nodus* formed by the reunion of the Sierras of Cailloma and Huilcanota and the chain of the Western Andes. Junctions of this kind are called *porco* by the people of the country.

that the landscape as far as we could see embraced nothing but a greenish and far from attractive horizon. Twice or thrice Nor Medina, disquieted by my dulness, had spoken to me; but as all conversation is antipathetic to a fasting man, I had taken no notice of his questions, and the poor fellow, repelled by my obstinacy, began to whistle an air of the country.

From Lampa to Llalli, the first stage of our route, was about nine miles. We arrived there between eleven and twelve o'clock. Llalli is a little nest of hovels, eight in number, constructed of fragments of stone cemented with mud. The door of one only was open. When we pulled up at the threshold Nor Medina wished to enter alone, fearing that the apparition of a *Hueracocha*[1] like me would frighten the inmates and deprive us of whatever little chance there was to get a dinner. I let him have his way. A murmur of voices greeted his entrance, and as I listened attentively, thinking them of bad presage, two cries rang in my ears, which I knew to be the cries of women. Forgetting Nor Medina's advice, I sprang from my mule, and entering the house saw indeed two women, one old, the other still young. The old woman, scared and trembling, was hastily closing a sack, in which something was crammed, whilst the younger, with arms extended and flashing eyes, seemed to be saying to Nor Medina, "Stir another step if you dare!"

"What is the matter?" I demanded of him.

"The matter is," he replied in Quichua, that the mistresses of the house might understand him, "how to compel these two devilish women here to give us something to eat, and I see no better way," he continued, with an assumed air of severity, "than to tickle their shoulders with my lasso."

"Wretch, dare to touch either of these women!" I exclaimed, stepping before the *arriéro,* and menacing him with my clenched fist.

"Don't you see that I am joking!" he said in Spanish, that the women might not understand him. "I know well enough that a man who deserves the name should never beat any woman but his own, and what I said was only meant to frighten the good old souls and make them agreeable. Already our tigresses have drawn in their claws; see if they have not!"

The old woman, in fact, was leaning comfortably with her elbows on her sack, and the arms of the younger had fallen supine by her side, whilst the expression of her face had considerably softened.

"O sovereign law of the whip!" I murmured aside; "*dura lex, sed lex;* here are two women who, a moment ago, were on the point of flying in our faces like wild cats, suddenly become affable, and almost smiling on us. After all, as La Fontaine has remarked, the reason of the strongest is the best."

Seeing the happy result of his little comedy, Nor Medina advanced to the old Indian, and opening the sack took from it successively a smoked shoulder of mutton,

[1] This name, *say* the chroniclers, was at one time given by the Indians of Peru to their Spanish conquerors, whom they believed to have come from the sea like their ships. *Huera* in the Quichua idiom signifies foam, and *cocha* or *atun-cocha* the great lake. This expression, diverted from its original meaning, is now a title of nobility given to the first comers (and their descendants), and equivalent to *caballero* in Spanish.

some onions, some dried pimento, and some handfuls of frozen potatoes,[1] which the honest woman had tried to hide from us. Now that the pot of roses was discovered[2] it was useless to feign any longer, and the threat of the lasso made resistance next to impossible. The two women, therefore, neither pretended nor resisted; but yielding to the situation, acted their part with something like graciousness. One of them knelt before the fire and revived the embers, whilst the other filled an earthen pot with water and threw into it pell-mell the various ingredients which compose a Peruvian soup (*chupé*). To the sentiment of repulsion which our appearance had provoked in the two *serranas* (mountaineers) soon succeeded a touching confidence. Whilst

A MOTHER-IN-LAW AND HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW—QUICHUA INDIANS.

the chupé was in preparation they ingenuously told us all their little affairs. The old woman had been long a widow, and longer still a spinster! From morning to night she was employed in spinning the wool of the brown sheep, which she sometimes sold to the inexperienced for llama's wool. Each ball of this *caytu-llama,* weighing a pound, brought her four reals. With this money she would buy at Lampa—it might be maize to make *acca*—the chicha of the moderns—or it might be brandy, thirty-six degrees above proof. A handful of coca leaves and a few glasses of alcohol restored, for a moment to the poor woman, her past youth and her lost illusions. Speaking in her figurative language, it was, she said, "like pale flowers that she threw upon the setting[3] of her sad life." While listening to her the *date lilia* of Virgil[4] came into my mind and awakened a feeling of tenderness.

[1] Potatoes slightly crushed and exposed for some nights to the frost. Boiled with cheese they are much relished by the inhabitants of the Sierra.

[2] An allusion to a French proverb: *decouvrir le pot aux roses,* is to find out a secret. Its equivalent in English is to let the cat out of the bag.—Tr.

[3] The French *couchant,* used figuratively for the decline of life, cannot be rendered in correct English without spoiling the pathetic beauty of the old woman's expression.—Tr.

[4] *Æneid.* vi. 883. *Manibus date lilia plenis*—give me lilies in handfuls.—Tr.

In her turn the younger woman told us that she was the daughter-in-law of the elder; that like her she passed her time in spinning, and also shared in her peculiar tastes. The produce of their labour, which the two women alike devoted to the purchase of *Erythroxylum Coca* and strong liqueurs in place of sending it, the one to her son the other to her husband, who demanded it to get drunk with himself, was made by him an occasion of quarrelling with them. As a respectful and obedient son

THE "ROYAL COURIER."

he did not dare to abuse his mother, but made no scruple of beating his wife with his clenched fists. Setting aside these occasional storms in the heaven of Hymen, the young woman assured us that she had nothing to complain of in the behaviour of her lord and master. These local details, which I penned in my note-book at the time, in addition to some philosophical reflections which the circumstances inspired, besides sketching the portraits of the two women, helped to pass away the three-quarters of an hour occupied by the preparation of our dinner. At the end of that time it was served up in an earthenware plate, and we ate it with our fingers. That done, I settled my account with the ladies, and we resumed our journey, followed by their thanks and blessings.

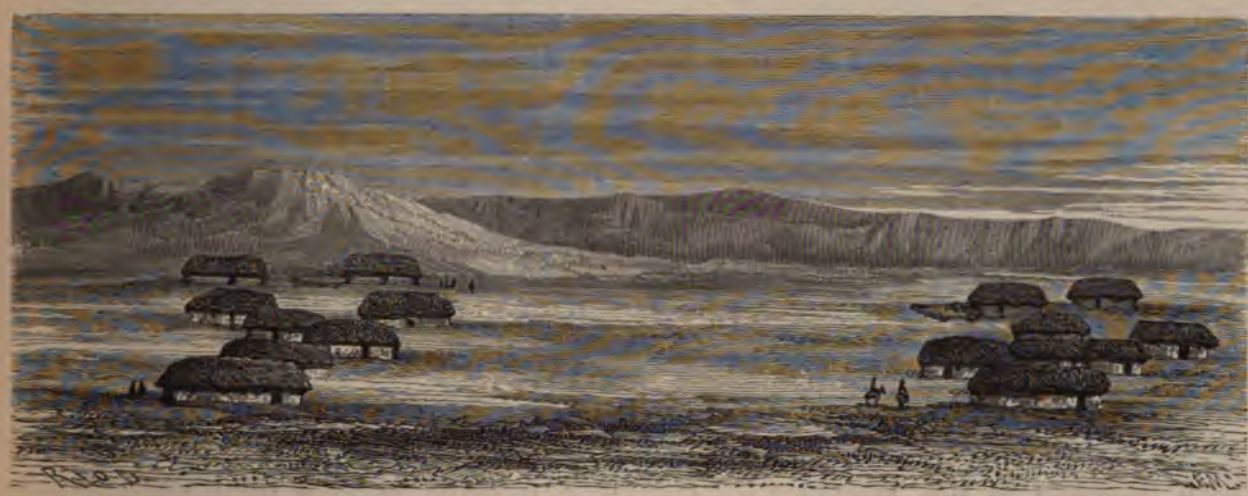
We had not ridden many yards when the sound of a Pandean pipe was heard. I turned my head in the direction of this harmonious noise, and saw a *chasqui* coming

towards us at a pace called in military language the *pas gymnastique.* He held by the halter a bony horse, on whose back was a leathern trunk containing the postal despatches.

"This is the *correo real* (royal courier), who goes from Puno to Cuzco," said my guide.

"Say *correo nacional,*" I replied. "The word royal is erased, as seditious, from the dictionary of a republic."

The *arriéro* looked at me with a surprised air, and was probably about to ask for an explanation of my words when the *chasqui* came up, and having saluted us by raising his hat and giving a flourish on his mouth-organ, he inquired, in a gracious tone for a courier, whence we came, and whether we were going to Cuzco. My guide



PAMPA OF LLALLI—VILLAGES OF CUPI AND D'OCUVIRI.

answered these questions, and the two men began to chat in a friendly way about the snow and the frost, the break-neck route of the Sierra and the lack of provisions—things which I had long been familiar with. When they had exhausted these conversational topics, finding nothing more to say, they parted, each recommending the other to God, and civilly exchanging a few coca-leaves, as two snuff-takers in Europe might offer each other their snuff-boxes. The courier, losing no more time than was necessary to exchange his old chew for a more juicy one, and saluting us by whistling the scale up and down on his mouth-organ, trotted off with his hair streaming in the wind.

Two hours after this rencontre we were passing between Cupi and Ocuviri, two groups of cabins, highly distinguished by the name of villages, and so exactly alike, that it was easy to make a mistake at night, and dismount in the one instead of the other. By daylight their situation in relation to the road assisted the traveller going northward to distinguish them, Ocuviri being on his right and Cupi on his left. My companion, to whom I pointed out the singular sameness of these mole-hill hamlets, in which every door was shut, admitted that they had a family likeness, but then, he added, this similarity with which I appeared to make merry, was precisely that which gave to the cities and villages of Peru a special stamp unlike anything in the neigh-

bouring republics. No doubt the man had a fine classic taste and a love for the unities, without which it is said there is no such thing as perfect beauty. I did not contradict him.

The same day we roused successively the hamlets of Macari and Umachiri, as silent and close as those we had left behind us, and, like them, of singular ugliness. A league from Umachiri we passed before an *apachecta*, which an Indian and a woman who accompanied him in charge of a troop of llamas, had just then approached for the purpose of spitting out, by way of an offering, the cud of coca they had been chewing. This fashion of thanking Pachacamac, the omnipotent, for having arrived safely at the end of a journey, always appeared to me no less original than disgusting. After all, however, as every country has its customs, which are either respectable or ought to be respected, we will not criticize this act of worship, but, passing from the effect to the cause, consider the character of the monument itself.

The word *apachecta*, which is easier to translate than to analyze, signifies in the Quichua idiom *a place of halting* or *repose*. The cemeteries which the Spaniards sometimes call *pantheon* and sometimes *campo-santo*, bear among the Indians the name of *apachecta*. As to the monument in question, it is composed at first of a handful of stones, that a *chasqui*, an *arriéro*, or a llama packman, who had rested there a moment, deposited at the road-side, as a tribute of gratitude paid ostensibly to Pachacamac the Creator and Lord of the universe. Days and even months might roll on before a second Indian by chance passing the same place, and seeing the stones collected by his predecessor, adds a few to the heap. In time the handful of stones becomes a pyramid of from eight to ten feet in height, which the passers-by, as it increases in size, cement with mud if it happens to be a rainy day. When the work is thus finished, some unknown hand places on its summit the sign of salvation; another adds a bouquet of flowers; the flowers wither and are renewed by successive worshippers; their degree of freshness indicating that the route is a more or less frequented one.

Often I have stopped before these monuments, not to worship Pachacamac—a god of whom I know nothing—but to examine the flowers placed on their summit. These flowers were white lilies, Heliconias, Erythrinæ (coral-trees) of a reddish purple, and red Amaryllides with green striæ, which grow under the shadow of the shrubs in the eastern valleys. From the place where they were taken to the apachecta where I have found them, the distance, approximately estimated, was from 90 to 120 miles.

These monuments, which a learned European took off-hand for *tumuli*, and an *employé* of the survey for milestones, arrest attention not so much by their architectural character, as by the singular appearance of the greenish splashes, with which they are literally covered from the base to the summit. These splashes or blotches are caused by the number of Indians who have passed by, and who thought they were performing a religious act by spitting against the monument the coca they were chewing.

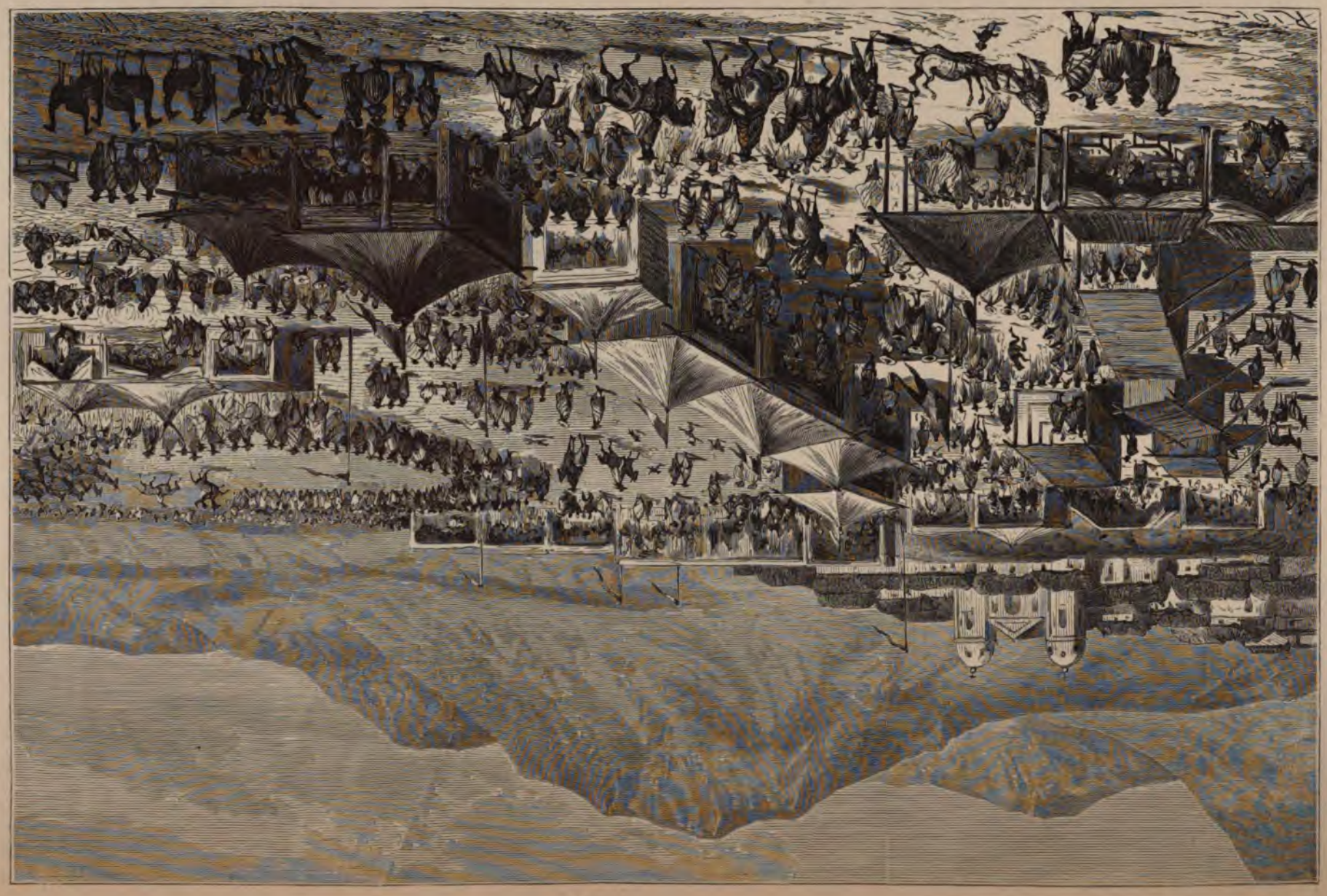
Hearing us approach, the Indian and his wife, who had resumed their journey, halted a moment to see us pass. While looking at us with a wondering air, they did not forget to salute us with an *alli llamanta*, at the same time raising their hats. The

Great numbers of mules nearly in a wild state are brought there from all parts of the country; but the dealer breaks them in on the spot before delivering them to the buyer. Under temporary sheds and screens, or covered waggons transformed into shops, decorated with coloured calico and cut paper, all manner of true and false jewelry, porcelain and crockery, glass and stone ware, cloths and silks, woollen and cotton goods, articles of cutlery and ironmongery, toy-ware, and other products of European industry, are displayed in the most attractive manner to dazzle the eyes of the natives.

In the midst of this vast bazaar—a commercial and industrial Babel, to the building of which all the nations of the globe had contributed their quota and furnished their stone—a stone of stumbling, it is true—tables for *monté*, nine-pins, bowls, marionnettes (fantoccini shows), conjurers, mountebanks whose grotesque artifices were transparent enough, drew around them the knowing ones from the towns, and made the Indians of the Sierras gape with admiration. Vendors of cakes, fruits, and sherbets, and sellers of fried fish, were stationed in the most frequented places, or pushed their way through the crowd, shouting, gesticulating, and proclaiming in loud tones the quality of their wares, and occasionally wiping with their shirt-tails the tray or the table upon which those wares were displayed. Every cottage in the village, every petty cabaret and eating-house, was transformed at night into a ball-room with the simplicity and rapidity of a change in a pantomime. They removed the tables, stuck a couple of tallow-candles against the walls, substituted a guitar for the porridge-pot, and all was ready for the dance, which went on merrily till the morning.

During the fifteen days that this fair lasts, the echoes of the Puna, accustomed to repeat only the lowing of herds and the sighs of the wind, resound with the rolling of drums, the tooting of tin trumpets, the hollow roaring of *pututus* (horns of Ammon), the melodious notes of the *queyna* and of the *pincullu* (two kinds of flutes or flageolets), and the strumming of the *charango*, the national three-stringed guitar, made by the Indians themselves with the half of a calabash, to which they attach a handle, and strung with catgut. The roaring of the crowd, the barking of dogs, the neighing of horses and mules, the hissing of frying-pans, and the crackling of fires kindled in the open air, form the bass of the wild concert. The amount of beef, mutton, llama's flesh, chickens, and guinea-pigs, devoured during the fifteen days of the fair, would serve to provision a German duchy for a year. As for the quantity of brandy consumed, it is not possible to be exact, but we shall not be far wrong in believing that it would suffice to supply three rations a day to the crew of a fleet during its circumnavigation of the globe.

Nothing of this kind was to be seen on our visit. It was the 8th of July, and the period of these alien saturnalias was yet distant. Some holes in which the poles had been erected, beef and mutton bones picked clean by poultry, here and there the blackened traces left by the fires, alone marked out the scene of the last annual *fête*. The crowd and the noise had vanished like a dream, and silence had resumed possession of the locality. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, I said to myself, as I dismounted at the door of the post-station where we had to pass the night.



THE FAIR OF PUCARA IN THE ANDES.

With little difficulty we obtained, by paying for it, a little dried beef (*charqui*) and some frozen batatas. The water of the river sufficed to quench our thirst. After supper, one of the Indians seeing me scribble in my note-book, imagined I could be nothing less than a savant and *brujo* (sorcerer), for with this simple people science and sorcery are synonymous. He asked me if I did not possess in my bag of charms a remedy which would heal or relieve the postmaster, who was lying ill in the next room. I learned the nature of the complaint from which he was suffering by a species of pantomime. The Indian, not knowing what to call it, inflated his cheeks like Æolus: "Voila!" said he, making a comic gesture; I understood at once that the

A SICK MAN AND HIS DOCTOR.

man was suffering from some kind of tumour or abscess. Entering the room we found the invalid reclining on a truckle-bed with a woollen coverlet. One of his cheeks was so swollen that the eye could not be seen. So violent was the tension of the skin, that it had displaced the nose, drawn up the mouth, and altogether made the poor fellow look like one of those india-rubber dolls, to which we can give any expression we please by pressing it with the fingers. Only the grimace of the postmaster was fixed!

"What is to be done?" asked the Indian.

"For the moment," I replied, "I see nothing better than to keep him out of a draught, and apply a poultice of mallow-leaves or bread and milk."

The Indian looked at me cunningly.

"Bread and milk!" he said, "why, we make pap of that for *huahuas* (infants). Have you nothing better to propose?"

"Absolutely nothing," I said.

"In that case I have a better remedy myself."

"Apply it then," I replied, turning my back on him, and leaving him with the sick man, whose condition, I ought to say, was not at all alarming.

The next moment as I was preparing to lie down, the Indian re-entered with an earthenware plate which he placed on the fire, and in which he put to melt a bit of fat or grease, together with some bruised coca-leaves and a pinch of ashes from the hearth. He stirred the whole up with a bit of wood; then, when he thought his mixture was properly cooked, he turned it into a wooden bowl, which he filled up with chicha.

"What are you messing with there?" I asked him.

"This is my remedy," he replied, gravely.

"The d—— it is; and how do you apply your remedy?"

"I will give him the half of it to drink and wash his face with the other half."

When I left Pucara in the morning the man was better, which the reader may attribute to the "remedy" or not, as he pleases. For an hour we followed the course of the river. There is nothing more fresh and delightful than these Andean torrents in a time of drought; now they flow gently over a white or golden sand, now they hurtle with a soft murmur against the polished stones, and seem to complain in the notes of turtle-doves of the obstacles which obstruct their course. Every passing cloud mirrors itself in the pellucid water for an instant, and throws upon it a slight shadow. There the sun breaks his golden arrows, the moon flings her silver rays, and the vultures and condors come to make their toilet. In a moment, however, these wayward streams, peaceful as they look, may be lashed to fury. Leaving the course marked out for them by nature, their spreading waters rush impetuously over the plain, rolling in their course enormous blocks of stone, carrying away pell-mell sheep and shepherds, even the bridges of stone and mud-built cottages which they encounter in their passage. These formidable floods are occasioned by the sudden melting of the snows of the Sierra. They last from eighteen to twenty-four hours, and take place in the middle of the night or early morning, rather than when the sun is above the horizon.[1]

About six miles from Pucara we witnessed, though at too great a distance to appreciate the details, one of those *cacharparis*, or farewell festivals, so frequent in the Sierra between Indians of the same village when they are about to separate for some time. These adieus would make one's heart ache if we did not know that in the chymic composition of the tears which accompany them, there is much more chicha and brandy than any other constituent. The parting, in fact, is only a pretext for an orgie on both sides. Following the custom of ages, the travellers quit their homes in company with relations and friends of both sexes, and supplied with provisions both solid and liquid. They halt at a place previously agreed upon, and, seated in a circle, begin to eat and drink. They drink much more than they eat, and at the end of their lunch, dance the *zapateo* to the sound of the flute and guitar. When the moment of parting arrives, or the liquor fails, they begin a lament, in which each emulates the

[1] I have often witnessed inundations of this kind, apart from the great annual thaw of the snows of the Cordillera in January and December. The river, which I have left calmly reposing on its bed in the evening, has swollen suddenly during the night, and on the next day overflowed the country. But as these anomalous floods were preceded or followed by earthquakes, which more often occur in the evening or before daybreak than in the middle of the day, I have concluded, rightly or wrongly, that this partial melting of the snows of the Sierra was occasioned by the heat which the volcanic phenomena suddenly determined on the strata which form, so to speak, the foundation of the Andean chain.

other in deploring their hard fate. The men weep and raise their hands to heaven; the women utter piercing cries and tear their hair. At last the critical moment arrives, the last embrace is given, the stirrup-cup is drunk, if anything should be left to drink, and with a supreme effort they tear themselves from each other's arms. When fairly on their way the travellers often look back and see from a long distance, on some rising ground or rock, the relations and friends they have left behind, giving way to the most

THE CACHARPARI, OR FAREWELL FESTIVAL OF THE QUICHUA INDIANS.

violent grief, and saluting them by waving a rag of baize in default of a handkerchief. These *cacharparis* are sometimes repeated at several stages, that is to say, they finish at one point to recommence at another, and are even known to extend over three days and nights, obliging the travellers to postpone their actual departure to the eighth day, so much has excess of emotion and brandy impaired their strength.

Although a distance of a hundred yards separated us from the actors in this familiar drama, and the departing travellers were nearly out of sight on our left, my companion, as familiar with all that occurs in the Cordillera as a savage with the forest, did not hesitate to reply, when I asked him who these people were: "These are Indians of Pujuja or Caminaca whom the sub-prefect of Lampa has sent to work in some mine of the Raya."

Ayaviri, where we arrived about four o'clock, is a village of the same family as

those which we had left behind us. Its situation upon the left bank of the river of Pucara, a wooden bridge, a good sized church built of stone and mud without the least pretensions to style, and a school where twenty pupils, taken from the populations of Pucara, Ayaviri, and Santa Rosa, learn to spell out, correctly or incorrectly, the Psalms of David translated into Castilian, and to repeat from memory the *Paternoster* and *Ave Maria*, are the only peculiarities which recommend to the attention of statisticians this group of about eighty cottages. As a faithful chronicler I must add that the pedagogue charged with the duty of instructing and training the youth of the country

DON CALIXTO MIRANDA,—THE CURÉ OF AYAVIRI.

amuses himself with a little quiet trade in wool, butter, and cheese, which often obliges him to be absent; at such times the doors of the school remain closed, like those of the temple of Janus in times of peace. Some families of half-breeds, the only aristocracy of the country, are a little indignant at these doings of the schoolmaster; not so the children, who are delivered for a time from their daily recitations, and the *coscorrons*[1] with which the lessons are often accompanied. I do not know what profit the master may get from his commercial transactions, but his scholastic sinecure is worth £60 per annum.

These details were given to me by the curé of the place, to whom I had civilly presented a cigarette in exchange for his polite salutation in front of the church, where I was pretending to admire some imaginary sculptures—an innocent trick by which I hoped to render myself agreeable to the pastor, and get into his good graces.

[1] *Coscorron*, a kind of blow with the fist which Peruvian schoolmasters give their scholars in place of using the ferule. I say, a *kind* of blow, because in the coscorron the fist is not fairly doubled as when the *puñetazo*, or ordinary blow with the fist, is given, but the *middle* finger is bent upon itself in such a way that the middle joint sticks out. Besides, the coscorron is delivered upon the scholar's head, never elsewhere, and not perpendicularly or horizontally, but obliquely, so as to produce a contusion, which is followed by extravasation. Fathers of families will excuse the length of these details.

For an instant I flattered myself I had succeeded. Not only did he entertain me with his personal affairs, but he related those of his coadjutors, and especially of the schoolmaster, whom he described as a *povreton*, or poor-spirited fellow. Without troubling myself with the motives which the curé might have for his confidence, I pretended to be quite charmed with it, and in my turn confided to him that I was dying of exhaustion; having had nothing to eat during the day but the half of a soft cheese bought at a shepherd's hut which we had found *en route*. My expectation of an invitation to some kind of repast with the holy man was, however, disappointed. After a half-hour's conversation, he politely saluted me, and resumed with slow steps his walk to his presbytery. The name of this charitable priest, which I learned from the Indians at the post-house, was *Don Calixto Miranda*. May it be immortalized in my humble prose, in which hope I have inserted it in italics!

The next day at eight o'clock we were already far from Ayaviri, when I remembered that this town or village, call it what we will, had secured a place in the annals of Peru by the successive rebellions of its native inhabitants against the emperors Lloqui Yupanqui and Mayta Capac, who lived in the twelfth century. In 1780 also, Tupac-Amaru, a cacique descended from these emperors, tried to raise the inhabitants of Ayaviri against the viceroys, an attempt which he expiated by a frightful death at Cuzco. After being dismembered (*écartelé*) his trunk was burned on the heights of that city, while the members were distributed to the towns which he had excited to insurrection. Santa Rosa, the nearest town to Ayaviri, had for its share one of the legs of the unhappy cacique. Four years after the battle of Ayacucho, and the extinction of the royalist party, General Bolivar, at the suggestion of his friend Alexander Von Humboldt, having caused a geodesic survey to be executed by Lloyd and Falmarc, upon a line of thirty myriametres (about 186 miles), Ayaviri had been one of the 916 stations set out on that line. With such illustrious antecedents, the place was certainly entitled to a few words in my note-book; but half from idleness, half from spleen against the curé Miranda, I left the aforesaid book at the bottom of my bag, judging it useless to devote any space, however short, to a place which had for its spiritual ruler so inhospitable a priest.

On leaving Ayaviri, the landscape acquired *movement*, as painters say; the hills drew together, they were connected by their base at some points, and heaped together at others; their undulations stretching from north-west to south-east. Could a bird's-eye view have been taken of these irregularities of the soil, they would have presented the appearance of a sea, the waves of which had been fixed. Totally devoid of trees and shrubs, there was nothing to animate the landscape, for long distances, but herds of oxen or flocks of sheep, and troops of llamas and alpacas feeding at various points. Now and then a *pascana*, or shepherd's hut, with its roof of stubble and its door so low that one can only enter by crawling, presented itself, but this was seldom. In passing a troglodytic den of this kind, you would naturally look for the inhabitant, with the idea of exchanging a friendly good-day, or of buying a cheese. He is not there; but while you are lamenting the mischance, the sound of a flute is heard overhead; looking up you will discover perched upon a rock the shepherd playing on a flute

or flageolet. If you possess a little imagination, and ever so small an animal with horns is feeding at the foot of the rock, you will picture to yourself Argos and the cow Io. *Mercurius septem mulcet arundinibus,* you repeat after Virgil. This tribute paid to the eclogue, you ask the shepherd to stop his tootling and sell you one of the cheeses which he employs his leisure in making. He seems not to understand you. Raising your voice, you request him to come down from his pedestal; you show him a piece of money, and add that you have no time to wait. A sustained trill is the only response the man vouchsafes. Getting impatient, you spring from your mule; "Eh! scoundrel!" you cry, at the same time throwing a stone at the shepherd to

A SHEPHERD'S HUT IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

attract his attention. If he is naturally of an amiable disposition he takes the hint, puts his flute under his arm, and comes smiling to meet you. But more often he is surly and unsociable, and as he usually has his pockets filled with stones to throw at the beasts when they stray away, he instantly seizes his sling and lets fly at his interlocutor. In such a case you have only one way of escaping the storm; that is, to put spurs to your mule and ride away as fast as possible.

I hardly know at this distance of time if we had anything to eat that day, but I well remember that we arrived at Santa Rosa quite famished and benumbed. A fire of *bosta* in the post-house, and some llama's flesh cut into strips and dried in the sun, of which they sold us a few yards, helped to keep the cold and hunger at bay. Santa Rosa, like Ayaviri and Pucara, is one of those dull-looking villages which seem rather intended for the discipline of criminals than the abode of honest people. The river runs through the middle of the village, and its murmur, which anywhere else would be cheerful and harmonious, is here only one sadness the more. It is as if the voice of Nature bewailed herself eternally in this solitude. Let us add that Santa Rosa is of all the places we have passed through the coldest and least sheltered

from the storms of the Cordillera, built as it is at the foot of the snowy chain of Huilcanota. As a trifling consolation it possesses a large church with square towers, a pediment, and something in the likeness of acroteral ornaments; but the façade is

SHEPHERDS OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

cracked, the pediment is broken, and the towers gape with more than one crevice, so that the wood and the mud employed in their construction are distinctly visible.

By the unaccustomed movement that evening in the post-house of Santa Rosa, by the sparkling eyes of the Indians, and the vivacity of their gestures, above all by the unusually loud tone of their voices, I surmised that some bacchic festival had taken place during the day. On questioning the least drunken of the company, he told me that he had been drinking the blood of Jesus Christ. As his reply seemed as absurd as it was unintelligible, I begged him to explain: when he told me that

a neighbouring estancia, of the name of *Puncullutu*, had for patron *la sangre de Jesus Cristo*, of which the festival was being celebrated by dancing, and drinking, and various sports. To give more pomp to this religious solemnity, the inhabitants of Santa Rosa had united with the Indian *estanciero* (farm-bailiffs). My informant added that "the festival had only commenced the day before and would last two days longer, and as the estancia of Puncullutu was on our road I should be able to judge for myself of the grand style in which the Indians of this domain did things." I thanked the drunken fellow for his information, and went to bed a few steps from Nor Medina, who was already as fast as a top.

When we left the next morning the Indians of the post-house, who had passed the night in drinking and chewing coca, were asleep on the ground, wrapped in their ponchos. Among the pedestrians of both sexes with whom we mingled on the road, some were returning from Puncullutu to Santa Rosa; others, on the contrary, were going from Santa Rosa to Puncullutu. In this *chassé-croisé* all as they passed exchanged a salutation, a burst of laughter, or a merry phrase. The former plodded along with an uncertain step, the latter footed it nimbly. These, full of illusions, sprung joyously towards the goal; those had touched it, and were returning on their path fatigued and disgusted with themselves. Such is life with its opposite currents, I said to myself, at the sight of these indigenes, one half of whom stumbled along, while the other half walked straight. A *reveillie* sounded by tin trumpets reached our ears as the harmonious prelude of the local fête. We pushed on our beasts, and the inspiriting fanfare was soon succeeded by the mingled sound of drums and flutes. After a ten minutes' rapid trot, we arrived at the foot of a hill surrounded with snow. A hundred Indians were assembled, and had just commenced the day's revels.

At the summit of the eminence an altar had been set up. It was made of planks, imperfectly concealed by the draperies of the local calico called *tocuyo*, over which were pinned cotton handkerchiefs of a blue and red square pattern, which gave it a cheerful look. A frame of osiers, of an elliptic form, ornamented with ribbons, mirrors, flags, and streamers of the Peruvian colours, formed a kind of reredos to this rustic altar. An artificial tree stood at each corner of the platform. When I say artificial, I must explain that the trees were nothing but sticks fixed in the ground, and crowned, in place of foliage, with a bunch of those reeds which grow on the shores of ponds or lakes. One might have called them four gigantic brooms. Although it was but early morning, and the cold was piercing, the female chicha-sellers were already at their posts, and their admirers with empty purses were fluttering around them with no other amorous intention than that of getting drunk on credit. Some musicians, trumpeters and flutists, in order to give their lips the inflation and elasticity necessary for blowing a wind-instrument, applied them from time to time to the mouth of a gourd filled with tafia, which some among them carried saltier-wise, like St. James of Compostella. One of these artists leaned over an empty jar in which he was blowing his flageolet, and thus filled with harmony, instead of liquid, the dark interior of the vessel. This kind of melody, little known in Europe, is used in the Sierra at funerals for threnodies, or laments, which the living are supposed to address to the

dead. Flageolets of different tones, with their mouths in various sized pitchers or jars, are played by fits and starts, passing suddenly from grave to sharp, or from sharp to grave, and are supposed to express, by the frightful charivari they keep up, the trouble, the grief, and the heart-rending affliction of the human soul when constrained to separate for ever from the object of its affection.

After having sufficiently enjoyed the spectacle of the fête, and commenced a sketch which the cold prevented me from finishing, I signed to Nor Medina, who appeared to be highly amused with the scene, that it was time to turn our backs upon it, and continue our journey.

"At five o'clock in the evening the fête will be at its height," he said, with a sigh of regret.

"Alas!" I said, sighing also, "the vultures alone will be able to judge, for every one here will be dead drunk, and unable to distinguish their right hand from their left."

On leaving Santa Rosa the gradually diminishing breadth of its stream indicates that we are approaching its source. It is here necessary to observe that all the rivers and streams of Peru take their name from the village by which they flow, an absurdity which throws the geography of the country into confusion. Thus the river of Santa Rosa becomes in succession the Ayaviri, the Pucara, the Nicasio, and the Calapuja. After two hours' march along the course of this river northward, and after having surmounted the Cordillera of Huilcanota, which the map-makers and inhabitants of the country call by corruption *Vilcanota*, and which at this spot is called the *Raya*,[1] we came to a plateau of irregular form, where two little lakes, of some miles in circumference, spread their mirror-like waters. The southernmost of these lakes, called the *Sissacocha* (Lake of the Flower), overflows in a thin stream, which is augmented in its course by two torrents from the Cordillera. This is the river we had followed from Santa Rosa, and crossed at Ayaviri. At some fifty miles from Pucara it receives the two rivers, already united in one, of Lampa and Cabanilla, and continues its course to the Lake of Titicaca, in which it debouches near San Taraco, a village of the province of Azangaro.

The second lake, situated on the north side of the plateau, and named *Huilcacocha* (Lake of Huilca),[2] gives birth to a stream which is enlarged some leagues further down by the overflow of the lagune of Langui, and takes the name of Huilca-Mayo (River of Huilca), which it soon exchanges for another. After a course of about 900 miles, it flows, under the name of the Rio de Santa Ana, into the Apurimac.

As I had long been familiar with this locality, I merely glanced at the two lakes with an absent look as I passed by. I observed, however, that their waters reflected the tint of a cloudy sky, and were therefore of a leaden colour. I was in haste to

[1] For the Spanish word *raya* (ray, limit, dividing line), by which the inhabitants of the country designate this passage of the Cordillera of Huilca, the Indians substitute *nota*, which in the Quichua idiom has the same signification as *raya* in Spanish: hence *Huilcanota*, or the boundary line of Huilca.

[2] The *Huilca*, or as corrupted, *Vilca*, is a tree of the natural order of *Leguminosæ*, division *Mimosæ*. In the Argentine provinces it is known as the *algaroba;* it is very common there, and the pulp contained in its pods is used to make brandy. On the other hand, it is rare in Peru; the hot valleys on the Pacific coast are the only places in which I have found it. How to explain its existence in the midst of the snows of Huilcanota, and to account for its name being given to that chain of the Cordillera, is out of my power—the thing seems absolutely inexplicable.

reach the post of Aguas-Calientes,[1] to get a morsel of something to eat, and, after a night's rest, have done with the region of the Punas, of which I was getting rather tired. We reached the little station about the close of day, and found its occupants in a state of anxious expectation of a great event.

An ex-prefect of Ayacucho, who had become a general of division owing to some political accident, and was charged by the government with a secret mission to the Sierra, was expected to halt at Aguas-Calientes, and stay there some four-and-twenty hours. The postmaster and several women, who had trudged on purpose all the way from Layo and Langui, villages about eighteen miles distant, were in the midst of a lively discussion about the ceremonial to be observed on this occasion. They thought

THE LAKES OF SISSACOCHA AND HUILCACOCHA, ON THE RAYA PLATEAU.

nothing less would do than to hang the cracked walls of the station with a tapestry of baize and calico, hoist a pennon above the roof, and strew with green rushes the approaches by which his excellency would arrive. Some spirited old dames proposed to dress themselves in red and white, the national colours, and thus attired go to meet the great man, and dance before him as he approached. As usual, the jug of chicha and the brandy bottle went the round, and each in turn had some ingenious idea or fresh advice to give.

This supposed question of etiquette so absorbed their attention that not one of the company noticed my arrival, or if they were aware of the fact they pretended otherwise. I waited patiently some minutes till the master of the post, a fat and ruddy-faced Indian whose black tresses hung almost to the ground, should deign to turn his head. Seeing this hope was in vain, I made my presence known by a friendly tap on his hat, which, whether the said hat was a little too large for the oblong head it

[1] This name is derived from a spring of hot water which comes in slender jets from a rock level with the ground, about two hundred yards eastward from the post-house.

covered, or that my hand was a little too heavy, descended suddenly upon the Indian's nose, the contour of which resembled an eagle's beak, and there lodged. His astonishment was great, to judge by the way he swore before he saw daylight again.

"God be with you!" I said, in the idiom of the Children of the Sun, while he disembarrassed himself of his hat, and looked at me at once wonderingly and wrathfully. "I have come from Santa Rosa, and am dying of hunger; can't you get me something to eat?"

"*Manancancha, manamounanicha;*[1] go to the devil, and let me alone!" he replied.

I philosophically allowed this ebullition of bile to pass unnoticed.

"Now listen," I said; "your conversation with these *mamacunas*"[2]—so I designated the group of gossips—"has made me aware that General L—— is on his way to Collao, and will halt at the post of Aguas-Calientes. The general is one of my friends. Some time ago I retouched a portrait which he did not think sufficiently like him, and lengthened by six inches the epaulettes of his uniform, which he thought too short. I have besides given to his wife the recipe of a wonderful paste to make a lovely pink and white, and I have taught her three daughters the difficult art of selecting the proper colours for their toilet, of which before they knew nothing. You see then the general and his family are under obligations to me. . . ."

Here I purposely made a slight pause to give the Indian time to digest my words.

"True, very true," he said, "thou art a friend of his excellency."

"It is so true," I replied, with freezing dignity, "that I think of staying here till the general arrives; not to congratulate him on his new dignity, or to help you with my advice on the subject of the reception you are preparing for him, but to beg my worthy friend to let one of his soldiers dust your back with a twisted strap, to teach you the civility of which you are ignorant and the laws of hospitality which you have outraged."

"No, *tayta;* no, *taytachay;*[3] you will not beat a poor pongo[4] who never did you any harm!"

[1] *There is nothing—I will not.* These two phrases require explaining. When, travelling in the Cordilleras, one asks an Indian to sell a sheep out of his flock, to avoid dying of hunger, his invariable answer is, *Manancancha*—There is none. Naturally you give the lie to his assertion by pointing to two or three hundred sheep feeding around him. He then replies: *Manamounanicha*—I will not. These are the only words that can be extracted from him. In such a case the only way to get out of the embarrassment is to select, through the agency of the mozo or muleteer who accompanies us, a nice fat sheep, have it killed and skinned on the spot without listening to the abuse of the proprietor, who, obliged to submit to force, cries, groans, and shows every sign of exasperated grief. When the sheep is cut up you pay four reals (the regular price) to the owner, to whom also one generously abandons the head, the feet, and the intestines of the beast, to make a chupé. In a twinkling he passes from the bitterest distress to the liveliest joy; he thanks the traveller a hundred times, kisses his hand or the stuff of his poncho, lavishes upon him the most gratifying and endearing epithets, and ends by wishing him every possible blessing. If a few conscientious travellers honestly pay the shepherd for what they take, it must be remembered that the greater number simply help themselves, and push their liberality so far as to beat the proprietor of the animal into the bargain.

[2] *Mama*, mother; *cuna*, plural article of two genders. The name of *mama* is generally given to Indian women of a certain age.

[3] *Tayta*, father; *taytachay*, dear little father.

[4] In the great cities, pongos are Indians of the lower class, who very reasonably value their services at fifteen francs a month. They are employed indoors to carry wood and water; to sweep the stones, and to open and close the entrance gate, behind which they sleep squatting. Their name of pongo is derived from *puncu*, gate, by corruption *pongo*. They are the porters of the country.

In his terror of the strap, the man descended voluntarily from the dignity of postmaster to the condition of a pongo. Such accesses of humility are frequent among the Indian caste, and I am not surprised at it. The end that I proposed to attain, and which I had partly attained, had otherwise claimed all my attention. I replied then to the postmaster, who had seized the fringe of my *poncho*, and whose eyes glared and nostrils trembled with the fear of the vengeance I had threatened.

"I believe I told you that I am hungry. As you must have some provisions in the house you will prepare a *chupé* as savoury as possible; you will give dry fodder to my mules, and to-morrow before leaving I will settle for that little matter. As to the general, do not trouble yourself to prepare a surprise for him. I will write a line or two that will induce him to dispense with any ceremony on his account.

The postmaster let go the border of my *poncho*, overcome with joy.

"O *tayta*," he said in a coaxing voice, "good *taytachay*, . . . if you but knew how grateful . . ."

"That's all very well, my good fellow," I replied, interrupting him, "but leave for the present your gratitude, which will not put a single onion in the soup, and lose no time in getting my *chupé* ready." The man addressed some hasty commands to the gossips, who had listened to this dialogue with the greatest interest, and in the twinkling of an eye the station was turned upside down, every one was rushing here and there in search of the domestic animals. I heard the cry of anguish of a fowl whose neck they wrung, followed by the squeak of a guinea-pig, to which one of the women gave chase, and which she killed by breaking its back. Half a sack of llama's dung was thrown upon the burning embers: everything about me assumed the appearance of cheerfulness and abundance. The postmaster assigned to each his task; two Indian postilions had to attend to the fire and blow it without ceasing; four of the women were charged with the cooking of the *chupé*, which consisted of an old hen, a bit of dried mutton, and some real potatoes, the *chuño* or frozen batatas having been unanimously declared too common for a delicate taste like mine. The quantity of salt, of pimento, or of garlic, proper to season the broth, was the object of a discussion among the women, who only settled the point after the maturest deliberation. Never was a *plat couvert* or gastronomic delicacy of any kind destined to excite the worn-out appetite of a despot, or to tickle the nervous papillæ of a bishop's palate, watched, combined, and cooked with more loving care and attention to details than the vulgar *pot-au-feu* which was boiling in my sight. The postmaster himself took charge of the friture. Like Brillat-Savarin he found, apparently, that the art of frying is a very delicate one, and would trust no one but himself with the handle of his frying-pan. His guinea-pig singed, washed, cleaned, spread open, larded over, sprinkled with ground pimento and kept flat in the pan by means of a stone placed on the belly, only awaited the moment when it could be popped on the fire, to acquire, by being quickly fried, that golden colour which recommends the animal to the appreciation of Peruvian *gourmets*.

At length this splendid supper was served up, not on a table, the station did not

possess one, but on a piece of baize spread on the ground, and by which I squatted like a tailor on his board. A wooden spoon was placed at my service, a fork was out of the question. My ten fingers did good duty for one. The postmaster willingly served me as cup-bearer. A quarter of an hour sufficed to sup and return thanks. Then the spectators who surrounded me, having seen that my skins were drawn near the fire, and understanding that I wished to sleep, retired into an adjoining apartment. Nor

PREPARATION OF A SUPPER AT THE STATION OF AGUAS-CALIENTES.

Medina, at a sign from the postmaster, joined the cortége and followed them into the room, letting fall behind him the cow's-skin which, hung up by the tail, served for a door. Soon the noise of eating, mingled with merriment and laughter,[1] made me aware that the servants were supping on the left victuals of the master, and were enjoying by anticipation the pleasures of paradise.

In the morning I rose early and found the postmaster already up. After giving him a dozen reals, the price at which I valued my supper and the provender of my mules, I tore a blank-leaf out of my note-book, and having been repeatedly assured by the Indian that he was unable to read any kind of writing, I addressed the following lines to General L——:

[1] *Rire à la cantonade:* a phrase of the theatre, for merriment heard behind the scenes.—Tr.

"My dear General,—The herein-named Ignacio Muynas Tupayanchi, postmaster of Aguas-Calientes, had intended to follow the example of his fellow-citizens, and burn a little incense on your visit. I have persuaded him to do nothing of the kind, feeling assured that at the moment I am writing you are tired of ovations, and official banquets, and harangues. If then you do not find at Aguas-Calientes the usual display of hangings, flags, and garlands of green rushes, do not blame the aforesaid Ignacio, who has simply yielded to foreign influence. The honest fellow will compensate you by his cuisine for the loss of the vain honours he would have rendered you. He excels in fritures, and with a common guinea-pig can make a dish fit for the gods. It is in this quality of cuisinier that I recommend him to you, my dear general, that on arriving at Aguas-Calientes you may put to the proof the peculiar talent of its postmaster, whom I do not hesitate to declare as good a friturier as he appears to me to be a good citizen, devoted soul and body to the public good.

"I pray that St. Rose, the patroness of Peru, may watch over your days, and over those dear to you."

I was informed afterwards that the unhappy postmaster, put in requisition by General L. and his escort, who had taken my advice seriously, was kept at the frying-pan for eighteen hours, during which time he fried a fabulous number of guinea-pigs collected in the neighbourhood. But let us not anticipate events.

About six miles from Aguas-Calientes, after a slight but continuous descent, we arrived at Marangani, a poor village, which has no other claim to attention than its situation at the confluence of the Huilcamayo (which we have seen to take its rise from the Lake Sisacocha, on the Raya plateau) with the stream of Langui issuing from the lake of that name. The temperature is here a little ameliorated. In some winding nooks of the mountain, sheltered from the wind and cold, were growing little patches of potatoes, barley, oats, quinoa, and a species of the Oxalis locally called *occa*, which the Indians eat in their chupés.

It may be noted as a geographical and statistical detail, that the northern extremity of the Raya plateau forms the frontier which separates the province of Lampa from that of Canchis. The village of Marangani pertains to the latter, which is one of the smallest provinces of Peru. Its area is 540 square miles.

Nine miles from Marangani, northward, and on the right bank of the Huilcamayo, is situated Sicuani, which is marked in the Peruvian maps as a city, but is really only a big village, as monotonous as it is badly built. Its population in the time of the viceroys was 7500 souls, now it is hardly 3000. An hospital for both sexes, founded in the seventeenth century by the viceroy Count Gil de Lemos, has disappeared from the earth with its founder. As to the massive silver lamp which still existed in the church of Sicuani at the beginning of the century, it has been replaced by a poor thing of copper with three branches. A Spaniard named Joaquin Vilafro had presented it to the Virgin of Sicuani, not so much as a devotional offering as an atonement or apology, in dread of the Inquisition and the viceroy, for the immense wealth he had acquired in a short time from the mine of Quimsachata, near the sources of the Apurimac; a precaution, however, which did not save him from being hung *par ordre* for the sake of that same wealth. The lamp of the unfortunate colonist, after having long been the ornament of the choir and the admiration of the faithful, was taken to the mint and coined into piastres during the war between the Royalists and Independents.

It was at Sicuani that the cacique Matheo Pumacahua, who in 1781 had betrayed Tupac Amaru to the Spaniards, received, thirty-four years afterwards, the price of his

services. The Spaniards, who had promised him the epaulettes of a colonel, deferred the promotion till they settled their debt in full by cutting off his head.

A natural curiosity of Sicuani, of which travellers have made no mention, probably because they were unacquainted with its existence, is the lagune of Quellhua, or more correctly Quellhuacocha, as it is called in the country, which is situated on the heights to the east of the village. Let any one picture, if he can, a liquid sapphire

SICUANI, SEEN FROM THE HEIGHTS OF QUELLHUACOCHA.

eighteen miles in circumference, in a setting composed of the five rounded backs of mountains which extend to the horizon the snowy summits of the Cordilleras of Chimboya and d'Atun-Quenamari, and which are charmingly belted with those totoras, or large-leaved rushes, of which we have elsewhere spoken. Nothing can be more calmly beautiful, or more freshly poetic, than this Andean lake, which no wind ruffles, and no vessel has ever furrowed; in which clouds and stars, sunlight and moonlight, are alone reflected; and the whole physiognomy of which is so ineffably sweet that we have exhausted the resources of language when we say it smiles upon us like something human!

San Pablo and San Pedro de Cacha, situated about nine miles northward of Sicuani, are two neighbouring hamlets of the dullest character, and closely resembling each other in the misery of the inhabitants and their wretched mud-built huts. The

villagers of St. Paul boast that they have very much the advantage of St. Peter, and support the assertion by pointing to the school with eighteen pupils which the former possesses, and the latter does not. The rector of a university might appreciate this evidence of superiority; we prefer, for our part, the geological grandeur and archæological illustration of St. Peter, which, instead of a school and schoolmaster, may well be proud of its fine ruins, above which towers a very respectable volcano, unhappily extinct, though the time has been when it covered the country with lava, scoriæ, and pumice. This volcano, the crater of which is inclined from north to south,

THE TEMPLE OF HUIRACOCHA, ACCORDING TO THE HISTORIAN GARCILASSO DE LA VEGA.

lifts its head above a platform of low hills, on a site which bears the name of *Racchi,* and from which the volcano has been corruptly called the *Riacha* by the natives. At the foot of those barren hills, which form its pedestal, we find a plastic clay, of which the potters of the Cordillera make pitchers, vases, and drinking-vessels of charming shapes. Here also are found several ochres, a red ochre called *taco;* and magnesia, which the thrifty poor, who call it *chacco* (milk of the earth), collect, and of which, mixed with a little water, they make a *poulette,* or white sauce, to be eaten with potatoes by the family.

At some bow-shots from the hills of Racchi, in a place called Yahuarpampa,[1] are the remains of an ancient edifice which can be seen from a long distance, and which travellers have called the ruins of *Tinta* without saying one word of their origin. We do not well know where these travellers got the name. Is it derived from the fact that the province of Canchis, in which these ruins are situated, once formed, together with the province of Canas, a single government, under the name of the

[1] *Plain of Blood,* so called because there the Inca Huiracocha completely defeated his father Yahuar-Huacac, who, having been deposed by his subjects on account of his vices, had come to reassert his right to the empire at the head of 3000 Chancas Indians, who perished in the engagement.

Corregimiento de Tinta? We do not positively affirm this, but what we dare repeat after the historians of the Conquest is, that the ruins are those of the temple built towards the middle of the fourteenth century by Viracocha, or more correctly Huiracocha,[1] the eighth Inca, in remembrance of a dream in which an old man with a long beard, wearing a flowing robe, and holding a chained dragon, had appeared to that prince when as a young man he kept the sheep of the emperor Yahuar-Huacac, his father, in the plains of Chita.[2]

TEMPLE OF HUIRACOCHA, ACCORDING TO THE HISTORIANS CIEÇA DE LÉON AND ACOSTA.

To this dream, from which the heir presumptive had inferred a command from Heaven relative to the subjugation of the Chancas, and which at a later period he religiously accomplished by destroying 3000 of these indigenes, and annexing their territory to the empire, must be ascribed the merit of having enriched the country with a memorial temple 240 feet long and 120 feet wide, the walls of which, thirty feet high, were built half of worked stones and half *en pisé*. This edifice, erected on a plateau which overlooked the environs, was reached by five terraces or steps. It had three doors and three windows upon the northern and southern sides, and a door and two windows at each of its ends or façades. Five pillars, erected at equal distances on the principal walls, and tied by transverse beams, served to support the chief timbers which carried the thatched roof. The overhanging eaves of this roof

[1] *Foam of the Lake*, so named on account of his milky-whiteness, say the historians of the seventeenth century; but, considering the habitual exaggeration of these estimable writers, we cannot help thinking that this pretended whiteness of Huiracocha was only a kind of milk-and-coffee colour, instead of the burned brick tint which marks the race generally. The sister and wife of this Inca, who was equally unlike her features in the comparative fairness of her skin, was called *Mama Runtu* (the mother-egg).

[2] We must leave to the historians of the *Conquest* the responsibility of this apocryphal dream and the explanation of the young prince's presence in the frightful desert of Chita, 120 miles south of Cuzco, the capital of the empire, and keeping *sheep*, which the conquerors did not introduce into America until two centuries later.

formed along the sides of the edifice a sort of pent-house, under which passers-by surprised by a heavy shower could take shelter.

According to Garcilasso, this temple was only 120 feet long by 60 feet broad, or half the dimensions assigned to it by Cieça de Léon and Acosta. He also states that it had no roof, as the dream which it commemorated occurred in the country, *sub Jove crudo*, and its interior decoration consisted of nothing but a simple cube of

RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF HUIRACOCHA.

black porphyry, upon which was placed the statue of the mysterious old man seen by Huiracocha in his dream. At the period of the Conquest, the Spaniards threw down the statue and destroyed its pedestal, in the expectation of finding hidden treasure.

Of these architectural splendours nothing is left but the ruined walls, about twenty feet in height. It is true these walls have nine doors, while the primitive edifice had only eight according to Cieça de Léon and Acosta. Happily this fact is known to myself alone, for if the ninth door had been discovered by the delegates of a learned society, not only would it have set rival societies by the ears and caused a great waste of paper, but the spirit of paradox would have been ready to declare in public that insatiable Time, *tempus edax*, who gnaws with ceaseless tooth the poor works of our hands until little is left of them, had, on the contrary, added to those

of Peru. From regard for those respectable old women Record and Tradition, I will not say anything so paradoxical. I will admit, with the above-named historians, that the temple of which they speak had only eight doors, and that the ninth was opened in its walls by a shock of the neighbouring volcano. No other way of accounting for the discrepancy occurs to me just now.

Six miles from St. Peter and St. Paul, we come to the village of Combapata. The distance traversed is a continual descent, and in the measure we descend the tem-

VILLAGE AND LAGUNE OF COMBAPATA.

perature becomes milder, and belts of verdure begin to appear at the foot of the mountains. Combapata, of which we find no mention in any geographical work or in any known map, is a village of some threescore hearths, situated near a turbulent and rapid river. Its little church is very bright and clean, its whitewashed walls contrasting pleasantly with the dirty look of the cottages in its neighbourhood. A Christ, of life size, decorates the chief altar. The work of a sculptor of Huamanga, it is venerated by the faithful under the name of *Seigneur de Combapata*, and is credited with the performance of miracles. It has given sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and speech to the dumb. In the eighteenth century, when the Jesuits were exiled from Peru, tears of blood, they say, ran from its eyes—made of enamel. The same prodigy occurred in 1821, when the viceroy La Serna, banished from Lima by the Independents, was compelled to depart for Spain. Unfortunately for the Seigneur de Combapata,

the Christ of Tungasuca, a neighbouring village, has also the gift of miracles. This latter, known as the *Seigneur d'Añaipampa*, renders barren women fruitful, heals the reputed incurable, and preserves sheep from the scab. Like his rival the Seigneur de Combapata, he weeps, on occasions, tears of blood over the miseries of this world. From this identity of powers there results a bitter rivalry between the faithful of the two parishes; the inhabitants of one village glorifying their own Christ by depreciating that of their neighbours. Often in the bacchic solemnities with which each village celebrates the *fête de l'Homme-Dieu*, have we seen the Indians, drunk with fanaticism and brandy, use their heads like battering-rams for the greater glory of their lord.

THE CRUCIFIX IN THE CHURCH OF COMBAPATA.

The river which runs by the village, and debouches in the Huilcamayo, under the name of the Rio de Combapata, takes its rise from the western side of the Andes of Crucero, between the provinces of Lampa and Carabaya. It is an auriferous stream, and when its waters are swollen by the melted snows, it bears along in its muddy waves particles of gold detached from the mountains. The inhabitants of the country at one time established a gold-washing place on its banks. The rapid slope of the lands which it waters gives to its floods a formidable character; it is less a torrent than an avalanche, which hurls itself upon the surrounding country and in an instant submerges it. Two stone bridges, of two arches, built solidly enough to stand for ages, have been successively carried away by the flood. Each of these bridges cost the province 2000 piastres (£400), and the slender resources of the inhabitants have compelled them, as a measure of economy, to return to the swing-bridges of osiers, with which for six centuries their ancestors were contented.

That which distinguishes Combapata from the other villages of the Sierra is not, however, its miraculous Christ or its gold-bearing river. It is the quality of the chicha brewed by its inhabitants. For a long time the process by which the matrons of that

village obtained their local beer, the smell and transparency of which remind one of the *manzanilla* or claret of Spain, was kept secret; but like other secrets it has at length been divulged, and now every one knows that the chicha is indebted for its quality to the previous mastication of the *guñapo* or sprouting maize from which it is brewed. The invention of this process is traced back to the ancient Aymaras; and the chicha-brewers of Cochabamba in Upper Peru, who are descended from those autochthones, still employ it with success. The process, to which we think it our duty to call the attention of the editors of *Cookery for the Million* and *Useful Recipes*, is one of the most simple and inexpensive conceivable. Several old men and women squat on the

BRIDGE OF OSIERS OVER THE RIVER OF COMBAPATA.

floor round a heap of bruised maize. Each takes a portion of the maize, which he puts in his or her mouth, and chews with more or less vigour and for a longer or shorter time according to the strength of his grinders. When sufficiently macerated, it is spit out into the hand and put on a little sheet of leather, spread out in front of each operator. The chicha-brewer then collects these little heaps and throws them into the jar which serves as a substitute for the caldron.

According to the chemists of the country, who have analyzed these chews or this chicha, it is to a remarkable addition of juices from the salivary glands, and of secretions from the pituitary membrane combined, that the maize of Combapata is indebted for the precious qualities which it communicates to the chicha. I would not venture to say whether the local chemistry is right or wrong, having always declined to taste the chicha of Canchis; but I confess that I have taken great pleasure in watching the old men and women who were assembled to chew the maize; the mouths of these honest people opening and shutting with such mechanical regularity, as to recall to my mind, with the memory of my absent country, Désirabode's artificial teeth working up and down from morning to night, in their glass case.

After Combapata, the traveller's next halting-place is Checcacupi, a poor village about nine miles further, containing about thirty hovels, and situated near a small river, flowing, like that of Combapata, from the Andes of Crucero. On crossing this river by a bridge of stone, which dates from the time of the viceroys, and leaving behind us the neighbouring provinces of Canchis and Canas, once combined to form the Corregimiento de Tinta, we enter the province of Quispicanchi. Before we go further, let

CHEWING THE MAIZE FOR MAKING CHICHA.

us throw a rapid *coup d'œil* over the past history of the double province, which we have abandoned never more to revisit.

A long time before the appearance of the Incas in Peru, two rival nations, the Canas and Canchis, occupied an area of about 14,000 square miles: from north to south, it extended from the Sierras of Chimboya and d'Atun-Quenamari to the plateaux of Ocoruro, and from east to west it reached from the Cordillera de Huilcanota to the torrent of Chuquicabana. The Huilcamayo, of which we have seen the source at Aguas-Calientes, and followed as far as Checcacupi, ran through a portion of this territory. The Canas occupied, in the north and west, the present seat of the villages of Pitumarca, Combapata, Tinta, and Yanaoca, extending as far as the heights of Pichigua and Mollocahua, in the neighbourhood of the river Apurimac. The Canchis inhabited the eastern and southern parts, the district in which are now situated the

villages of St. Peter and St. Paul de Cacha, Sicuani, and Marangani, as far as the Raya plateau.[1]

These two nations, numbering about 25,000 men, were governed by their *curacas* or respective chiefs. Their rivalry, which was of ancient date and occasioned bloody quarrels between them, appears to have had no other cause than the difference of their origin and temperament. The Canas, inhabitants, originally, of the Sierra

THE VILLAGE OF CHECCACUPI.

Nevada, took their name from the volcano of Racchi, which overlooked their territory, and of which they boasted themselves the descendants. *Cana*, in the Quichua idiom, signifies the seat or scene of a conflagration. The Canchis came in old times from the temperate regions near Arequipa. Their name recalls their natal soil with its pale flowers and grasses. *Cancha*, in Quichua, signifies an inclosed place or garden. This difference of origin was aggravated by a difference of costume, the former invariably wearing black, the latter a mixed colour.

The character of these indigenes agreed wonderfully with their national patronymic. The Canas, gloomy and taciturn of disposition, but wrathful and impetuous on occasion, jealous of their independence to the point of sacrificing all for its sake, struggled for four centuries against the power of the Incas, and only submitted at last when the

[1] The present limits of the two provinces imperfectly recall those of their ancient territory.

daughter of their chief became one of the three hundred wives of Huayna-Capac, the twelfth emperor of Cuzco. The Canchis, on the contrary, gentle and timid of character, lukewarm and undecided in spirit, like the climate in which they were born, submitted without resistance to the dominion of the Children of the Sun.

In the sixteenth century the territory of the Canas and the Canchis was formed into one province under the name of the *Corregimiento de Tinta*, and these indigenes, who now formed only one and the same people, passed from the yoke of the emperors under that of the viceroys. For them the halter simply took the place of the collar. As their robust constitution fitted them to work in the mines, they were treated as slaves by their new masters. Every year the Spanish officials came to carry off one-tenth of the entire population in the name of the state. The unfortunate recruits, designated by lot, were collected before the church to hear a mass said on their account, and for which they were supposed to pay themselves. After mass the curé received their oath of fealty and obedience to the King of Spain, then sprinkled them with holy water, pronounced the customary blessing, *Vete con Dios*, and—turned his back on them.

These recruits, escorted by relations and friends, who answered their tears with groans, took the road to Cailloma, Carabaya, or Potosi, sites of those rich deposits of mineral wealth which the viceroys of Peru worked a little for their own benefit and for that of the King of Spain. Doomed to the labours of excavation, the poor Indians descended into the *bocaminas* and *socabons*—pits and galleries—where the want of the pure air to which they had been accustomed, and the emanations of deleterious gases, brought on, according to the doctors of the country, a kind of asthma, called *chacco*, of which they died in a year. When the supply of workers was thus exhausted by death the representatives of the Spanish monarchy had only to throw in their drag-net and again recruit the ranks of the labourers.

Things went on thus during more than two centuries before the population, weary of their yoke, endeavoured to throw it off. The inhabitants of Aconcahua, in the province of Canas, exasperated by an increase of the tribute of gold-dust exacted from them by the state, seized the Spanish collector on one of his visits, and gave him more than he wanted by making him swallow a quantity of the melted metal;[1] after which, to escape the pursuit of justice, they abandoned for ever their village, the site of which is still recognizable. Tupac Amaru, cacique of Tungasuca, after having hung with his own hand the corregidor of Tinta, Antonio Arriega, and raised the country against the Spaniards, was defeated by them and cruelly put to death. Angulo, Bejar, Pumacahua, and Andia, who succeeded Tupac Amaru, paid with their heads the penalty of failure in the work they had undertaken, and which nine years later Simon Bolivar accomplished on the plains of Ayacucho.

When the blow for independence was first struck, the government of Tinta was divided into six districts. These were Sicuani, Tinta, Checca, Checcacupi, Langui, and Yauri, comprising twenty-three villages, the situation of which on the mountain or in

[1] *Para saciar de este modo la sed insaciable del recaudador*—To appease by this means the insatiable greed of the collector, naïvely says Pedro Celestino Florez, who relates this fact in a work entitled, *Patriotismo y amor á la libertad.* The honest writer adds by way of a reflection: *The oppression of those intrusted with power, and the failure of justice in a country, often drives the oppressed to commit atrocious deeds, for which the circumstances are some excuse.*

the plain, and their consequent difference of temperature, had caused them to be classed into *higher* and *lower* villages. Many of them no longer exist; others have become simple *estancias* (farms), though from respect for their past history, and the souvenirs which they recall, the statisticians of the country have preserved for forty years in their annual reports, and will preserve for a long time yet, the rank and situation which they formerly occupied. In like manner the illustrious grenadier, whom France delights to honour, continues to figure long after his death upon his old regimental list, and to answer the roll-call day after day, by the voice of one of his brothers in arms.

While giving due credit to these statisticians for an idea evidently inspired by the purest patriotism, we cannot but censure them for an artifice which gives to the world in general, and to the neighbouring republics in particular, a false idea of the numerical forces of the country. According to them the figure which represents the existing population of each of the provinces of Canas and Canchis is exactly that of the entire population of the government of Tinta in the time of its splendour. Unfortunately for these gentlemen, we know that of all the provinces of Lower Peru, that of Tinta was the worst treated during the Spanish occupation. Its population, decimated in turn by epidemics, subsidies for the mines, forced enrolments, voluntary emigration, and all the exigencies caused by spiritual power and political revolution, did not exceed, in 1792, 36,314 souls. In 1820 it numbered 36,968, and in 1836 it had risen to 37,218. Yet we are expected to believe that a population which had increased by 900 souls in forty years, could almost double itself in the year or two following!

On quitting the village of Combapata it had been arranged between Nor Medina and myself that we should pass the night at Checcacupi, and the next day push on to Huaro, doubling the stage and passing, without stopping, the villages of Quiquijana and Urcos. But feeling there was little prospect of a bed or a supper at Checcacupi, and knowing we should have to cross the Huilcamayo on the next day in order to take the road to Cuzco, the idea occurred to me that we might as well cross to the other bank at once and push on for Acopia, where we had some chance of finding food and lodging. As this would add six miles to our stage, I said nothing to Nor Medina, who would have been in an agony about his mules; and we continued our march. As we were nearing San Juan, a little hamlet agreeably placed by a lagune, I suddenly descended to the river and looked for a fordable place. A bed of flints and pebbles, intermingled with larger stones, was visible through the transparent water. I pushed my mule resolutely forward to cross. Nor Medina, seeing this change in our itinerary, called out as he galloped up:—

"Where are you going, sir?"

"As you see, I am going to cross the Huilcamayo: *Kubos aneriphto.* May destiny be favourable to me, as to Cæsar!"

"But the river is full of holes; you will get drowned and lame my mule."

My only reply to this remark of a venal soul was to shrug my shoulders, seeing which my guide followed me into the river.

"Why has monsieur taken this road?" he demanded with some brusqueness.

The question was so natural that I was tempted to explain my motive; but the tone in which it was put arrested my confidence on my lips. I looked at Nor Medina, *du haut en bas*, and replied:—

"I have taken this road for particular reasons."

"Ah!" said he, "and where is monsieur going?"

"To Acopia."

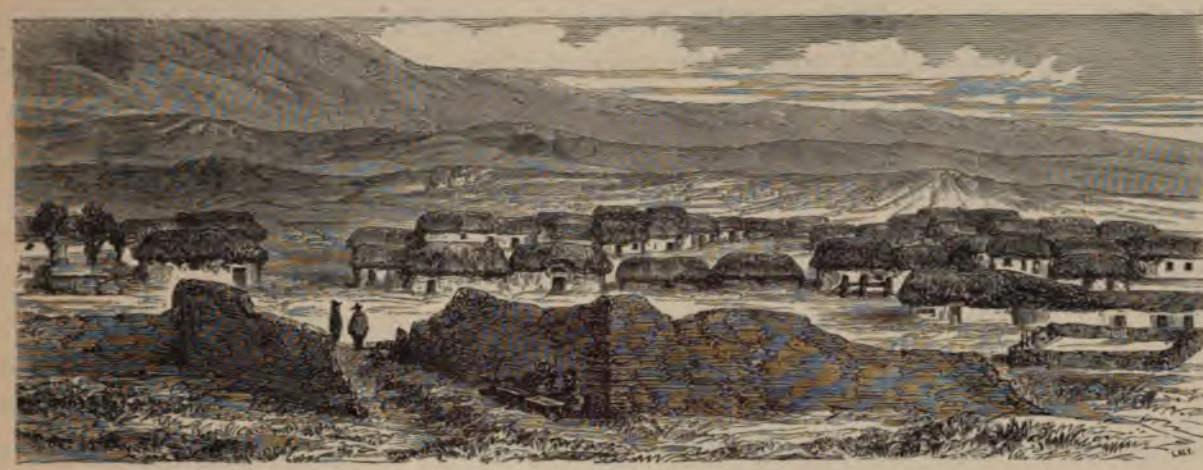
"To Acopia?"

"To Acopia."

"That suffices. If monsieur has particular reasons for going to Acopia it is my duty to conform to those reasons and follow him."

This, however, he did with difficulty, as his mule twisted about upon the slippery stones, and with the efforts which it made to keep on its feet, splashed us all over from head to foot.

A wetting in the Cordillera is never agreeable, but in spite of its unpleasantness I could not help laughing to see Nor Medina venting his ill-temper upon the mule, calling it *heartless* and *good for nothing*—an infamous style of conversation to which a mule is particularly sensitive, either because it indicates a certain amount of contempt for the beast, or because the words are generally accompanied with blows. We arrived on the other side, and having dried ourselves as well as we could, resumed our march, leaving to our left San Juan and its lagune, from which flows a stream which is tributary to the Huilcamayo. If it was Nor Medina's duty to follow me, as he said, I must admit, to his credit, that he fulfilled it to the letter, but by preserving between us a distance of thirty geometrical paces he gave me to understand that he was in the sulks. A Peruvian *arriéro* is very susceptible. The least thing offends him; he is shut up by the merest trifle. His humour is a limpid lake, moved by the slightest zephyr. The mere fact that I had passed from one side to the other of the Huilcamayo without taking counsel of my guide had hurt his feelings, and turned him against me. Out of consideration for my character, as a traveller paying his way, I abstained from calling him to my side, and left him to trot along at his pleasure. We arrived at Acopia without having exchanged a word.



VILLAGE OF ACOPIA.

FOURTH STAGE.

ACOPIA TO CUZCO.

Dissertation on the province of Quispicanchi, which the reader may pass by.—Acopia, its pretended ruins and its tarts.—Compromising hospitality.—The widows Bibiana and Maria Salomé.—A demonstration that if all men are equal in the sight of death, they are not so in the sight of fleas.—A dream of happiness.—The Quebrada of Cuzco.—Andajes and its pistachio-puddings.—The Chingana (or cave) of Qquerohuasi.—A quarry worked in the time of the empress Mama Ocllo Huaco.—A botanical discourse which all the world may comprehend.—The traveller laments his spent youth and lost illusions.—A muleteer may be at once a herbalist and a logician.—Quiquijana and the great stones of its little river.—Something about Urcos, the chief village in the province of Quispicanchi.—The Mohina lake and its lost chain of gold.—Zoology and arboriculture.—Huaro, its steeple, its weather-cock, and its famous organ.—Valleys and villages characterized, *en passant*, by a word.—The village of Oropesa.—Why called Oropesa the Heroic.—The traveller has another squabble with his guide.—Sketch of San Jeronimo.—San Sebastian, and its noble families.—The tree of adieux.—The convent of La Recoleta, its prior and its monks.—The Corridor-du-Ciel and the Devil's Pulpit.—A monolithic chamber.—Three sorcerers of Goya in a holy-water font.—By what road we arrived among the descendants of the Sun.—Silhouette of a capital.—Last words of counsel from the lips of Wisdom in the person of a muleteer.—The author packs his trunks with one hand, while writing his memoirs with the other.—Cuzco, ancient and modern.

THE village of Acopia belongs to the province of Quespicanchi, or Quispicanchi, according to the orthography adopted by modern statisticians and the editors of the *Calendario*. The limits of the province are not well defined, the Peruvian government not having yet found time to arrange for its survey. All that we can say, geographically speaking, is, that it is inclosed by the provinces of Paucartampu, Urubamba, Paruro, Cotabamba, Chumbihuilcas, and Canas y Canchis; that eastward, beyond the oriental Cordillera, it comprises the valleys of Marcapata, Ayapata, and Asaroma, and extends across regions still unexplored as far as the frontiers of Bolivia and Brazil.

The civilized population, or the people so called, of that immense territory, scarcely number 40,000 souls. As to the savage tribes who live on the shores of

its rivers or upon the borders of its forests, they are by no means so numerous as seems to be believed in Europe. Generally speaking, travellers who have treated of American anthropology[1] have singularly exaggerated the number of these redskins. For that exaggeration there are two causes: first, the *amour-propre* of the traveller, who wishes to persuade the public that after having piled Pelion upon Ossa, he has discovered the singing water and the talking bird, vainly sought for by those who preceded him. Secondly, some allowance must be made for the incorrectness of notes and documents supplied to the traveller by the inhabitants of the country, who, when they are asked a question, blow themselves out like the frog in the fable in order that a great opinion may be formed of them *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas.* Let us return to Quispicanchi, which was once the name of a nation, but is now only that of a province.

In the middle of the eleventh century, when Manco-Capac, chief of the dynasty of the Sun, had founded Cuzco, and made it the capital of his empire, the first crusade which he undertook to rally to the worship of Helios-Churi the aboriginal tribes who were spread abroad in the Cordillera, was that of Collasuyu.[2] The Quespicanchis, the Muynas, the Urcos, the Quehuares, the Cavinas, and the Ayamarcas,[3] then occupied in that direction a territory of about 1500 square miles. These tribes responded to the call of Manco, and ravished by the sweetness and unction of his words—to believe his biographers, the Inca spoke with a mouth of gold like Chrysostom—they listened to him with docility. Manco instructed them in a number of things which we are sorry we cannot insert in our text to impart to it more of local colour. After having convinced them that the worship of the sun was preferable to that of adders, toads, and trunks of trees, which these Indians adored, he taught them how to build huts, for the most of them were troglodytes, and, like the chinchillas of their country, lived in burrows. When he judged they were sufficiently refined, and sufficiently impressed with the advantages of civilization over barbarism, he settled them in forty villages on the borders of Collasuyu, and made them his subjects and tributaries.

Manco-Capac, on whom Spanish historians have conferred two faces like Janus, the one simply good, the other cunning, did not stop at this with regard to these indigenes. As a mark of his esteem, and at the same time as a witness to future ages that they were the first idolaters of the Sierra in whom the eyes of the spirit had been opened to the light of the sun, he conferred on them, by means of the *quipos*, equivalent to our letters-patent, titles of nobility, with honours and dignities which they

[1] D'Orbigny, in his work entitled *L'Homme Américain*, has swelled the sum total of his figures to satisfy his own taste, and has also grafted some alien branches on the Ando-Peruvian stock. Thus the inhabitants of the village of Apolobamba, in the eastern valley of that name—Indians and Cholos of the Sierra for the most part—have become under his hand the tribe of *Apolistas;* of the Cholos and half-breeds of Paucartampu, he has made the tribe of *Paucartambinos;* of the *Chuncos* (a generic name of the savage in Peru), a distinct caste, &c.

[2] From *suyu*, direction; direction from *Collao*, or the territory of the *Collas* Indians. This is one of the four primitive divisions of the empire, established by Manco-Capac, and corresponding to the four quarters of the heavens: *chincha-suyu* (north), *colla-suyu* (south), *anti-suyu* (east), and *cunti-suyu* (west).

[3] All these tribes, perfectly distinct before the establishment of the Incas, became mixed and confounded in their time with the great Aymara-Quichua family. The villages of the Sierra, to which these autochthones have left their name, are situated on the territory which they occupied in the tenth century, before the appearance of Manco-Capac.

could transmit to their descendants. Some had the right to cut their hair square across the forehead to distinguish them from the vulgar, others to let it float freely in the wind; these elongated the lobe of their ears to the length of half a foot, those pierced them for the purpose of suspending a bit of osier, a wooden rundle, the tip of a reed, or a tuft or pompon of variously coloured wool. The favour was as highly appreciated as it was appreciable, say the historians of the *Conquest*, parenthetically, and the aborigines always showed themselves grateful for it.

The Spanish conquerors, in their own brutal way, compelled the Indians to sacrifice all these tokens of a nobility that had endured for five centuries. The way in which they scoffed at the great Quichua dignitaries, whose ears hung down to their shoulders, prevented the descendants of the latter from continuing the custom. Under the futile pretext that they could not approach them without feeling a disagreeable itching, Pizarro and his officers compelled the *curacas* (governors of villages) to cut off the luxuriant hair untouched by a comb which served to distinguish them from their subordinates. With the abolition of the capillary privileges, old modes and customs also died out. The *régime* of brute force reigned supreme. In place of the padded collar worn by the Indians in the time of the Incas, Spain substituted a heavy one of iron bristling with spikes. The populations, decimated by the sword, exhausted by exactions and the labour of the mines, died out, or emigrated, abandoning the stubble, the llama skins, and the three calcined stones which represented for them the house, the bed, and the domestic hearth. At this day, what archæologist, however patient and minute he might be in his research, even if aided by spectacles and the works of Garcilaso, Valera, Acosta, Cieça de Léon, Zarate, Torquemada, and other chroniclers, could discover, on the imperial road of Collasuyu in a circuit of nine miles, a vestige of the forty villages of which it boasted in the middle of the sixteenth century?

The province of Quispicanchi, which of all its past splendour has nothing left but the ruins of an aqueduct, is now divided into four districts, in which are contained three towns and a score of villages. These villages are all alike. Their temperature alone differs, according as they are situated in a *quebrada* (or gorge), like those of Huaro, Andahuaylillas, and Oropesa; in a *puna*, like those of Mosoc-Llacta and Pomacanchi; or at the foot of the snowy Andes, like those of Ocongate and Sangarara.

The village of Acopia, where we had now arrived, owes to its exceptional situation, at the base of a plateau and at the entrance of a quebrada, an exceptional climate. It blows, it rains, and it thunders often enough; it hails and snows sometimes; but water there never passes from the liquid to the solid state.

On each side of the road leading into this dull village, which the natives call a town, are the remains of a wall of sun-dried bricks, several feet in height, broken along its summit, and of the agreeable colour of a bituminized mummy. This *débris* of an inclosure, some twenty years old at most, has a false air of antiquity, by which an enthusiastic and inexperienced traveller might easily be taken in. As I am neither a novice nor an enthusiast, I was not deceived, but passed by the pretended ruins without looking at them. My whole attention, in fact, was concentrated upon the piles of tarts

which two Indian women, who make this their trade, had displayed on wooden benches at the entrance of the village, in a fashion to tempt the appetites of passers-by. On dismounting by these stalls, the women looked at me simultaneously, with that sweet commercial smile with which the seller usually greets the buyer, as the serpent fascinates the bird; and I began to reason with myself thus: "This road is little frequented, the pastry before me has been exposed for a month or two to the detri-

TART-SELLERS AT ACOPIA.

mental action of the atmosphere; the layer of dust which covers it, and the singular hardness which time imparts to such things, justify, in some degree, this supposition. But, should a hungry stomach hesitate about such trifles?" Without condescending to inquire, therefore, at what epoch the aforesaid tarts were manufactured, I immediately bought half a dozen of them, at the price of a real apiece; and having wiped one of them with my pocket-handkerchief, soon fastened my teeth in it. I swallowed two mouthfuls without choking, but at the third stopped short. An indefinable mixture of tastes and smells made me feel sick at heart. Mechanically I thrust my fingers in the tart and drew forth, one after another, black olives, slices of onions, little bits of cheese, and leaves of mint. All this was plastered together with burned sugar and hog's-lard. The secret of my nausea was discovered. As Nor Medina had trotted on before me into the village, I could not make him an offer of this pastry by way of regaining his

good graces, I therefore offered it to my mule, to the great disgust of the two women, who looked at me with anything but a pleased expression.

This fine exploit accomplished, I remounted my beast and went in search of my guide, whom I soon overtook. Then without a word passing between us, though we were both occupied by the same thought—that of supper and bed—we went in quest of some house where they would consent to take us in; Acopia having neither caravanserai, tampu, or hostelry to offer to unfortunate travellers. We wandered about for some time among the cottages, examining them from top to bottom, without being able to make a selection. For the most part they were singularly out of repair, and looked as if they were overrun with vermin. Two or three of the number were recommended to notice by having been newly thatched and whitewashed, but they were cruelly closed against us. The situation was becoming critical, for the sun had already disappeared. The horizon was enveloped in a violet-tinted gloom, while a slowly ascending fog floated round the village, and presented its outlines in *silhouette.* Never had twilight seemed to me so wretchedly disagreeable.

As we passed for the third time down a dirty little street, bordered on one side by the fronts of the cottages and on the other by the wall of a sheep-pen, a rather worm-eaten door was cautiously opened, and a woman, holding between her thumb and her index-finger a bit of candle, appeared as the personification of that hospitality of which I was in search. "I will go no further," I said to myself, stopping my mule before the beautiful unknown, who returned my salutation by a charming smile. I was pleased with the woman's kind manner and scrupulous neatness. Her hair was carefully dressed, and glossy with mutton-fat; her *lliclla* of white wool edged with pink ribbons veiled, without hiding, her bosom and her shoulders. Her petticoat was lost in the shade, but the hand which held the bit of candle, and the arm belonging to it, were well rounded and plump, bearing witness to robust health.

Flattered by the notice of which she was the object, on the part of a man with a white skin—it is of myself I must be understood to speak, for my guide was of the colour of a medlar—the beautiful unknown smiled again, and pursing up her mouth said, in a *falsetto* voice:—

"What are you looking for at this time of the day, my good sir?"

"A roof to shelter my head, and something to appease my hunger," I replied, in my natural voice. As the woman was on the point of assuring me I should find them with her, and better than elsewhere, I looked at Nor Medina, who, since we crossed the Huilcamayo, had not opened his lips. His expression was perfectly forbidding, and his gray bushy eyebrows appeared to be drawn closer together than ordinary. I had scarcely realized my astonishment, when my attention was caught by a whispering and laughing at the doors of the neighbouring houses, apparently caused by my colloquy with the woman in the white *lliclla.*

Without stopping to think of anything sinister in these sounds, I dismounted, and at the same instant a voice, whose clear ring revealed one of the fair sex, pronounced distinctly these strange words:—

"Don't shear them too close, Templadora."

"Pack of pickpockets!" murmured the beautiful unknown, to whom probably this recommendation was addressed.

"What does that mean?" I asked, looking first at my intended hostess, and then at Nor Medina, whose two eyebrows were knitted into one.

"It means," replied the woman, "that I have bad neighbours, who wish to take the bread out of my mouth, under the pretext that I do not belong to the country. But come in, my good sir," she added immediately, with her benevolent smile.

"Do not enter, sir!" Nor Medina said, impressively; "and you," he added, looking

TEMPLADORA—A HUARMIPANPAYRUNACUNA OF ACOPIA.

severely at the woman, "go to a hundred thousand devils; we are honest travellers, and want nothing to do with such chuchumecas as you."

These words were hardly pronounced when, like a formula of exorcism which breaks some dark enchantment, they re-established the situation in clear daylight. The beautiful unknown let loose her tongue, blew out the candle, and shut the door in our faces. It was some seconds before I recovered my self-possession.

"What!" I said at last to Nor Medina, "that woman with her hair so well dressed, and such a pleasant smile, was . . ."

"Yes, sir," he replied, without giving me time to finish the sentence. "This was a snare set by Satan."

"To what dangers is a traveller not exposed!" I murmured to myself; and while thankful to God for the visible protection he had afforded me in these circumstances, I remarked that night had fallen, and that a most depressing solitude reigned in Acopia. My guide had recommenced the search, and I followed him, reflecting on the probability that virtue would have to go supperless to bed, and that its bed would perhaps be on the hard pavement of the street. An exclamation from Nor Medina disturbed my reflections. He had discovered a *chicheria,* through the half-open door

of which two fat, greasy-looking women might be seen squatted before a jar making their chicha boil by means of bunches of straw, which one twisted and the other put on the fire. The back-ground of the scene, and most of the accessories, were hidden from view by the smoke.

"If you think good, we will pass the night here," said my guide.

The place had a suspicious look, but the night was getting colder and colder, and hesitation would have been ridiculous. I therefore nodded my approbation, and springing from my mule, bravely entered the cabaret. At the rattle of my clumsy Chilian spurs a number of guinea-pigs, that had been attracted to the hearth by the light and warmth of the fire, scattered on every side with squeaks of terror. The chicheras, a little surprised by my sudden appearance, paused in their work for a moment and inquired what had brought us there at such an hour. A few words was sufficient to explain and settle with them the price of a supper and bed. For four reals, which I paid in advance, they consented to give up to us a corner of their hovel, and to prepare some kind of repast for us. Besides this, they pointed out to Nor Medina an inclosure in the neighbourhood where our beasts would find, in default of forage, companions of their own species. Then, judging by our wearied looks that we were dying of starvation, the good women hastened to fill a pot with water, into which they threw the various ingredients which compose a Peruvian chupé in the Cordillera. To make it boil the quicker, I seated myself by the fire, which I fed with handfuls of straw, handed to me by the two ladies in turn. The frankness of my manner won their confidence, and in ten minutes I knew that they were widows; the one named Bibiana, the other Maria Salomé; that they had no property and no income whatever, but gained their living by making chicha, which they sold to the inhabitants of Acopia, and to the péons of the neighbouring estancias. For my part, not to remain in their debt, I related the various incidents of my entrance into the village, from the episode of the tarts to the compromising hospitality which had been offered to me by a woman of the name of Templadora.

"*Santissima Virgen!*" exclaimed Bibiana, making the sign of the cross and kissing her thumb, "you have spoken to that heathen, come from, we know not whence?"

"My good woman," said I, "what could I do, being a stranger and knowing no one? At first sight that woman seemed to me a Christian, and a good Catholic."

"So Catholic," added Maria Salomé, "that if I were governor, or only alcalde, she should not be in Acopia another twenty-four hours; such creatures are the disgrace of our sex."

I looked at her out of the corner of my eye. Evidently the poor woman flattered herself. That sex of which she spoke was as difficult to decipher in her countenance as a hieroglyphic cartouche of the time of Thothmosis. "After all," I said to myself, "the form alters, but the nature remains; beauty fades, the back becomes rounded, the limbs bowed, but the heart, like the gillyflower among ruins, continues to flourish and bloom when all is dead around it. Who can say that this chichera, with the figure of a hippopotamus, has not hidden, under the layer of fat which envelops it, the heart of a young girl, full of illusions, of tenderness, and of love . . ."

While I mused thus, the broth boiled with fury. In an instant Bibiana, having tasted it, announced that it was cooked to a nicety, and took the pot from the fire. I seated myself on the ground, my guide sat down opposite me, and then with the pottage between our knees, and with the wooden spoon which Bibiana had handed to each of us, after wiping it with her petticoat, we scrimmaged our best.

Our supper being finished, I considered, out of regard for the *convenances* of society, how to fabricate a screen, which dividing in two the common chamber, might isolate us completely from our hostesses. Some rags of serge and old dish-clouts that they brought me, not without laughing at my modesty, and which I hung upon a line, served the purpose. When this was done, I and my guide prepared our beds fraternally side by side, and, covered up to the eyes, awaited the moment when Morpheus should scatter over us his poppies. Already a languid torpor had paralyzed my spirit and my eyes were beginning to close, when two nimble and hairy bodies, the contact of which made me shiver, ran across my face. I could feel that each body had a tail. A cry of horror brought the widows to my side, and Nor Medina sprang up in his bed.

"There are rats here," I cried.

"Impossible!" said Nor Medina.

"Monsieur has taken the guinea-pigs for rats," said one of the women.

"Has a guinea-pig got a tail?" I asked.

"Well, no;" said Nor Medina; "but even supposing they were rats," he added, "the noise you made has so frightened them, that it is a hundred to one they will not return to-night."

This seemed so reasonable that I lay down again. After a few minutes I felt as if a thousand needles had been suddenly thrust into my flesh. As this attack was made at the same moment on every part of my body, my two hands were of little use in repelling it. Despairing of relief I rolled over on my couch with such cries of rage, that Nor Medina awoke again.

"Monsieur does not sleep well," he said.

"Can I sleep by merely shutting my eyes?" I answered, "I am devoured by fleas."

Hearing this, the chicheras began to laugh. "Ah!" said one of them, "the gentleman is surprised he should be troubled by fleas; but they treat all alike in the Sierra, the rich as well as the poor. The fleas are like death, no one escapes them."

In the frame of mind in which I then was, this aphorism appeared to me so stupid, and at the same time it so exasperated me, that I could hardly help addressing some rude apostrophe to the woman, who had really made the remark by way of consolation. I did, however, restrain myself, and tried to sleep; but only succeeded in doing so when the enemy, sufficiently gorged with the purest drops of my blood, ceased his attacks. Then I turned over like a log and slept heavily. In the morning when I looked into my pocket-mirror, I was startled by the image which presented itself. I had become quite livid, my eyes were swollen, and my face more tatooed than that of Chingacook the Mohican. In contrast with mine, the skin of Nor Medina was as

smooth as velvet, and presented no sign of a puncture. I inferred from this, in spite of the woman's remark, that men, who are really equal in the presence of death, are not so in the sight of fleas, since the infernal beasts, while they devoured me, had thought it a duty to spare my guide.

The sun was above the horizon when we thought of recommencing our journey. Nor Medina went to seek our mules, and began to saddle them. He was in the act

A NIGHT OF TORTURE.

of equipping mine, when the end of a strap which fastened the girth became unsewn. While he borrowed a needle and thread to repair it, I took a turn through the village. My evil star, or rather my ignorance of the locality, led me into the street where my interview with Templadora had occurred the evening before. I understood well enough the smiling and whispering which took place when some of the women, standing about the doors of their houses, recognized me again: but, strong in my innocence, I walked haughtily by without deigning to notice them. In this mood I found I had passed unconsciously beyond the houses of Acopia into the country, if one may so call the stretch of hilly soil, strewn with stones and bristling here and there with stunted shrubs, over which I was walking. Two lakes, which I saw at a distance, seduced me still further. The surface of both was on a level with the ground. No tuft of herbage, poor as it was in the locality, flourished on their banks. No feathered fowl gambolled

on their surface; in fine, their motionless waters seemed as if covered with a thin skin. I turned my back upon them and retraced my steps. My guide had finished his task, and was beginning to feel surprised by my long absence. We took leave of Bibiana and Maria Salomé, whose roars of laughter during the night had very much lowered them in my esteem, and were soon far away from their disgusting abode.

The day commenced under the brightest auspices; the sky was serene, the sun shone brilliantly, and the temperature of the air was sufficiently pleasant. Although, as yet, we knew not where we should get a dinner, we were not at all alarmed on that account. The double aspect of earth and sky sufficed for the moment to stay our stomachs, and their serenity, reacting upon our humour, coloured it with sparkling reflections and rainbow hues of light.

Under the influence of this expansion of our moral nature, we chattered—my guide and I—like old friends. He talked trade to me, I talked botany to him. From Mercury to Flora the distance is not very great, and in spite of some little incoherence, we understood each other perfectly well. We thus got over two leagues almost without knowing it, such a charm had this broken conversation. Then, however, we began to feel a little tired, and after a few demonstrative yawns we both ceased talking, and continued our way communing with our own thoughts.

The gaiety of mine was tempered by the reflection that I should never again revisit the scenes through which we were passing. We were approaching the Quebrada of Cuzco, and I recalled the happy, and already far-off time, when I had passed through it for the first time in the midst of a merry company. My companions were muleteers who travelled by short stages. We had met about 200 miles from Acopia between Putina and Betanzos, and, mutually pleased with each other, had kept together. A few bottles of tafia, with which I paid my footing, had won the hearts of my new friends. During the seventeen days that our journey lasted, they habitually called me *patron;* an honorary title which flattered my vanity, and was worth a second *pourboire* to them when we parted. Singing, laughing, and swearing, we followed the direction of the chain of Crucero, white with hoar-frost from the top to the base during the whole year. What wicked jests, what *repartée* we exchanged during those seventeen days' march! what long nights passed side by side in the midst of the snows of the Sierra! It was our custom to halt at sunset, when we made a fire of dry crottin, placed our camp-kettle over it, and prepared a supper of bean-soup or potatoes cooked with soft cheese. When the hour of rest arrived, my companions would pack up their luggage so as to form with it the three walls of a hut; three sticks, placed across, supported the roof, and under this convenient, though confined shelter, for it only covered my head and chest, I crept on all fours. In the twinkling of an eye I was asleep.

While I slept, on one of these occasions, the fall of the barometer indicated a storm; the wind roared, the thunder rolled, the lightnings flashed; heaven, as we read in Scripture, opened its cataracts. I dreamed of idyllic scenes, of green fields, and pleasant streams. On awaking in the morning, I found my legs buried under a foot of snow, a spotless eider-down as warm as that from the birds' breast. This pleasant life

AN INDIAN'S BIVOUAC IN THE MIDST OF THE SNOWS OF THE SIERRA.

A PART OF THE QUEBRADA OF CUZCO.

wing and alight in the midst of these cerros, to collect again my harvest of fragrance. The thing was always impossible.

Some of my readers, puzzled by this prelude, may perhaps conceive the idea of unrolling the map of America, or of searching in the reports of official travellers, to seek for some information about this Quebrada of Cuzco. Let me hasten to inform

ALSTRŒMERIAS OF THE QUEBRADA OF CUZCO.

them that maps and reports are alike silent upon the subject—a regretable omission which it is easy, however, to repair.

The Quebrada of Cuzco, commonly called by the Indians the *Atunquebrada* (the Grand Quebrada), is a winding gorge formed by the approximation of a double chain of cerros which take their rise between Acopia and Andajes, trending from south-south-east to north-north-west, over an area of about forty-five miles in length, by a breadth varying from 50 to 500 yards. Broken here and there by a village, a lake, or a curve of the river, this gorge recommences further on, so that it resembles the divided parts of a serpent's body that are said to rejoin each other. In the neighbourhood of Oropesa it suddenly expands in breadth, and its two parallel chains, after having described a gentle curve in the north-west and south-east, approach again some twelve miles further on, thus forming a circular rampart in the plain, at the bottom of which is seated the city of Cuzco. Such is pretty nearly the orographic

A PART OF THE QUEBRADA OF CUZCO.

and a few blackened shrubs with straggling branches, and destitute of foliage, withered grasses, yellow mosses, and the soil cracked by drought, were all the details I could recall. Naturally I thought that after eight years' absence my memory had served me badly, and that we had not yet reached the fertile part of the Quebrada. I contented myself

THE CHINGANA OR CAVE OF QQUEROHUASI.

with this idea till we reached Andajes, where we pulled up to buy some coarse bread and *morcillas*—local puddings made of a mixture of lard and sheep's blood, with underground-nuts,[1] pimento, balsam, and cinnamon.

Andajes is a village of forty hearths, which recommends itself to the attention of statisticians by its school, open to young men, and its *pulperia*—a liquor, candle, and grocery store—where we bought our provisions. Andajes has, besides, its legend

[1] *Pistaches-de-terre*, called *mani* by the inhabitants; the *Arachis hypogæa* of botanists; called also the *earth-pea* and *underground-nut*. They are in pods, which, as they enlarge, bury themselves under the surface of the soil.—Tr.

and its dungeon, like one of Mrs. Radcliffe's castles. In front of the village, on the right bank of the Huilcamayo, and on the flank of the cerro *Qquerohuasi,* there is a *chingana,* a deep and winding conduit, where the inhabitants of the country believe that at the period of the Conquest the Indians concealed immense treasures to preserve them from the Spaniards. Allured by this tradition, many have searched for these treasures, without succeeding in discovering them. The last of the adventurers —a colonist from Cadiz, named Vidagura—penetrated to the end of the chingana, which, it is said, was very narrow. While he was busy examining the walls of the conduit, an enormous stone fell from the roof and closed the opening, so that the poor fellow was caught as in a trap.

QUARRY OF THE PERIOD OF THE INCAS.

About three-quarters of a mile north-north-west of Andajes, on the left bank of the Huilcamayo, and in the neighbourhood of the little lagune of Santa Lucia, the Quebrada of Cuzco slopes away suddenly, and exposes to view in the midst of the cerros a pile of enormous stones perfectly rectangular and worked to remarkably perfect edges. The mountain is riddled with the square excavations from which these blocks have been taken; in the prodigious mass of which an imaginative traveller might easily picture to himself the stones of some unknown Nineveh, or the ruins of a Memphis of which no one had ever dreamed. Massive portals, enormous propylæa, lofty columns, gaping mouths of caverns, black orifices of underground passages, nothing is wanting to convert it into a city of the good old time like that of Ollanta-Tampu. It is only necessary that an archæological memoir should be rashly addressed by some traveller to the third class of the French Institute. Let us, however, hasten to prevent any mistake, by explaining that our supposed city is nothing but a quarry of the time of the *Gentilidad,* and our ruins nothing more than the stones in the extraction of which from the cerros the revolted people had been condemned to

work by the Incas, as were the Athenian captives of old at the Latomiæ of Syracuse.

The ancient quarry was soon left behind us. While trotting along and taking a bite now at my loaf and now at my pistachio-pudding, I examined attentively the landscape, questioning every spot of ground, every stone, every shrub in the march past, if they were not those I had known in the old days. As this research kept me continually raising, lowering, or turning my head, Nor Medina, surprised by my manner, asked if I had lost anything.

"I have lost all trace of my recollections," I replied. From the peculiar way in which the man looked at me, I concluded that if he had heard, he had not understood what I had said. To render it more intelligible, I added, "I am looking for some plants which I cannot find."

"*Vaya pues!*" said he, laughing heartily. "Why, there are plants enough, if monsieur will take the trouble to look at them." Then he pointed to clumps of shrivelled leaves, yellow peduncles, and withered stalks, which pretended to grow at the side of the road and on the slopes. "That," said he, "is the *huaranhuay*, the roots of which serve the Indians of the heights for firing; that is the *puquincha*, with the flowers of which the women dye their llicllas and their petticoats yellow. Here is the *parsehuayta*, from which they obtain a violet colour; and there the *ayrampu*, which gives them a pink. That plant at the foot of the rock is a *marfil*, which cures fever; and that other further on is the *pilli*, which is good for a cough. Here is the *amancaës*, which the Spaniards call the "Lily of the Incas;"[1] and the *queratica*, called by them the "Saliva of Our Lady." See here, too, the *calahuala*, the *hualhua*, and the *huanchaca*, to say nothing of the *chichipa*, good for flavouring soups and broths, and the *sacharapacay*, which is a capital medicine for bile."

I dismounted to examine more closely the vegetable mummies which my guide called plants. In a few minutes I was able to recognize the family, the genera, and the species to which each of them had belonged; I say *had*, because these shapeless blossoms and discoloured petals no more resembled the brilliant flowers which I had admired than a corpse eaten by worms resembles the woman who has taken one's heart suddenly captive.

The sight of this vegetable charnel-house, where so many delicate, charming, perfumed beauties had rotted pell-mell, had sobered my usually buoyant humour. Gloomy visions passed and repassed before my mind's eye. After a moment's silence my guide remarked in a loud tone, that I seemed sad; "What is monsieur dreaming of?" he asked.

"I am dreaming," I replied, "of the brevity of existence and the nothingness of all things. Eight years ago, come St. Sylvester, I passed this spot for the first time. I was young, ardent, and enthusiastic; all nature seemed to smile upon me. The streams ran, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed as if to salute me on my journey.

[1] The botanists who have succeeded to Ruiz and Pavon, and the horticulturists who have simply followed their example, have given the name of "Lily of the Incas" to several varieties of Alstrœmeria, originally from Peru and Chili. They are wrong, however. The only Liliaceæ which the Peruvians call "Lily of the Incas," is, as we have before explained, the *Narcissus amancaës*.

Now in these same scenes she regards me with sullen looks. The streams have dwindled to a drop of water, the birds have taken flight, and the flowers with all their beautiful tints look like tinder. . . . *O gioventu, primavera della vita!*"

These philosophical reflections were such as one should politely hear and leave unanswered; but Nor Medina thought proper to reply—

"From all that monsieur has said, I only understand one thing: that he was journeying here in the summer time, when it is not surprising there should have been water, and birds, and flowers; while now that we are passing here in July,

QUIQUIJANA, THE "MOST FAITHFUL" CITY.

that is to say in winter, it ought not to astonish him that there is nothing of the kind."

I looked at my guide out of the corner of my eye. "After all," I said to myself, "this devil of a man has sense enough, and even exactness of observation: only, where are the reason and exactitude lodged?" From that hour Nor Medina grew considerably in my esteem. I did not, however, let him perceive that I set more value upon him, as this would have given him a too advantageous idea of himself, and by-and-by perhaps had caused him to sin by encouraging pride.

Sufficiently refreshed by the lunch we ate on the way, we passed through without stopping at the town of Quiquijana, called in the Peruvian charts the "Most Faithful." This Hispano-American fashion of honouring cities by prefixing some sounding epithet

to their names would not be in such bad taste were it not abused. If a village, for example, shows so much sympathy for some candidate to the presidency as to aid his pretensions by the secret gift of a thousand piastres, the place is sure to be recompensed with some such title as the *Faithful*, the *Heroic*, or the *Well-deserving*. The political existence of the successful candidate may be as short-lived as the roses; the village he has ennobled keeps the crown of the causeway nevertheless. This is the evil side of the custom. When in matters of caprice, of fashion, or of transient prepossession, the cause ceases, the effect ought to cease also—ask the fair sex of Peru if it be not so—and be it remembered, the nomination of a president never was anything but an affair of fashion.

Quiquijana, the "Most Faithful," is nothing but a jumble of houses, a little pretentious, a little the effect of accident. The roofs of five or six of them have bright red tiles; the others are modestly thatched. The landscape in which these houses are framed is picturesque enough, with its round-backed mountains and its fine contrasts of shade and light. Here and there are cultivated patches, orchards surrounded with walls higher than the apples, cherries, and quinces—the only fruit-trees found in the country—which enliven while they complete the physiognomy of the picture. The Huilcamayo[1] flows through the town and divides it into two parts, which are connected by a stone bridge built only a few years ago.

A detail which I had not noticed before, but with which I was struck on passing through Quiquijana on this occasion, is the breadth of the river-bed. Just now it was dry, and was more plentifully strewn with stones than the sky with stars. Of the proud river itself, so irrepressibly boisterous in the summer, there remained only a rippling stream, which ran noiselessly under the central arch of the bridge, laving with its crystalline water the pebbles of black porphyry. I pulled up to examine the matter more leisurely; the impression it made, and which returns at this moment, was one of astonishment bordering on incredulity. I asked myself how so small a river could swell into so vast a space and roll in its course such stones as I there saw. The ways of God are inscrutable!

The country situated to the north of Quiquijana is fertile and well cultivated. Lucerne, or Spanish trefoil, grows in the low bottoms; maize and wheat flourish on the slopes; potatoes occupy the plateaux; barley and the *Chenopodium Quinoa* grow in higher regions still. The whole landscape as far as Urcos, twelve miles distant, has the creditable and patriarchal look of a well-to-do farmer; there is nothing angular or violent in its contours, nothing sharp or decided in its blending shades. It is dull, calm, and satisfactory.

The road we were following is marked by soft undulations, stretches of sand alternating with pretty bits of fresh-looking sward and clumps of grasses which, in

[1] After leaving Quiquijana the Huilcamayo takes the name of the Rio de Quiquijana, which it retains as far as Urcos, where it assumes the name of that village. The last French traveller who passed through this country before the author's visit, made a mistake in calling this portion of the river the Urubamba, even at a distance of eighty miles from that town. It is awkward enough that the rivers of Peru should assume the names of the towns by which they flow, without receiving them so long in advance. But, in fact, before taking the name of the river of Urubamba, the Huilcamayo, after leaving Quiquijana, bears in succession six different names.

the eyes of the ants, may be virgin forests. The temperature, becoming milder as we advance, seems to invite the traveller to dismount, throw aside hat, coat, and shoes, and walk barefoot, smoking a cigar, on the tender grass of the roadside. Agreeably occupied by all that surrounds him he is insensible to fatigue, and forgets the length of the road he is traversing. Before he is aware of it, he finds himself at Urcos.

Urcos is the chief place in the province of Quispicanchi. It is a large village, built on an eminence, the houses of which leave much to be desired both in regard to their architectural appearance and their cleanliness. It is nevertheless distinguished for two remarkable possessions—its lagune and its valley. Its lagune, called the *Mohina*, spreads its waters at the bottom of the eminence on which the village is situated.

THE VILLAGE OF URCOS AND THE MOHINA LAGUNE.

The communication between it and the village is by a zigzag path traced out rather than excavated in the wall of the rock,—which on this side is perpendicular, and about 900 feet high.

The Mohina, half surrounded by high mountains, is about three miles in circuit. Its water is at once brackish and bitter. Its depth varies from 90 to 130 feet. Rushes, reeds, and here and there a few stunted shrubs, impart a look of verdure to its borders. A few water-fowl, consisting of red-teal, grebes, and *huananas*—large ducks with brown plumage—disport themselves on its surface. In the daytime, when the sky is serene, and the sleeping lagune wears a golden sheen in the sun's light, the effect is ravishing. At night, when all is calm, and the silver light of the moon is broken by dark shadows cast from the neighbouring mountains, it is more ravishing still.

There is a tradition, which the European traveller to whom it is recited never fails to interpolate in his narrative, that this lake contains the chain of gold which the twelfth Inca, Huayna Capac, caused to be made when the hair of his eldest son Inti-

Cusi Huallpa (*alias* Huascar) was first cut. This specimen of goldsmith's work, which one might suppose to be a simple neck-chain, was, on the contrary, of the size of a ship's cable, and 800 yards long. It served to encircle the great square of Cuzco during the *fêtes* of the equinox, *Raymi* and *Cittua*. On the arrival of the Spaniards, the Indians, it is reported, threw their colossal bit of jewelry into the lake to save it from the cupidity of the conquerors. They, however, heard of this artifice, and sent a detachment of pioneers to recover the treasure by emptying the lake. Canals were dug below the level of its bed. Forty Spaniards and two hundred Indians laboured at the work for three months. But whether it was that the lake was inexhaustible, or that the story of the chain was fabulous, the conquerors had only their labour for their pains. The traces which still remain of their canals have suggested to certain savans of the country, anxious to show their sagacity, that the Mohina was an artificial lake made by the Incas, and that its waters had been brought from a distance.[1]

The so-called valley of Urcos is a space of about 8000 square yards, surrounded with mountains, and rendered comparatively fertile by the mildness of the temperature and the neighbourhood of the river. Besides vegetable crops (*légumes*), they harvest maize and wheat. Apples, pears, and strawberries ripen, but do not become sweet, nor acquire any relish or smell. The people of the country, who are vegetarians and not hard to please, cheerfully accommodate themselves to the circumstances, but Europeans and inhabitants of the south cannot help making an ugly grimace when they bite these fruits.

To the taxidermist, the valley of Urcos has nothing to offer in the shape of birds, except the carrion-vulture (*Sarcoramphus urubu*), a subject little interesting, and unsavoury besides; a Conirostre, with black and white plumage, called by the Indians *choclopococho*,[2] which only makes its appearance when the wheat is ripe, and disappears when the harvest is gathered in; a species of tarin (the *Citrinella*); a crested sparrow; three varieties of turtle-doves; a blackbird with orange-coloured feet (*chihuanco*); and the swallow with a white rump that we have seen flying in the neighbourhood of Arequipa.

To the entomologist who is strong enough to lift or displace the great stones which are scattered over the country, the environs of Urcos offer a few *millepedes* (a species of centipede, of which the *Julus* is the type); some *crustacean isopods* (woodlice); some *Mygales* (mining-spiders); a few beetles of the *Carabidæ* and *Cicindelidæ* families (sparklers); to say nothing of those *hexapodal Apteræ* of the parasitic and sucking genera which, under the name of fleas, &c., lay their eggs indifferently in the thatch of the houses and the bodies of the indigenes.

If from the earth and the air we pass to the liquid element, as fine writers say, we shall not find in the waters of the Huilcamayo-Quiquijana more than two fishes, of the family of the *Siluridæ*, the *bagre* and the *suchi*, whose length does not exceed

[1] Such an explanation might have been admissible in a part of Peru where water was wanting to irrigate the lands. But the Huilcamayo flowed below the village of Urcos in the time of the Incas as in our days, and the immediate neighbourhood of that river rendered useless the creation of an artificial lake.

[2] Literally, the *precursor of the maize*, or *who announces the maturity of the maize:* from *sara-choclo* (spike of maize), and *poco-chanqui* (one who announces).

six inches. Sometimes an otter, with a skin as black as jet, timidly shows his nose between the rocks on either side of the river, but so rarely that the inhabitants of the country, partly on that account and partly from their mania for ennobling everything, have surnamed the animal the river-lion (*mayu-puma*). The flesh of this lion, according to tradition, is as delicate as that of the fishes on which it feeds. I say tradition, because out of more than a hundred individuals whom I have questioned about the mayu-puma, not one had tasted its flesh, but had heard his father speak of it, who probably got the information from his grandfather.

From the village of Urcos we descended towards that of Huaro by a gentle slope. The road is broad and conveniently smooth. On the right and left extend cultivated fields, interrupted now and then by great barren spaces. Cerros of a reddish hue, with bare summits and a clothing of verdure at their base, form the framework of this picture, which the people of the country qualify as *vistoso*—beautiful to behold.

Huaro is situated a little more than a mile (two kilos.) from Urcos, and on the left of the road. It is a fair-sized but dull village, far from well built. The mountains, very lofty here, and disposed in a semicircle, throw a grayish shadow over the locality, so that its gardens and orchards have the soft and undecided hues of an aqua-tint drawing, and consequently look rather strange. Besides this voluptuous half-light, which is peculiar to it, Huaro possesses a square plaza, a few houses built of stone, and many more mud ranchos. Its church, comparatively a large one, is remarkable for the weather-cock on one of its towers. Its material is a yellow copper; its spindle is triumphantly planted on a ball, which sparkles brilliantly in the sun, thanks to the weekly furbishing to which it is subjected by the bell-ringer. The organ of Huaro is renowned for its power and the number of its stops. It is even asserted by amateurs of the country, that it excels the organ of Yauri in the province of Canas.[1] I can give no opinion on the subject myself, not having heard either of them. They are rarely played, as there are but few organists in the country.

Huaro possesses two manufactories of *bayetas* and *bayetons*, coarse cloths, similar to the woollen stuff which French manufacturers technically call *tibaude*. Nothing more poverty-stricken can be imagined than the sheds where these tissues are made by work-people of both sexes; nor anything more primitive than their looms. The first consist of four ruinous-looking walls and a roof of thatch, where the industrious Arachne sets an example to artizans by weaving her nets to catch flies; the second are nothing more than crossed sticks tied together by simple threads.

The province of Quispicanchi, where learning is somewhat honoured, contains no fewer than seven schools; among which that of Huaro is the most celebrated. One might even with some reason call it the university of Quispicanchi, because it is the only school in that province where the scholars are taught, in addition to the fables of Yriarte and the Spanish grammar, to decline the substantives *homo, mulier*, and *cornu*, in the rudiments.

Beyond Huaro, the Quebrada of Cuzco becomes broader and broader. We

[1] It is to the Jesuits that the greater number of the cities of Peru, and some villages in the Sierra, are indebted for the remarkable organs we find in their churches.

travelled over a road, or rather a smooth and broad footpath, which Nature, the only road-maker in Peru, had kept in her best possible order, notwithstanding the frequency of the heavy rains and the displacements of earth which they occasioned. About nine miles of road separate Huaro from Andahuaylillas, a village which has nothing remarkable to show in the summer, except the pools of water and the marshes left by the rains of winter. This village, where the sub-prefect of Quispicanchi has his residence, instead of living, as he ought to do, at Urcos, the chief place of his province, is called a city in the official calendars. To those who feel astonished at the substitution of such a title, we must explain that it would be derogatory to the dignity of a sub-prefect to live in a village. From consideration for the rank of this functionary, therefore, the statisticians of the country have raised to the rank of a city the village in which he has chosen to reside, not from any love of the picturesque, but to look after a farm which he possesses there.

Andahuaylillas, situated at the base of the cerros on ground gently sloping to the south-east, enjoys at all times a sufficiently agreeable temperature. Maize, wheat, and green crops grow very well, and fruit-trees make a great show of flowers. As to the quality of their fruit, it is like that of all the orchards between Quiquijana and Cuzco; that is to say, the best of it is worthless. In vain the arborists of the country, enraged to see their produce so depreciated by strangers, prune, and dig, and remove the insects from the trees, with the view of obtaining better results. The Sun-god, to punish these indigenes for their apostasy, refuses to sweeten their apples and pears, and scarcely consents to give them a touch of colour. Such is, at least we believe so, the only way of accounting for the acidity of the fruits in the Quebrada of Cuzco.

The same statisticians who, out of consideration for a sub-prefect, have given the name of a city to the village of Andahuaylillas, have given the name of a valley to the arable lands which surround it. That valley, to preserve its fine-sounding title, changes its name three miles further on; and instead of the valley of Andahuaylillas, which it was, becomes the valley of Lucre. The traveller who, on the faith of a Peruvian calendar, should look for a valley among these patches of clover and corn, would be surprised to find nothing even approaching that character. The place is simply a farm-stead, around which are grouped, in beautiful disorder, pens for cattle and hovels for peasants. Here they grow with success maize, wheat, and green crops; and here they weave their *bayeta* and their *bayeton*, to the great disgust of Huaro, with whose industry, in so near a neighbourhood, it interferes a little. We regret very much that we have nothing more, and especially that we have nothing better, to say of the place.

To the valley of Lucre, which is adorned, without being improved in a sanitary sense, by a muddy little lake, succeeds on the right of the great road the village of Oropesa. Oropesa, dear to Ceres, is renowned sixty miles round for its cornfields, and its little loaves made with lard, with which, from time immemorial, it has every morning supplied the market of Cuzco. It is the Odessa of the Quebrada. The wheat of Oropesa is at once of superior quality and of a good yield.

Besides its reputation for wheat, Oropesa enjoys a title of honour. It figures in the Peruvian maps as "the Heroic." This title was given to it after an engagement which took place on the neighbouring heights some five-and-twenty years ago. Muse of the épopée, divine Clio, aid me to relate this feat of arms!—Two generals of the country contended for the presidential chair, each supported by a battalion of from five to six hundred men. The opposing forces, after having been in search of each other for a month, met one morning, ensign, colours, and music at their head, on the heights of Oropesa. The shock was terrible and the struggle fearful. "Flesh of wolf,

OROPESA, "THE HEROIC TOWN."

tooth of dog," says Father Mathieu. Not only did the soldiers of the two camps tear each other with rage, but the *rabonas*, savage *vivandières*, whom every foot-soldier has to follow him in the character of sweetheart, cook, and beast of burden, clawed at each other's hair, biting and scratching until their petticoats were reduced to a bundle of rags. In the heat of the engagement, and while the victory was in suspense, each of the pretenders, seized with a sudden panic, judging the battle to be lost and his cause hopeless, turned bridle and fled from the field, the one north, the other south, without any other escort than a faithful aide-de-camp with a remount.

While these warriors devoured space in their headlong flight, victory declared for one of the two armies, whose chief was instantly pursued by some of his officers to announce that he had gained the battle. The conqueror refused to believe the tidings, fearing to be taken in some snare; at length, however, he was sufficiently convinced to turn back, and seeing no signs of his competitor on the field, but the soldiers of the two armies peaceably playing at dice together, he yielded to the evidence of his senses. To perpetuate the memory of this feat of arms, the village of Oropesa received the title of the "Heroic Town," which it continues to bear at the present time. If I do not write in so many letters the names of the pretenders, as I have a perfect right to do,

since they belong to history and are in every Peruvian's mouth, it is because these pretenders have sufficiently expiated, in the obscurity of their present position, the pride of their ancient triumphs. They have both, like Cincinnatus, returned to the plough,—both cultivate, in a humble way, a few potatoes and beans. Let us respect their humility and their incognito.

When the traveller has seen at Oropesa its cornfields, its stunted misshapen trees, and its tiled and thatched houses; when he has looked up, on the right of the village, a ruin of fine pink-coloured sandstone, which dates from the time of the first

A SOLDIER OF THE SIERRA AND HIS RABONA OR VIVANDIÈRE.

Incas—a ruin which modern savants are obstinately bent on taking for the gate of an edifice, but which is nothing more than the arch of an aqueduct,—he may continue his journey. Oropesa is the frontier line which separates the province of Quispicanchi from that of Cuzco. After walking a few steps northward, we are in the province which the people in the time of the Incas held to be sacred. We tread on the classic ground of Inti-Churi, whom in everyday language we call the Sun.

As the Quebrada widened more and more—a certain sign that we were approaching Cuzco—Nor Medina became more and more chatty and communicative. His gaiety, for a long time restrained by the various incidents of the journey, the break-neck ground, the storms, the disagreeable lodgings, the annoyance of having to obey when he wished to command, and the uncertainty of knowing whether the mules which he had lent me would arrive safe and sound, set free by his deliverance from these apprehensions, asserted itself in a deluge of words, intermixed with bursts of laughter and merry conceits. I made a study of the man while listening to his chatter. Apart from his ticklish sensibility, and his insane idea that he was travelling for his own pleasure, and not for mine—a notion which I had always done my best to combat—there was no more honest or worthy creature than Nor Medina, and I never so thoroughly

appreciated his virtues and his faults than at the moment when I was about to part from him for ever. Since our departure from Oropesa his conversation had been quite poetical, referring to the pleasures of returning home, the joy of seeing again a beloved wife, of embracing the dear children, of shaking hands with friends, and of enjoying their company for an hour or two in the cabarets. Having neither wife nor children, possessing no friend in the country, and doubting the cabarets, both on account of the liquor they supply and the vermin that swarm in them, the little pleasures which Nor Medina passed before my eyes like the painted slides of a magic lantern, had but little interest for me, and I let him run on at his pleasure without hazarding a remark. Judging the matter pretty correctly, he turned the conversation on myself, telling me of the *tertulias* (evening-parties), the balls, banquets, and cavalcades which awaited me at Cuzco. When he had done enumerating the pleasures that the old City of the Sun had to offer to the visitor, I informed him that I did not calculate on remaining any longer at Cuzco than might be necessary to make some purchases and do up a few packages, but should at once leave, with a guide, for one of the three valleys of Lares, Occobamba, or Santa Ana, I did not yet know which; and that from thence I should push on into the interior of the country.

"Where then is monsieur going?" he asked, with an astonished air.

"Always forward!"

"One might go a long journey that way," he said, "only monsieur does not know that beyond the Cordillera he will find heathen—Chunchos we call them—and these savages will pierce him with arrows like St. Sebastian."

"Nonsense," I said; "I will win their hearts in the manner of Orpheus, and the bows and arrows will fall from their hands."

"*Valgame Dios!* and monsieur will do that?"

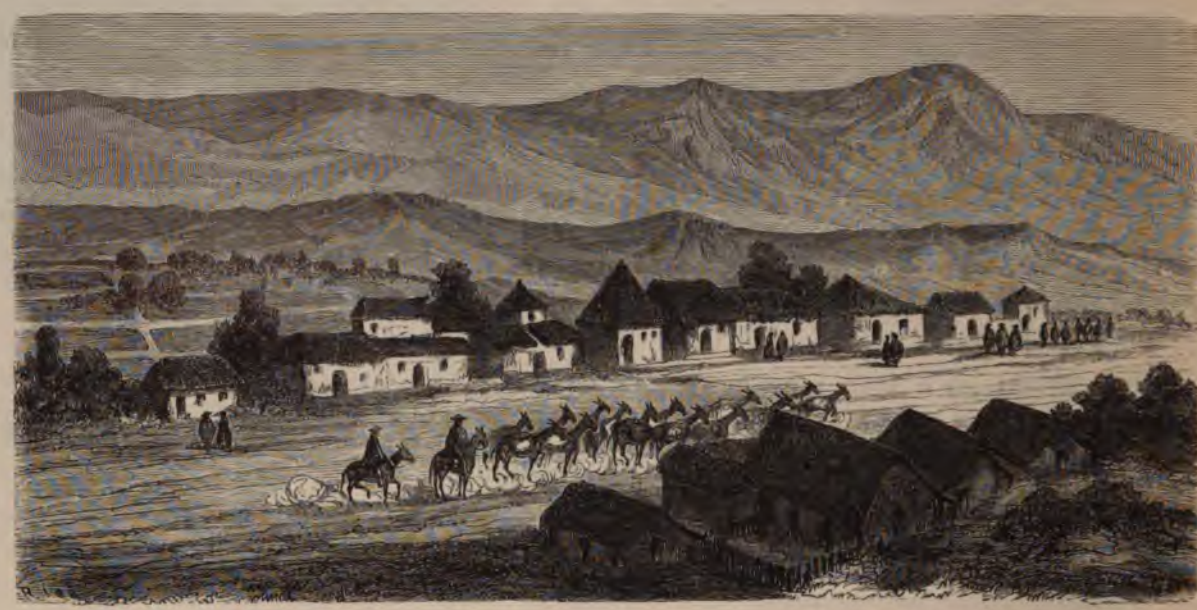
"I will do a little music. We know the savage is sensible to harmony, and to develop that sensibility to my profit, I will take care to buy at Cuzco, in the market of Baratillo, an accordion and a Jews'-harp."

Nor Medina looked at me, *du haut en bas,* with a singular air. Then, shaking his head:—

"Oh señor, señor," he said, in a grave and almost solemn tone, "it is not right to jest upon such a subject. I know well enough that the people of your nation make a joke of everything; but believe what a poor man says to you, who has not had the opportunity like you to read books. There are things that one ought to respect, under the penalty of provoking the wrath of God upon our heads."

As he ended speaking, the worthy *arriéro* passed from the left hand to the right the bridle of his mule, and making him wheel about, placed himself at a respectful distance from me, as was his custom when I said anything to shock his preconceived opinions, to avoid contact with me; in this way I followed his example in the line of honest and childlike simplicity by affecting unconsciousness of the fact. Besides, as our journey was drawing near its end, and our mutual relations would soon necessarily cease, a whim more or less was of no consequence. While I made these reflections we arrived at San Jeronimo.

San Jeronimo is a village of no importance. That which distinguishes it from most of the villages of the Sierra, is that, in place of presenting like them the figure of a parallellogram or a trapezium, the houses are arranged in a double line on each side of the Cuzco road. The air, the light, the openness which it enjoys, the fields of wheat, of maize, of beans, of lucerne, and of potatoes which surround it, render it, if not an absolutely pleasant abode, at least a tranquil, decent, and healthy one. As for specialities, the village contains nothing more remarkable than a third-class *pulperia*—a liquor and grocery store—five or six chicha or beer houses, and the blackened forge of a farrier, of which one might see the anvil as we pass by, but would never hear the



SAN JERONIMO, A VILLAGE IN THE QUEBRADA OF CUZCO.

hammer. Add to this, the disreputable looking paunch-bellied little boys, of the colour of *bistre,* playing about the doors, the starved-looking dogs lying about the road which take to biting either man or beast that disturbs their siesta, the fowls scratching among the bushes, the pigeons cooing upon the roofs,—and you will have an exact photograph of San Jeronimo.

Three or four miles of road separate San Jeronimo from San Sebastian, a village of the same family as the last. It is situated on the right of the main road, and presents to the eye a close and compact looking collection of grayish walls and red roofs. The Huatanay, a river which serves as the sewer of Cuzco, passes by San Sebastian and rolls the tribute of its stinking waters into the Huilcamayo-Quiquijana, between Huaro and Urcos. San Sebastian recommends itself to attention by its lofty church. it has two square towers crowned with cupolas, which appear all the higher from contrast with the lowness of the houses, for, as the reader knows, we speak of a giant among pigmies, or an oak among mushrooms. All the inhabitants of the locality, resembling those of the provinces Vascongadas, are hidalgos before birth, and accounted such when born. They all bear the primitive blazonry of the Incas, namely, *the*

Egyptian pylone (gate of a temple) *in an azure field surmounted by a cuntur* (condor) *with expanded wings.* If these prerogatives astonish any of my readers, let me inform them that the Indians—Cholos, Métis, and mixed breeds—who inhabit San Sebastian are all scions of the *Quispé, Mamani,* and *Condori,* three illustrious families, and the only ones in the country who have descended in a direct line from the Sun, by the emperor Manco-Capac and the empress Mama Occllo Huaco. As a conscientious narrator I must add that these historic families are a little fallen from their ancient splendour. In these days it is not rare to see a Quispé walking barefoot for want of shoes, and driving before him a flock of sheep; a Mamani selling cabbages, carrots, and other

SAN SEBASTIAN.

vegetables in the market of Cuzco; and a Condori giving his services as a water-carrier or a groom for the small sum of five francs a month. Such scenes are afflicting to remember! Happily for the unfortunate nobles whose origin and ancient grandeur we have here recalled, they are all, in some degree, philosophers. They console themselves by reflecting that Apollo-Phœbus, their divine ancestor, kept the flocks of Admetus; that a king of Babylon was reduced to eat grass, and a tyrant of Syracuse taught children to read. These illustrious examples of decadence enable them to put a good face on their precarious position. Besides, a liberal use of brandy, chicha, and coca assists to banish from their thoughts every painful idea relative to the past.

After leaving San Sebastian, the cerros which bound the horizon draw together, and form, as it were, a circular wall. Cuzco, which we are not yet able to descry, is situated at their base. In our progress northward we discover, like a landmark on the talus at the left of the road, a tree, whose rugged and creviced trunk, exposed roots, and meagre foliage, bear witness to extreme old age. It is of it that one might say, *Durando, secula vincit;* for the tree in question, if one may believe a local tradition, was planted by the Inca Capac Yupanqui, and dates from the middle of the thirteenth

century. This patriarchal vegetable belongs to the family of the Capparidaceæ. The people of the country call it the *Chachacumayoc*, "Tree of Farewells." Every one who leaves Cuzco is supposed to come in company with his relations, friends, and acquaintances to sit under the shadow of this tree to exchange adieus. They take care to provide themselves with eatables and drinkables, and to bring a guitar. They leave the city in good order. At the entrance of the plain, from which the Chachacumayoc

"FAREWELL-TREE" BETWEEN SAN SEBASTIAN AND CUZCO.

becomes visible, they stop, form a circle, and all drink a glass of brandy to the health of the symbolic tree. They do the same when they stand beneath its shadow. This fashion of drinking altogether in a circle, is called *doing the wheel* (*hacer-la-rueda*). After these two *wheels*, a tribute paid to old customs, they sit down hap-hazard, the provisions are taken out of the wallets, the decanters, jugs, and leathern bottles ranged in line of battle, and the action begins at once at every point. For half a day they eat, they drink, they laugh, they sing, they dance; and when the parting moment arrives they weep, and sob, and lament round the traveller, who for his part weeps, and sobs, and laments with them. In fine, they fill up a last cup, that of the *despedida*, or final adieu, and after having tenderly embraced their friend and called down upon his head the blessings of Heaven, they leave him, stupified with grief and perfectly drunk, to go where duty calls him. The band of relations, friends, and acquaintances

then take, untowardly, the road to Cuzco, to continue, for their own sakes, the festival commenced under the Farewell-tree for the sake of the traveller.

At the moment when we passed the Chachacumayoc, two Indians of the humbler class, a man and a woman, were in the act of exchanging tender adieus. Neither of them were drinking, but both appeared to have drunk more than usual. Our ill-timed appearance interrupted their *tête-à-tête;* the man, however, put a good face on the matter, and smiled as he raised his hat. The woman turned her back upon us, and looked down as if she were examining her petticoat.

Ten minutes afterwards we came—I say *we*, out of politeness and respect for the age of my guide, for the man uncivilly kept himself aloof and pretended not to regard anything I did—we came, I say, on the right of the road and on the flank of the cerros, to the convent of La Recoleta,[1] whose architectural mass, in the form of a long square, looked proudly down on the plain. Happy memories crowded on me at the sight of this edifice. How often, after my botanical excursions in the environs, I had rested in the shadow of its galleries, and amused myself by criticizing the attempts in polychrome which covered their walls under the title of frescoes! The prior, a fine old man of the colour of mahogany, whom I frequently encountered in my visits, and who each time had seen me smiling on his pictures, had conceived a friendship for me under the mistaken idea that my smile was the effect of admiration. Instead of undeceiving him in this respect, I chose rather to countenance his mistake, an innocent bit of deceit, to which I was indebted at various times for a bit of something dainty to eat, a glass of liquor to drink, and a cigarette to smoke. As the good father had then counted seventeen lustrums (eighty-five years), *he has probably flown joyous towards the eternal abodes—sedes æternas lætus advolavit,* as says the epitaph of Father Juan de Matta, his predecessor, engraved upon a marble slab in the chapel. I can only show my gratitude by a vain regret and a pious tear to his memory; but God I hope will repay the worthy prior in my name and in another world for the cakes and sweets I have eaten at his expense in this.

The friendship of the prior caused me to be treated with consideration by the monks. The deans of the chapter were pleased to question me about the manners and customs of France, which seemed to them as fabulous an empire as that of Cathay or the Grand Khan of Tartary once did to us. The gate-keeper, seated under the entrance porch, where from evening to morning he occupied himself in knitting stockings while keeping an eye on the wicket, never failed, on seeing me at a distance, to open the gate in advance, and plant himself on the threshold to wait my arrival. After the customary compliments he would beg a few cigarettes of me, and while I took a turn in the cloister he would carefully put to cool in a pail of water the plants I had collected. Sometimes on leaving I gratified him with a silver real to buy tobacco and brandy, two things for which he had a singular affection. Then he exhausted his eloquence in pouring eulogiums upon me, and, along with the warmest benedictions,

[1] This is the most modern of the convents of Cuzco. It was built in 1599 at the cost of a rich and charitable Spaniard, named Torribio de Bustamente, and his first prior was the reverend father Francisco de Valesco, *a native of the mountains of Burgos in Spain,* as his epitaph, written in the Latin of the country, informs us.

gave me the pompous title of "*Excellence.*" When, however, it happened that I had forgotten my purse or had no money, he forgot to bless me, and saluted me coldly and briefly as plain "*Señor.*"

As to the younger monks, I had so often surprised them in the neighbouring cabarets with a jug of chicha at their lips, or their gown tucked in their girdle and their hat doubled up ready to dance the forbidden *samacuecas* when the reverend fathers were taking a siesta, that they only smiled when they saw me, as at an old acquaintance. Regarding me as an amiable moralist, disposed, as much by nature as by conviction, to excuse human failings, they were not afraid of my knowing their little secrets. Honest fellows! Seeing them, at an age so inexperienced, such lovers of the bottle and the dance, how often I have said to myself, "What capital monks these little friars will one day make!"

The memories called up by the sight of the convent of La Recoleta sunk into oblivion again as its walls disappeared from view betwixt the hills. We were now passing a spot famous in the annals of the country for the revels of which it has been for a long time past, and still is, the scene. It is a green and almost circular space, with here and there a few small houses, a farm, or an orchard. At the further extremity, in a bluish distance, this space opens to a gorge formed by the cerros, whose rounded backs, rising one behind another, resemble an immense ladder which reaches from the earth to the heavens. The inhabitants call it the *Corridor-du-Ciel,* no doubt by way of antiphrasis, for if this pretended ladder leads anywhere it is to hell. A site which nature seems to have formed for the idyllic intercourse of some local Tityrus and Melibœus, has been transformed by man into a sort of tilting ground or bacchic arena, to which both sexes of Cuzco resort, bottle in hand, and defy each other to drink the hardest and dance the best to the sweet sounds of the guitar. It would need the inspiration of a Homer to record the assaults of arms which during two centuries the citizens of Cuzco have delivered in this place, and the number of the dead, the dying, and the wounded that have been left on the battle-field.

After passing the *Corridor-du-Ciel,* we came to a wild and barren-looking spot on the right of the road, called the "Devil's Pulpit" (*Chaire-du-Diable*). The property of his satanic majesty consists of a mass of rock standing alone in the foreground of two cerros which are united at their base, and in the smooth and almost perpendicular sides of which there are square openings from which the Indians in the time of the Incas had quarried stones. These black-looking holes at an elevation of some thirty feet from the soil, and without a road or path of any kind leading to them, look like empty eye-balls with which the mountain glares on the passers-by.

A short distance from the sites just described, two curiosities of a different kind attract attention at the same time. On the right is a quarry of porphyritic sandstone, from which the same Indians who made the before-mentioned excavations had taken those enormous blocks, which are still regarded with astonishment. Only, after extracting the stone, instead of leaving a gaping orifice encumbered with fragments, as our quarrymen are accustomed to do, the Quichuas had cut out a beautiful monolithic chamber some thirty feet square, with a ceiling panelled in relief, and

three divans along the three sides, upon which one might recline to take a siesta, or sit down to await the end of a shower.

On closely examining this *work of the pagans*, as the fools of the country stupidly call every monument which dates anterior to the Spanish conquest, one hardly knows whether to admire more the metallic hardness of the material or the perfection of the work. These walls, this ceiling, these seats, so hard that it would be difficult to scratch them with the point of a knife, look as if they had been wrought and polished by a quarryman who was at the same time a skilled mason. I doubt if a modern cabinetmaker would be able to polish more perfectly an article of furniture in rosewood or mahogany.

On the other side of the road, as if to parody this monolithic chamber, there stands in the midst of a copse of *alerces* and *capulis* (the alders and cherry-trees of the country), a thatched hut, with mud-built walls. The sign of salvation is placed on its summit, and two *nucchos* (*Salvia splendens peruviana*), with seagreen leaves and brilliant purple flowers, entwine their branches over its arched entrance. This hut is the *beaterio* or béguinage of the Recoleta. It is the last isolated point in the environs of Cuzco. Beyond it the farms, the chacharas, and the orchards increase in number, and occur closer together, until their surrounding walls unite to form a narrow and winding street, called the Faubourg of Recoleta. The bed of a torrent, nearly always dry, and strewn with stones, runs through this sordid quarter, in which are some twenty beer-shops to satisfy the craving of the Hispano-Peruvian people for drink.

Here and there, where we had to ascend and redescend heaps of alluvial débris, the edifices of Cuzco came into view. Pleased with the anticipation of the substantial repast which awaited me, and the good old Spanish bed, painted white, sprinkled with red tulips, in which I should stretch myself after leaving the table, I mused—what other resource has the traveller on the back of a mule except to muse?—on the poetical exaggeration in which official travellers indulge when approaching Cuzco. Some of the highflown apostrophes of these gentlemen were naturally recalled to mind by the sight of the places which had inspired them,—

"Hail, classic land of the Incas, cradle of an ever-expanding civilization!" is the exclamation of one.

"Behold, then, this capital of a powerful empire, conquered by Pizarro, whose advanced civilization and incredible wealth have struck the world with admiration!" exclaims another.

I know not if this enthusiasm of the traveller, which I merely remark upon as a physiological characteristic, was shared in by our mules, but as we approached the holy city they got quite excited, and dashed forward with almost supernatural vigour. Like Mercury, they seemed to be furnished with wings in every limb. No difficulty of the road embarrassed them. Holes, wheel-ruts, blocks of stone, up-hill or down-hill, were all the same to them. To see how they got over the ground, their ears bent, their nostrils expanded, their legs stretched to the utmost, one could hardly have believed they had come a hundred miles across the Andes. Going at this rate we soon reached the *Cueva-honda* (deep grotto), the continuation of a stony ravine by which the springs

of the Sapi roll their waters into the plain. From this relatively high point the edifices and roofs of Cuzco came into full view. Alas for enthusiasm! A heavy and compact mass of stones and tiles; little or no details; confused contours; local colour, reddish; light, dull and diffused; positively this is all that the old city of Manco-Capac, revised, corrected, and augmented, but little embellished, by Francisco Pizarro, presents to the eye of the artist.

In the measure that we leave Cueva-honda behind us, the panorama of the city becomes, if not more bright and cheerful, at least more clearly defined. Domes and steeples detach themselves from the mass of house-tops, while white-washed walls contrast here and there with the dirty-red ground of the cerros and ancient buildings. Soon we come to a point where the so-called Faubourg of Recoleta is intersected, on the right by the escarpment of San Blas, one of the eight faubourgs of Cuzco,[1] and on the left by a narrow passage bounded by walls of cyclopean structure. This passage is the Calle del Triúnfo. The mules, more excited still on scenting the fodder and the stable that awaited them, lower their heads and gallop still faster. In three minutes, without the least preparation for the sudden change, the traveller finds himself landed in the great square of Cuzco in front of the cathedral.

As we were emerging from the gloom which always overshadows this street of "Triumph," whose long unlovely walls seemed to absorb the light, Nor Medina, who had proceeded a little in advance of me, pulled up his mule to ask at what tampu of the city I meant to lodge.

"I will lodge alone," I replied.

"Where alone, if monsieur pleases?"

"Galerie du Vieux-Linge, 17."

We crossed the great square diagonally, and dismounted at the house I had indicated. Nor Medina fastened the mules to one of the columns of trachytic sandstone which border the three sides of the Plaza called respectively the galeries *du Pain, des Confitures,* and *du Vieux-Linge.* After having unsaddled my mule and brought me the equipment,[2] he waited, hat in hand, to be paid. As I added to the price agreed upon a few reals for *llapa* (drink-money), this generosity, which he had not expected, dispersed the cloud from his brow and touched his heart.

"If I might venture to speak to monsieur!" he said, after having counted the money and put it into a ratskin-purse which he carried suspended from his neck like a relic.

"At your pleasure, Nor Medina."

"Well, monsieur, I would have you reflect again before doing what you have told me; it is not only an imprudence but a sin. The Chunchos are miscreants and heretics, and the holy religion of Jesus Christ forbids us to have any intercourse with them."

[1] According to the statisticians of the country, we ought to say *ten*, because they consider the villages of San Sebastian and San Jeronimo suburbs of Cuzco, although they are separated from the city by a plain of about seven miles square.

[2] In a journey on the coast, or in the Sierra, where it is the regular custom to use hired mules, the harness is always supplied by the traveller and never by the muleteer who lets out the beast.

"Is that all you have to say to me?"

"That is all, monsieur."

"Well, good day, *mon ami,* and God see you safe home again. My compliments to your wife when you get back to Arequipa."

The arriéro retired, shrugging his shoulders; and I have nothing more to say of him.

After a hearty meal, I took possession of my bed, and slept till the next day. There is a saying that night brings counsel. On awaking in the morning I was able to judge of the value of this proverb. Before going to sleep I had debated with myself what valley I should select for the beginning of my enterprise, but had come to no decision. On awaking, though I could not explain to myself the secret working of my mind, I found, in fact, that my choice was made, and that it had fallen upon the valley of Occobamba, which geographers have neglected to mark in their maps, but which nature has placed between the two valleys of Lares and Santa Ana.

During the forty-eight hours that I stayed at Cuzco, I spent the day in purchasing various articles intended to conciliate the savages I might find *en route.* In the evening, in place of accepting the invitation to a *cacharpari,* or farewell-festival, I shut myself up alone, leaving my acquaintances astonished and even a little indignant at my disregard of local customs. But it was my duty to give the reader some account of the unknown city to which I have brought him *en croupe,* and from whence we shall very soon depart together. Instead, then, of passing these two nights in drinking brandy with the men and fooling with the women, as each would have had me to do, and as etiquette would have required, I employed them in penning the following notes. If the reader can find nothing in them to praise, he ought at least to know how willingly I sacrificed, for his sake, the pleasures of all kinds which a *cacharpari* at Cuzco promised.

The city of Cuzco was founded in the middle of the eleventh century by Manco-Capac, the founder of the dynasty of the Incas. The advent of this legislator in the punas of Collao is enshrined in a mysterious legend, which the Spanish historiographers have amused themselves by reproducing in a variety of ways. We will dismiss from our notice what is marvellous in their recitals, and confine ourselves as nearly as possible to the unadorned truth. Instead of making Manco-Capac and his companion Mama Ocllo emerge like marine gods from the Lake of Titicaca, or of taking them like owls from a hole in the cerros of Paucartampu, we shall see in them merely the last remnant of those travelling colonists who, descending in ancient times from the Asiatic plateaux, their primitive cradle, spread themselves over every part of the ancient world.

If it is next to impossible in the present state of our knowledge to fix the precise date of the first displacement of that migratory civilization, and the length of time which it halted in various places before reaching the American continent, we have at least as a witness of its origin, its point of departure, and the route which it must have followed, the type of its indigenous representatives. Their manners, their laws, their religious institutions, their system of chronology, their cosmogonies, and their architecture, are all extant.

It is probable that the first communications between Asia and America took place by Behring's Straits, these now distinct portions of the globe being then united by an isthmus. The deep indentations of the Asiatic continent, the gulfs and inland seas of its eastern part, the groups of islands which have been separated violently from the continental mass, or elevated by the active force of volcanoes situated along the faults or crevasses with which the globe is furrowed, all presuppose a vast primitive area, of which the orographic configuration and the climatological constitution have undergone sensible modifications. The north-north-west part of Asia, without high mountains, battered on two sides by the Polar Sea and the great ocean, must have yielded to their double influence, unless, being fractured at the time of the general or partial elevation of the secondary chains of the eastern and western continents, it had been covered by the flowing down of the higher waters into a basin of lower level. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt there was originally a means of communication between Eastern Asia and the north of America, for it is from that side, and not by way of Iceland, Greenland, and the southern parts of the United States, as some have suggested, that one can hope to come upon traces of the first civilized settlements and the introduction of new ideas.

The anthropological study of the American population, all whose varieties may be traced to two fixed and primordial types—the indigenous type, which we will without scruple call the Mongolo-American, and the Irano-Aryan type—naturally raises the following question: Is the American race autochthonous, or must we regard it as a race of emigrants from the Asiatic stock? Without prejudging this question, which we merely state incidentally, leaving to others the trouble of solving the problem, we would, at the same time, remark, that if the American race is really autochthonous, as held by Morton, Pritchard, Robertson, and Blumenbach, its singular analogy with the Mongol race is inexplicable; whereas, if its presence on the new continent results from a displacement of the Asiatic hordes, its perfect resemblance to them, with which one has reason to be astonished, is naturally accounted for.

Of the two aforesaid types, the indigenous or Mongolo-American, however we please to name it, is that which predominates in the two Americas, and characterizes the greater part of their population. Nevertheless, one can only recognize in it the colonizing or swarming element. The civilizing element is represented by the Irano-Aryan race, the type of which still endures, if not in its original purity, yet so distinctly marked that it cannot be mistaken. This type is that of the first nations who established themselves in New Spain, from whence they passed into Canada, Louisiana, the Floridas, and Yucatan, and penetrated into the southern hemisphere by the plains of Popayan and Guiana. The sculptures of the Tlascaltecs, the Chichimecs and the Toltecs, and the hieroglyphic paintings of the Aztec manuscripts, have faithfully transmitted to us this type, which we still find among some of the nomad tribes of North America; and in South America among the Aymaras, the Quichuas, and a great number of Antis and Chontaquiros, savage tribes which live upon the left bank of the Quillabamba-Santa-Ana, east of the Andes.

Although at first sight it may seem surprising to discover, in the heart of America,

GENERAL VIEW OF CUZCO, FROM ISCAYPAMPA (PLAIN OF THE THORN).

the types, the institutions, and the monuments of the ancient peoples of Asia, this will no longer appear extraordinary if we examine the various territories occupied by these peoples on the flanks of the great mountain chains commanding the surrounding countries, north, south, east, and west, and so allied to one another as to form a compact and homogeneous whole; those of Zend to the ancient free states of India—*the country of peoples without kings;* these again to Brahmavarta and to Aryavarta—*countries of Brahma and the Aryan nobles;* these latter, touching on Madhya-Desa, from the centre of which territory and beyond it there spread the primitive non-Aryan population;—all these were able to communicate, by the provinces of Persia, with Chaldea and Egypt, by the provinces of Thibet with Transgangetic India (Burmah, Siam, &c.), and with the northern countries of Asia. It would be impossible to conceive of a geographical position more naturally adapted to facilitate the outflow of a teeming population. These plateaux of Iran, of Zend, and of Arya may be compared, as anthropological reservoirs, to lakes in alpine regions, the water of which may remain for a long time immovable, until a sudden flood causes it to overflow its bed, when it drains away through a thousand channels.

There is historical testimony to confirm the establishment of the Hindoos, at a very remote period, in countries situated to the east of their territory We discover them traversing with the north-east monsoon[1] the Gulf of Oman, and establishing themselves in the southern part of Arabia and the island of Socotora, for the purpose of trading in gold with the Egyptians. We find no mention, on the contrary, of establishments founded by them in the countries of Northern Asia. It is true that nothing on this side attracted their attention or excited their commercial instincts. Ever since the migration, at an unknown period, contemporary perhaps with the earliest ages of the world, which conducted the Misraites (Children of the Sun) from the heart of Asia into the valley of the Nile, Egypt had remained in possession of the traditions and ideas of the race; she was the centre of intellectual culture, and the commercial entrepôt of the known world; her preponderance over the neighbouring countries was solidly established, and the eyes of all nations were attracted to her by the light she radiated. It is not then by any of the needs of civilization, or commerce, or even of territorial aggrandizement, that one can reasonably account for the displacement of the Aryan populations towards the northern parts of Asia. Neither had any religious schism, or any systematic persecution, of which history makes mention,[2] moved them to abandon their primitive home. In the absence of all historic certainty which might throw some light upon the causes of that displacement, one may nevertheless reasonably imagine that the pressure exercised upon these populations by the first conquests of the Pharaohs of Thebes,[3] earlier by nine centuries than those of Rameses the Great—conquests limited at first to the shores of the Indus, but which finally extended beyond those of

[1] In the Malayan tongue, *mussim;* that of the north-east is called the mussim of Malabar, that of the south-west the mussim of Aden. Arabian navigators called it the *maussim*, and the Greeks *hippalos.*

[2] The establishment of Buddhism in India can hardly have taken place more than six centuries before our era. As to the persecutions which it suffered from the Brahmins—persecutions which determined the priests of Buddha and their followers to emigrate towards the north of Asia—historians assign for their date the early years of the Christian era.

[3] About 2200 years B.C.

the Ganges, and which were subsequently completed by the Greek invasion which brought the civilization of the Hellenes and that of the Hindoos face to face—we may reasonably suppose, I say, that these grave events which changed the face of the world, would exercise a powerful influence on the spirit of the Aryan populations, and determine with them those migrations which astonish us, and which we cannot otherwise explain.

In abandoning their birth-place in the Asiatic plateaux, these populations carried with them the idea of a primitive worship, their cosmogonies, their cycles of regeneration, their manners, their arts, their industry, and their language. But the new regions which they traversed; the halts, ages in duration, which they made in divers places; their immediate contact with other peoples, and the mixture of races which must have ensued; in fine, the influences of climates, and the places where they dwelt, upon their constitution,—all these demoralizing causes, if they did not efface among them the pure ideal of the past, must have sensibly altered its form. Borrowing from those among whom they sojourned some formulæ of language and of new ideas, they also left behind them something of their own. Hence the analogies and differences which we are constantly discovering in the language and the manners of the peoples descended from them.

If the worship of Mizraim (the Sun) and that of fire were known from the beginning to the American nations, the same may be said of the system of cosmogony, divided into four great epochs, which represented the human race destroyed by some cataclysm and peopling the earth anew. This system, originally established in Egypt, India, and China, had probably been transmitted by the Asiatic peoples to the Olmecs, the Xicalanqui, the Zacatecs, the Tarascos, the Quitlatecs, and the Otomis, the first civilized nations which established themselves in New Spain. From them the same idea was diffused more lately among the Nahuas, the Cicimecs or Chichimecs, the Acolhuas, the Tlascaltecs, the Toltecs, and the Aztecs, the last group of the Indo-Mexican nations. These four chronological divisions, of which Gomara de los Rios, Fernando de Alva, Gama, and Clavigero have spoken in turn, and which they designate as the *age of giants*, the *age of fire*, the *age of air*, and the *age of water*, embrace, according to these authors, a period of 18,028 years,[1] that is to say, 23,972 years[2] less than the prehistoric period of Egypt according to her priests, and 6020 more than the Persian ages of the *Zend-avesta* (*Boun-Dehesch*).

This astrological fiction, translated into a system of cosmogony and imported into North America by the Asiatic immigrants, spread also into South America, among the

[1] In Hesiod's *Theogony*, also, 18,028 years are assigned to the four ages of the world, which are related to four great revolutions of the elements.

[2] The Egyptian priests assigned to the prehistoric existence of their nation myriads of years, during which they were supposed to be governed by gods and demi-gods or heroes. The period of the gods was fixed by some at 42,000 years, of which 12,000 were assigned to the reign of Vulcan (Phtah) and 30,000 to the Sun. To this first epoch succeeded the rule of the demi-gods, from which the Greeks derived their twelve chief gods. According to Herodotus the hierophantes of Thebes and Memphis calculated that Egypt had then existed 11,314 years. It is clearly impossible to establish a system on data so contradictory and so evidently fabulous.

If, however, the early ages of Egypt present us with chronological problems which are almost insoluble, this is not the case with its historic period, which Manetho's "Dynasties" have been able to fix at 3893 years before the Christian era. This period comprises 113 generations, and 331 reigns from the time of Menes.

nations whose establishment there was long anterior to that of the Incas. Only, in place of being applied by them to four climacteric epochs of humanity, it served to designate four families of individuals. Thus the civilization of Tiahuanacu and of the Collahuina, Aymara, and Quichua populations, asserted to be contemporary with the deluge, had for its founder an unknown man who divided the world (Peru) into four parts, and charged four individuals with their government. The first of these personages was named *Manco*, the second *Colla*, the third *Tocay*, the fourth *Pinahuay*. A mythical legend of similar import existed among the Poque nation, who lived to the east of Cuzco, and among the nations of the north, the *Mayus*, the *Cancus*, and the *Rimactampus*. According to them, four men and four women, in the beginning of the world, came out of a cavern situated in the district of Paucartampu. The first of these men was *Manco-Capac*, the second *Ayar-Cachi*, the third *Ayar-Uchu*, the fourth *Ayar-Sauca*. From the agreement of the first name in the two legends, local traditions, and the historiographers of the Conquest, have transmitted to us the name of the first Inca; but as they have made no mention of the three others, we may fairly infer that all four names apply to four historical epochs, or serve to designate four dynasties, of which one only, that of the Incas, counted, according to Juan Astopilco and Torquemada, some threescore sovereigns anterior to the dynasty we know.[1]

Some of the learned have tried to refer the foundation of the empire of the Incas to the last displacement of the Toltecs, who had abandoned Mexico to pass into South America. Unhappily for the system of these savants, historians have traced the itinerary of the Toltecs since the year 544 of our era—some say 596—according to which, coming from Tlapallan into the country of Anahuac, they inhabited successively, during a period of 124 years according to the one, or 145 years according to the other, the countries of Tollantzinco and Tulan. A dreadful pestilence, in which we recognize the small-pox, which has caused, and still causes, great destruction among the populations on both sides of the Andes, finally drove the Toltecs from the country of Anahuac. It is from this period (1051) that their migrations tend towards the south, but after this epoch, also, they disappear mysteriously from history. Whether it was that they perished, obscurely, of sickness, poverty, and hunger[2] in the regions of Yucatan and Guatemala, where they had sought an asylum; or whether, surprised in their march by the Aztecs, who, coming from Aztlan, opened themselves a road southward by way of Tlalixco, Tulan, Tzampanco, and Chapoltepec, they were completely lost in the superiority of the more powerful nation But at the period of these displacements (1051) the empire of the Incas was already constituted.

A fact not less conclusive than the preceding, is the use of the hieroglyphic alphabet, which was common not only to the Toltecs and Aztecs, but to all the peoples who preceded them in New Spain, while it was always unknown to the Incas. Certainly the Toltecs, in migrating south, had not failed to introduce their

[1] It is this dynasty which, according to Garcilaso, Pedro de Cieça, Blas Valera, Zarate, and others, comprises thirteen sovereigns from Manco to Huascar inclusive, whose reigns, from A.D. 1042 to 1532, embrace a period of 490 years.

[2] The material difficulties of existence could not have been less in the case of these wandering peoples than they are now for most of the savage races of America, that is, the object of a constant pre-occupation, and the end of a thousand expedients.

method of picture-writing (*escritura pintada*, as Gomara says), which their forefathers derived from the oriental peoples.

The use of hieroglyphics among the Mexican nations appears to have been posterior to their establishment in New Spain. Before the introduction of symbolic characters these nations used the *quipus*, or skein of variously coloured wools, which we find again among the Canadian tribes, and the use of which in China ascends to very remote times. After the introduction among them of symbolic characters, the Mexican nations continued to use the quipus as a means of traditional numeration. More recently, after the extinction of these peoples, we find again in the southern continent, among the Puruays of Lican and the Incas of Cuzco, the same quipus, but not the hieroglyphic characters. Is it not then reasonable to believe that the Mexican nations having parted company at a very early period, either in consequence of the rivalry of caste or from religious differences, or, what is more probable, from the insufficiency of resources in a territory that was too thickly populated;[1] and one of the divided parts, continuing to dwell in New Spain, remained, if not in contact, at least in communication, with Asiatic civilization, and was able to feel foreign influences; whilst the other, passing into South America, and wandering farther and farther from their ancestral homes, retained nothing of the past but fundamental ideas and rudimentary forms, or if at a later period some impression of new ideas which had regenerated the ancient world recurred to them, it was only as a vague and confused perception, like the echo of a noise but faintly heard in the distance.

The more one studies the type, the manners, and monuments of the Mexican races, the more we are struck by their intimate connection with those of the Indo-Egyptian nations. The portrait which tradition has left us of the chiefs who led them in their migrations, or of the legislators who gave them laws, recalls at once the *rot-enne-rôme* type of the Egyptian race and the *namou* type of the Irano-Aryan race, according to the division into four parts of the world represented in the ancient Egyptian system. The Spanish historiographers of the Conquest, following their genius for amplification, have seen in these personages with yellow or brown skin and a long beard, bearded men with *a white skin*. The first legislator of the Aztecs, Quezalcoalt, whom some have made grand-priest of Cholula, and others the god of the air, was one of these *bearded whites*. In South America, Bochica, the founder of the civilization of Cundinamarca, was likewise a white man with a long beard. The ancient Mexican sculptures of Tenochtitlan and Culhuacan, as well as those of Tiahuanacu in Higher Peru, represent bearded personages clothed in flowing garments whose appearance agrees with that of the oriental peoples. The carboniferous sandstone or the porphyroid trachyte in which they are sculptured does not permit us to decide whether their skin is a brownish-red like that of the Egyptians, a yellow-brown like that of the Asiatics, or a white like that of the *Tamou*, the European or Indo-Germanic race of which the Spanish historiographers have made choice probably from regard for

[1] The break-up of the great *Mirahña* nation, which occurred little more than half a century ago, had no other cause than the failure of the game and fish in the territory, some ninety miles square, which they had occupied during the previous century in the basin of the Amazon, between the Japura and the Rio Negro.

themselves, but whom the ancient Egyptian system places below the *Nahari*, or negroes, whom it treats as the last, and least appreciable, of the series.

After the historiographers come the commentators, who have seen in these white and bearded men ancient Erse or Irish who came by sea to North America. Their long and flowing robes, represented in Mexican sculpture, have been transformed into the albs and surplices of priests or missionaries,[1] come to instruct the peoples of Virginia and Carolina in the faith. There can be no doubt that white men had visited at an early period the southern part of America, comprised between Virginia and Florida, since in the twelfth century we see the Normans already established in their settlements between Boston and New York. The Danish archæologist Carl Rafn, in his *Antiquitates Americanæ* (1837), speaks of explorations attempted in North America since the tenth century of our era by the colonists of Iceland and Greenland. But whatever be the value of these various statements, and the date (1005) assigned to the discovery of North America by Leif Ericson, a discovery which some have endeavoured to make coincident with the appearance of the first Inca (1040–1042), there is nothing in the worship, the manners, the institutions, and the monuments of the Mexico-Peruvian nations which would suggest the idea of a civilizing influence exercised by the nations of the north of Europe, who were still plunged in the darkness of barbarism at a period when American civilization, which already counted many centuries of existence, still diffused its light.

It would be irrational, then, to seek elsewhere than in Asiatic regions for the source of the great civilizing currents by which America was first fertilized; but at the same time it would be quite as unwise to assume that these currents have flowed over the new continent at one epoch only, and in equal volume. Everything conspires to prove, on the contrary, that American civilization has been arrested at various times by long periods of torpor and numbness, when, thrown back upon itself, it has remained stationary, until a new impulse was given to it by the mother country, whose most active representatives were then the Phœnician, Etruscan, and Arabian navigators. Had it been otherwise we should have found among all the descendants of the first Asiatic colonists the exact formulæ of one and the same faith, the same manners, and the same architecture. But the fact is, that if, among the nations of New Spain and those of the southern continent, we find the idea of worship fundamentally the same—appearing among some of them under an abstract figure, among others in the concrete form—if also the general traits in the category of morals are common to the two groups of nations, proving their community of origin and their common point of departure—there exists at the same time such decided differences as to separate the one from the other hierarchically, and to establish the supremacy of the former over the latter. That supremacy has no other cause than the division which took place at a very early period, and which, as we have before observed, left the predominant race in communication with the ideas which continued to flow in from the south of

[1] These Irish colonists, on their return from Virginia and Carolina, established themselves in the south-east part of Iceland, at Papyli, and in the little island Papar, where, after they had left, the Normans found bells, croziers, books, and other things used in worship. Hence they were supposed to have been called *Papar*, *papæ* (fathers), *clergy*, in the work of Dicuil, a monk who wrote in the ninth century, *De Mensura Orbis Terræ*.

Asia; whilst the subject races, by their farther and farther removal from the point of influx, ceased to feel the influence, or felt it but feebly.

We see, in fact, after the separation of the two groups of peoples on the plateaux of higher Mexico, the first constituting themselves the guardians and depositaries of the past tradition, the religious myths, and the cosmogonical ideas of India and Egypt. Their physique, their colour, their hair soft and tressed, their garments white or variegated with brilliant colours—all about them recalls the *namou* and *rot-enne-rôme* races, and the double branch (Semitic and Japhetic) from which they sprang. The pontiff chiefs who governed these peoples and ruled their worship, the king-legislators who gave them their laws, are men with long beards and flowing garments, who seem to continue in America the theocratic and warrior castes of the Orient. Ages have passed away since the departure of these peoples from the regions which gave them birth. Established on a new continent, they continue to receive from that old Asia —their *alma mater*—the germs of a progressive civilization. Hieroglyphic writing is naturalized amongst them. The use of the papyrus (*maguey*) is introduced. Their architecture, which had been confined to copying from memory the massive primitive structures of India and Upper Egypt, develops a new phase. While continuing, in their temples, palaces, and monuments, the hieratic and unchangeable forms of the ancient edifices, that architecture, inspired anew by art, covers their walls with an elegant and complicated ornamentation, in which we recognize the delicate fancies of the Greek style of the Macedonian epoch. The monuments of Teotihuacan in the state of Mexico, those of Culhuacan, of Guatusco, and of Papantla in the state of Chiapa, the temple of Chichen-Itza in Yucatan, have descended to us as magnificent specimens of American art at different epochs.

Under the dynasty of the Aztec emperors American civilization attained its apogee. Ceremonies of worship, spectacular splendours, sumptuary laws, all seem to have renewed that insensate luxury of the Persian satrapies to which Hernando Cortez went to put an end, as Alexander the Great, nineteen centuries before him, had done in regard to the provinces of Media, Babylonia, and Persia.

If from the first group of peoples we pass to the second, we shall see them after their separation from the primitive swarm, and their introduction to the southern continent, traversing the wooded regions of Venezuela and Guiana, leaving upon the rocks of Orinoco and of Cassiquiare, on the shores of the Rio Cauca, one might say, a sculptured attestation of their passage. Among these travelling hordes there were some who halted for several centuries on the plateaux of Bogota; others found their rest under the equator, and founded in the country of Lican the dynasty of the Conchocandos; others again continued their course as far as to the Lake of Chucuytu, and covered the neighbourhood of Tiahuanacu with temples and monuments. Let us remark, incidentally, that in the measure that these peoples wandered away from the seat of intellectual culture in New Spain, the pure ideal of the past wore out, and became more and more obscured among them. Left to their own resources, having no communication with the rest of the world, deprived by their distance of all civilizing influences, they gradually fell into a state of relative decadence, so that while in the

northern hemisphere the architectural art took from age to age a new flight, it dwindled in the southern hemisphere until it returned to the feebleness of infancy.

To speak here only of the teocalli, that symbolic edifice which is allied at once to the pyramids of Ghizeh, the temple of Bel, and the pagoda of Chalembron, having the threefold utility of a tomb, an observatory, and an altar given to it by the first nations of Upper Mexico. This teocalli is already, in Canada and Florida, only a tumulus, more or less elevated, which covers the remains of the chief warriors of the tribe. Among the nations south of the equator it is transformed into a mound of earth,

PUCARA OR FORTRESS OF THE PERIOD OF THE INCAS.

rounded at the summit, an involuntary return towards the past, to which, however, we can assign no rational purpose. Such is the artificial hill of Tiahuanacu.

After a lapse of time, of which we cannot give an exact idea, the teocalli reappears under the dynasty of the Incas. During the greater part of this period it is an isolated mamelon, of a conical or rounded figure, but the work of nature, and no longer of man, except in so far as he perfects it by forming two or three retreating stages, or steps, with broken stones piled one upon the other. The teocalli, thus disposed, supports a *pucara* (fortress); sometimes its layers of stone, plastered with mud instead of cement, are transformed into sustaining walls, intended to prevent the slipping down of the sands, in which case it bears the name of a *chimpu* or *andaneria*.

What we have said of the teocallis of the southern continent is applicable to the architecture of its monuments, in which we may observe the same phases of decadence. Thus the edifices of Tiahuanacu in Upper Peru (which belong to an epoch contemporary, as we think, with the civilization of the Muyscas of Cundinamarca, but anterior to that of the Puruays of Lican), so far as one can judge from the ruins of their walls, were massive structures with no pretensions to elegance, and no ornamentation save a few moulded figures (*sculptures en creux*), representing the Misraites kneeling before

their god, and a series of grotesque heads of coarser execution placed below them. As in the earliest efforts of Etruscan art, these works are of very primitive character, and border on caricature. Of two stone giants, formerly seated at the foot of the hill, and of which Pedro de Cieça and Garcilaso have made mention, there remains nothing but the two heads almost defaced. As to the population of statues which surrounded them, and which perpetuated, according to the testimony of the same authors, the punishment inflicted by Pachacamac, the lord of the universe, on the natives of the locality, the earth has swallowed it up, and only a few images without arms or legs are disinterred at long intervals.[1]

The blocks employed in the construction of the edifices of Tiahuanacu generally exceed in size those of the Peruvian edifices attributed to the Incas, and in the style of their sculpture, as well as their great mass, constitute a distinct architectural epoch.

ANDANERIAS OR SUSTAINING WALLS.

It is often asked, after reading the almost always hyperbolical descriptions of the historiographers of the Conquest, and the amplified narrations of modern travellers, how the nations of that part of the continent had been able, without tools or power-engines of any kind, to accomplish such labours. Let us say at once, that the edifices of South America, when one examines them at leisure and in detail, instead of seeing them casually and in their *ensemble,* as most travellers have done, have absolutely nothing to *astonish the mind* and *confound reason,* as some have taken the pains to write. What monument of these countries can ever be cited as a parallel to those of India, Persia, and Egypt? where shall we find, if we search from the isthmus of Panama to the twentieth degree of south latitude, an ancient edifice which can be compared with the temples of Elora, of Kaïlaça, of Persepolis, of Karnac, or of Ipsamboul; and this not merely from an artistic or decorative point of view, but simply

[1] "In the neighbourhood of the edifices of Tiahuanacu," says Garcilaso, "are found immense numbers of statues of men and women holding vessels in their hands and drinking from the same. Some are seated, others standing; the latter have a leg raised, and their garments tucked up as if crossing a stream; the former are carrying their children in their swaddling-clothes, straitened out or lying down, and, in fact, in every variety of posture. The natives told the Inca (Mayta Capac) that these *natives* had been changed into statues as a punishment for their past crimes, and above all for having stoned a stranger who visited the country."

as a work of labour and masonry? Let any one look up, in the pages of Herodotus, Diodorus, and Strabo, the number of men[1] and the years occupied in building the great monumental edifices of Egypt, or the structures of Van and Babylon, and they will no longer be astonished that the nations of South America, much more numerous some ages ago than they are now, were able, favoured also by the immediate neighbourhood of the Andean chain and its ramifications, to accomplish the works attributed to them, the most considerable of which was the fortress of Sacsahuaman, commenced

FRAGMENTS OF AYMARA SCULPTURE.

about the middle of the fifteenth century by the twelfth Inca, Tupac Yupanqui, and finished by his son Huayna-Capac.

The manner in which these indigenes extracted the blocks from the quarry has also puzzled the ethnographers and savants who have deprived them of the necessary tools. Notwithstanding the fact that no implement belonging to that age has been discovered—perhaps because the indigenes on the arrival of the conquerors secreted those which they possessed, fearing they should be compelled to use them for the benefit of their new masters, as they also disposed of a greater part of their wealth to prevent its falling into the hands of the Spaniards—it is certain they were acquainted with iron, which they called *cquellay;* lead, which in its native state they called *titi*, and

[1] According to Herodotus, a hundred thousand men, who were relieved every three months, were employed in quarrying and conveying the stone for the Great Pyramid (*Euterpe*, cxxiv.)—Tr.

caca after it was melted; copper, which they called *anti;* and an alloy of two or more metals, to which they gave the name of *champpi.*[1]

As to their method of quarrying stone, it was that of the ancient Egyptians, as described by Herodotus. Like them the American workmen first traced upon the stone the shape of the block they required, then cut the outlines with a chisel,[2] and drove into these grooves wedges of dry wood, which they afterwards wetted, and which, by their swelling, split the stone. In the neighbourhood of Cuzco, in the districts of Quiquijana and Ollantay-Tampu, we still find in the quarries these wedges made of the

FIGURE OF A NAÏAD.

SPHINX CORREQUENQUE.

SCULPTURES OF THE PERIOD OF THE INCAS, FOUND BY THE AUTHOR IN THE BACK-YARD OF A HOUSE IN THE CALLE DEL TRIÚNFO.

wood of the huarango (*Mimosa lutea*) fixed in the joints of the stones, and become by lapse of time as soft and spongy as German tinder. As to the transport of these blocks, they were carried, according to their size, on the backs of the men, or with the help of their arms. Garcilaso, whose relationship with the Incas entitles him to be regarded sometimes as the best informed of the historiographers of the Conquest, as he is also the coolest liar[3] among them all, whom we have read and re-read, and annotated in

[1] Tin and glass were also known to these indigenes, they call the first *yuractiti* (white lead), and the second *cquespy.* There is the less reason for doubt in this respect, because the Peruvians never gave the Quichua names to things brought among them by their Spanish conquerors, but contented themselves with the names which the latter gave them. Hence the large number of Castilian vocables which have corrupted the original purity of the Quichua idiom.

[2] The two sculptures found by me in the back-court of a house in the street of Triumph—one that of a sphinx *Correquenque* (vulture-gryphon), the other that of a naïad crowned with rushes, which served as a fountain, as proved by the leaden pipes placed in her mouth and her breasts and the greenish tint which the water has given to the stone—however coarse they may seem, must have been fashioned with a chisel and a mallet in some way, because we cannot reasonably admit that they were cut with *blows of a flint,* a process, says Garcilaso, employed by the workmen in the time of the Incas, who cut and polished with blows of hard flints called *hihuanas* the stones destined for their edifices, and, he adds, *gnawed and crumbled rather than cut them.*

[3] The gasconnades, at once simple and audacious, scattered at random through the works of Garcilaso and his competitor, Pedro de Cieça, would fill a considerable volume. We cite the following hap-hazard by way of specimens:—

Speaking of the *mattedlu* (*Hydrocotyle multiflora*), which from the time of Garcilaso the Indians have eaten as a

the very localities which inspired him, and whom for that reason we cite with extreme reserve, makes mention, in his *Comentarios Reales,* of blocks weighing 20,000 metrical quintals (1000 tons), which the Indians were compelled to leave on the road. These masses, which he designates by the name of *piedras cansadas* (fatigue-stones), may be actually seen in certain localities of the Sierra. Let us hasten to add for the edification of the public, abused by ingenuous and credulous travellers who, on the faith of Garcilaso, have measured with their astonished eyes these fatigue-stones, that they are nearly all what geologists call drift-blocks; but are occasionally composed of the granite rock itself cropping out in the form of polyhedral masses, some of them cubic or rectangular, and inclined to the north-west.

After the historiographers and commentators come the archæologists, who have taken the trouble to class the American monuments by epochs according to the nature of the material employed in their construction. According to these gentlemen the stone edifices are the most ancient; those of brick come next in point of time, and constructions of earth and stone are the most modern. This scheme, however, is inadmissible, because we find on both continents and among the same nations the three kinds of material used simultaneously in constructions of the same epoch. Thus the edifices of Teotihuacan in the state of Mexico, attributed to the Olmecs, one of the most ancient nations established in New Spain, present in two teocallis, dedicated to *Tonatiuh* and *Meztli,* the sun and moon, the use of clay, of small stones, and of blocks of porphyritic sandstone serving to plate the exterior. The pyramid of Cholula in the state of Puebla, constructed by the Toltecs, is composed of layers of clay, earthen bricks dried in the sun (*xamilli*), and of blocks of stone. By the side of these structures we find other monuments both of a more remote and a more recent date built exclusively of stone. Such are those of Mitla, attributed to the Tzapotecs, and those of Culhuacan or Palenque. The exclusive use of stone, or of sun-dried bricks alternately with it, characterizes equally the constructions of Canada, Florida, and Yucatan.

The same observation applies to South America, for example to the remains found in Cundinamarca, the seat of the civilization of the Muyscas, whose antiquity appears to be greater than that of the Aztecs, if we admit the period of 2000 years which these

salad, and of which they made poultices for sore eyes, which they no longer do in our day, our historiographer recites the marvellous cure which he operated with the above-named herb. A translation of his words would only weaken them:—" *Yo se la puse a un muchacho que tenia un ojo para saltarle del casco: estava inflamado como un pimiento, sin divisarse lo blanco ni prieto del ojo, sino hecho una carne y lo tenia ya medio caido sobre el carillo, y la primera noche que le puse la yerva, se restituyo el ojo à su lugar, y la segunda quedo del todo sano y bueno. Despues acà he visto el moço en España, y me ha dicho que vè mas de aquel ojo que tuvo enfermo que del otro.*" The reflection which terminates this recital is a true touch of comedy.

Again: "The first pomegranates that appeared in America in the seventeenth century were carried in triumph in the procession of the Host. They were as big as half a hogshead; but the times are changed. In our day, and notwithstanding the indisputable though slow progress of cultivation and the application of huano, which was not used in the seventeenth century among the first Spanish colonists, the finest pomegranates grown in the western valleys of the Pacific do not exceed in dimensions the size of a large orange."

As to Pedro de Cieça, he tells us he has *seen* (*seen* with his own eyes, or what he calls *seen*) among the peoples of the Sierra, but what people he forgets to name, on the stalls of the pork-butchers, cutlets, beefsteaks, and fillets of human flesh, regularly cut up and set out for sale, as well as pâtés, puddings, and force-meat balls (*morcillas y longanisas*), made of the flesh, the blood, and the bowels of men.

peoples place between the advent of Bochica their legislator and the first dynasty of the Huancas, his successors. The materials employed in these constructions were successive layers of stone and clay mixed with chopped straw or small stones. Under the equator among the Puruays of Lican, whose subjugation was completed by the Incas about the end of the fifteenth century, the remains of their edifices are also found to be constructed of stone alternating with sun-dried bricks (*tica, tapia,* and *adobe*). Tiahuanacu, whose civilization appears to date from the same epoch as the establishment of the Muyscas in the neighbourhood of Bogota, presents, together with the remains of edifices constructed of porphyritic and carboniferous sandstone, some

RUINS OF A FORTRESS OF SUN-DRIED BRICKS (TAPIAS) IN THE DISTRICT OF OLLANTAY-TAMPU.

débris of earthen walls. Such are the ruins of two edifices situated about three miles east-south-east from the actual village in the middle of a desert plain.

After these monuments of divers countries and ages, come the constructions built by the Incas, and those the last of the series, since they do not mount higher than to the middle of the eleventh century. All these constructions are of stone; sun-dried bricks are employed only in four or five fortresses at different points in the Sierra, edifices of no architectural importance which the Incas erected on the boundary of the newly conquered territories, and the best preserved specimen of which exists upon the left bank of the Quillabamba, in the district of Ollantay-Tampu.

If, as these facts justify us in concluding, the nature of the materials and their supposed exclusive use in the monuments of the two Americas fail to furnish arguments of any value whatever in respect to the antiquity of these nations, they throw a clear light, on the other hand, upon their common origin, and at the same time bear testimony as to the countries from which they borrowed their architectural ideas, their various methods of construction, and even the use of the materials which they employed. We have seen that they derived from the ancient Egyptians their method of extracting blocks from the quarry, of working them on the spot, and of transporting them by manual labour. Their method of fixing the stones, without lime or cement, by continual rubbing and the addition of a little water to make them adhere more perfectly, is evidently borrowed from the orientals,[1] as likewise is their idea of monolithic construc-

[1] See Strabo—Chardin—Niebuhr.

tions. The use of dried bricks alternately with stones of all sizes is common to them and the Persians, the Medes, the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, and the Babylonians. The simultaneous use of these materials is observable in the ruins of Persepolis, Ecbatana, Nineveh, Borsippa, and Babylon. Even China is not excluded from the list of oriental nations which have furnished these ancient Americans with the idea of some one of their constructions. The revetment of certain teocallis, the disposition of the pucaras or fortresses, the chimpus and andanerias serving at once as sustaining walls and lines of demarkation or defence, often more than a thousand yards long, resemble the walls built by the peoples of the Mongol race which are every day being discovered in the eastern part of Asia.

After this rapid coup-d'œil of the presumable origin and the intellectual development of the American nations, we pass on to consider that last fraction of them, the dynasty of the Incas, which carried into Peru the worship and the traditions, then almost effaced, of the old Orient.

Local tradition, when the clouds which obscure it are dispersed, represent Manco-Capac and his sister Mama Ocllo as having come from the hot valleys situated beyond the Cordillera, to the east of the Lake of Titicaca. These valleys, lying between Apolobamba and the sources of the Rio Beni, now belong to Bolivia, and are commonly designated by the name of the Yungas of La Paz.

Carrying a rod of gold, the emblem of power,[1] the new Horus, pastor of the peoples to come, crossed the punas of Collao, followed by his companion, and after a march of 240 miles in a north-westerly direction, arrived on the heights of Huanacoté (now Huanacauri), where he discovered a vast circular quebrada surrounded by mountains, which he fixed upon for his residence. The city that he subsequently built in the centre of this quebrada bore the name of *Ccozçco* (now Cuzco), which signifies the point of attachment, or navel.

In a short time the people of the environs rallied to his voice, and drawn by his eloquence and the charming life he pictured, which recalled perhaps the primitive state from which they had declined, accepted his laws, and exchanged the precarious life of the chase for that of agriculture. While Manco instructed the men to cultivate the ground and dig canals for irrigation, Mama Ocllo taught the women to spin the wool of the vicunas and alpacas, and weave the stuffs necessary for the clothing of the family, and initiated them into their duties as wives and mothers. The city was planned in the form of a parallelogram of no great extent; its greatest length was from north-east to south-west, and it had no wall. A stream descending from the Cordillera bounded the south side of the city, and at a later period divided it in two, when under the successive reigns of thirteen emperors the boundaries of the primitive acropolis had extended northward to Huancaro and southward to Sapi.

The inequality of the ground caused the city to be divided into two parts (faubourgs), the upper town called *Hurin*, now San Cristoval, the lower *Hanan*, now the quarter of the cathedral. After the erection of the Inca's palace in the upper

[1] Some modern writers have spoken, but erroneously, of *a wedge of gold*. The Spanish texts agreeing as regards —*una vara de dos pies de largo y un dedo de grueso*—can have no equivocal meaning.

town and of the houses for the people, the first edifices built in the lower town were the temple of the Sun and the Accllhuaci, or palace of the Virgins consecrated to its worship. These two edifices, commenced by Manco, were not finished till fifty years after the foundation of the city, by his eldest son, Sinchiroca. For half a century the temple of the Sun was nothing but an inclosed space (*chimpu*). Its walls were constructed of unwrought stones, and in the centre of the area was a square pillar roughly chipped into shape, like the hirmensul or Druidical stone of the Sun; at once the letter and the symbol, the altar and the image, of the divinity.

After some years devoted to the organization of the rising city, Manco began a crusade among the surrounding populations east, west, north, and south. His enterprise, undertaken in the name of the Sun, whose eldest son and envoy he styled himself, had both a religious and a political object, that of spreading among the infidels the worship of Helios-Churi, and of augmenting at the same time the number of his subjects and his possessions. This apostolic mission, which continued many years, resulted in the subjugation of some score of peoples spread over an area extending to thirty miles round the capital, and to the annexation of their territory to the empire. Under Manco the limits of the empire were at Quiquijana on the south, Ollantay-Tampu on the north, Paucartampu on the east, and Limatampu on the west.

After a reign of some fifty years Manco died, leaving his power in the hands of his eldest son, Sinchiroca. Already the empire was organized, the religion of the Sun was founded, its powers established, its exterior worship assured, and the policy of the rulers distinctly marked out. Manco had foreseen everything; his successors had only to continue his work.

On mounting the throne Sinchiroca took for his wife, according to the custom of the primitive races, his eldest sister Mama Cora.[1] He finished the temple of the Sun and the palace of the Virgins, and, following the example of his father, undertook a series of pacific conquests, which aggrandized by twenty-one square miles the empire of the Incas. The exterior sign of power adopted by Manco was a roll or fillet of variously coloured wool, which was twisted five times round the head, its two ends falling upon the shoulder. Sinchiroca substituted for this ornament a fillet of nine variously coloured threads, like the former, but girdling the forehead like a crown. Like his father he had his ears lengthened some nine or ten inches, and a wooden ring about ten inches in circumference suspended to the lobe. This fashion, which all the Incas adhered to,[2] proves clearly that the founder of their dynasty had long resided in eastern regions, among the long-eared nations from whom are probably sprung the *Botocudos* of Brazil, as well as the *Orejones*, the *Ccotos*, and the *Anguteros* of Peru.

[1] These unions in the families of the Incas had for their object the preservation of the purity of race. To increase their prestige in the eyes of their subjects, and give to their origin a divine source, they pretended that in the marriage of brother and sister, they followed the example of their father Churi (the Sun), who married his sister Quilla (the Moon).

[2] The sculptors of Huamanga and the painters of Cuzco of the eighteenth century, as well as the artists who succeeded them, have not taken care, from their regard for the form and worship of *bonito* (the beautiful), to give to the statuettes and portraits of the Incas these extravagant ears, the attribute of their race. While pointing out this designed omission on their part, we have ourselves hastened to repair it, from respect for local colour, and without disquieting ourselves about the artistic effect.

After a peaceful reign of forty years, Sinchiroca died, or as his faithful followers say, went to rest from the fatigues of existence in the domains of his well-beloved father, the Sun.

Loqui Yupanqui, the eldest son of Sinchiroca, succeeded to his power, and continued to extend the bounds of the empire. But it was no longer by that persuasive eloquence which Manco had recommended to his successors when confronting savage tribes that the new Inca recruited his subjects. The force of arms was tried, and during his reign the provinces of Collao were annexed to the empire, and fortresses of rammed clay built on the borders of the conquered territory. It is to Loqui Yupanqui that historians have attributed the erection of astronomical *observatories* in the higher and lower towns of Cuzco. These observatories were seen by the Spaniards, and were in existence about thirty years after the Conquest. If the idea of their erection is to be referred to a remote epoch, it is necessary to observe that they were no more like the Mexican teocallis than the pyramidal edifices of Chaldea and Egypt. They were simply quadrangular pillars of unequal height, arranged in two groups of eight pillars, four of which were large and four small. They were united together by chains of gold. One of these monolithic groups was situated in the east of the city, the other in the west. The position of the sun in relation to the pillars indicated to *astronomers* the epoch of the solstices and equinoxes. Some of the palaces had dwarf pillars of this kind placed in the middle of their courts to serve as gnomons. The March equinox was celebrated by grand processions round the bean and corn fields. That of September gave occasion to great rejoicings. The revolution of the earth round the sun, and of the moon round the earth, were known to these peoples. The first they called *Huata*, meaning the year, and the duration of a month (each month having its own particular name) they called *Quilla*, from the moon.

Eclipses terrified them. On seeing the face of the moon grow dark, they imagined she was sick, and would fall down and annihilate them. To avert this catastrophe, they made a frightful uproar, beating drums, clashing cymbals, blowing trumpets, and thrashing their dogs to make them howl. As the moon has a particular affection for dogs, and dogs, on their part, love the moon—in whose face they look with tenderness, and break out into a romantic howling on quiet moonlit nights—the moon, seeing her friends abused, and hearing their cries, experienced a lively emotion, which was supposed to hasten her cure. The days on which eclipses of the moon happened were regarded as "bad days," and called *punchau*. The morning which preceded them was called *pacari*, and the night which followed *tuta*.

The lunar spots, which they were also acquainted with, as they were with the revolution of Venus, the Milky Way, and the Southern Cross,[1] were attributed to an enchantment as old as the age of gold, when beasts had the gift of language. A fox, the legend went, seeing the moon so white, so round, so fascinating, and taking it for a cheese, sprang towards it with the idea of snapping it up, but the star of night, disagreeably impressed by the odour of the beast, *seized him in her*

[1] Venus, on account of her radiancy, was called *Coyllur Chascca*, the star with the bristling hair (the French *chevelure* means streaming light as well as hair). The Milky Way they called *Catachillay*, and the Southern Cross *Crinita*.

arms, and was about to throw him into space, when a magic charm united the one to the other for ever. For other particulars of this astronomical system see Garcilaso, Pedro de Cieça, and Acosta.

It was during the reign of Loqui Yupanqui that poesy, literature, music, philosophy, and the sciences represented by medicine as well as astronomy, as we shall immediately see, made their first timid essays. Poesy limited itself to the composition of little poems of ten or a dozen strophes in eight-syllable lines of blank-verse, the compositions of the *yaravicus* (poets). These works, called *yaravis*,[1] from the name of their composers, were at first songs of victory, odes, and dithyrambs in celebration of the triumphs of the Inca, his personal qualities, and his power. In course of time they assumed other forms, and told of love, of nature, and of flowers.[2] The usual figures in this kind of poesy are borrowed from the most beautiful objects of creation. The star, the flower, the turtle-dove, and the butterfly play the first part in them, one might say the only part. If the style of these compositions is almost always florid, the form is poor, the idea puerile, the sentiment cold and artificial. Like its elder sister, the poetry of the Zend races, that of the yaravicus of Peru is characterized by a drowsy monotony, reminding one, though distantly, of the eternal loves of the Persian rose and bulbul. The only difference to note between the Indo-Persian poets and their compeers of the American continent is the graceful freshness which characterizes the works of the former and the profound melancholy which marks those of the latter. In the poesy of the western Aryans, notwithstanding the constant return of the same images and their fatiguing monotony, one may fancy he hears, in the pure atmosphere of the morning, the lark singing to the light. In the poesy of the yaravicus we seem to hear the plaintive note of the goat-sucker (*Caprimulgus americanus*) on the approach of twilight. The rapture of love is never expressed in the works of the yaravicus. If passion enters into them, it is like a subdued flame or ardour without hope.

These little poems were recited by the yaravicus themselves, who were at once composers and rhapsodists. As in the old Greek and Latin times, flute or flageolet players gave the note to the declaimers, and sustained the modulation. These instruments were made of reeds, and were of various sizes. Some, with three holes, were called the *pincullus*, others, with five or six holes, the *qqueynas*. The peoples of Collao used a Pandean pipe or mouth-organ. The pincullu was played in the ordinary manner, but the player of the qqueyna placed the mouth of his instrument in an empty jar, kneeling before which he played into it to augment the sound. This kind of melody is still heard in the Sierra, and sometimes several performers indulge in it at the same time. We may imagine the discord of all these instruments playing hap-hazard, but the racket cannot very well be described.

[1] Literally, *sad songs; yaravicu*, the author or composer of sad songs. The yaravis of the present day are simple romances, the music of which is always written in the minor key, and in a very slow movement. They are sung to the accompaniment of the guitar. We will give a specimen further on.

[2] The most modern of these yaravis, and at the same time the most celebrated, is entitled the *Pica-flor de Huascar-Inca* (Inca Huascar's Humming-bird). *It is said* to have been composed some years before the Spanish conquest.

The peoples of Collao, historiographers inform us, were the cleverest flutists in the world. By means of the flute and mouth-organ they conversed with each other from a distance, giving to certain notes a distinct value, and asking or replying to questions about their health, their flocks, the weather, the probability of a good or bad harvest, &c. Time and experience enabled them to formulate more complex ideas: love-passages, business matters, and even small talk, arrangements to meet or to travel, were all translatable into a tune on the flute or pipe This musical language was so generally understood, that a lover playing on his flute at the door of his mistress would indiscreetly reveal to passers-by all that we in Europe take so much trouble to conceal.

In times of war the soft notes of the pincullu, the qqueyna, and the Pandean pipe were strengthened by the clash of golden cymbals and the patter of little

PHYSIC-BOTTLE MADE OF PORPHYROID TRACHYTE.

drums, on which they struck with one hand only, as on a box. At a later period, when the Incas had extended their conquests as far as the shores of the Pacific Ocean, horns of Ammon (*pututus*) added their cavernous moanings to the strength of the before-mentioned orchestra.

If poesy was the resource of the yaravicus, literature had for its representatives the *amautas*, who were at once astronomers, dramatists, and philosophers. Their works consisted of tragedies, comedies, and something resembling morality plays. Farce, so much used and abused in more enlightened countries during the last four centuries, was interdicted. The ordinary subject of the tragedies was borrowed from the wars and the triumphs of the Inca. Comedy dealt with agricultural operations and domestic affairs; and the morality plays consisted of a series of sentences, aphorisms, and maxims, which two actors addressed to each other before the assembled court. In the tragical and comical performances the reigning Inca habitually played the first rôle; the secondary parts were taken by his relations or the principal dignitaries. The *coya* (empress) and the *pallas*, or women of the court, took no part in these divertissements, and were present only in the character of spectators. It is the same at the present day among all the savage tribes of the Cordillera, where the men do the drinking, howling, and dancing, while the women, squatted on the ground, look at them without saying a word.

Medicine was limited to the knowledge and application of a few simples. The custom of bleeding by means of a needle made of hard stone, which served as a lancet, and the use of violent drastics, were familiar to them. One of these purga-

tives was a white root very similar to a wild turnip. After having eaten it, they exposed the stomach to the sun, praying to their god to hasten the effect of the remedy. At the end of a moment they fell into frightful convulsions, straightened themselves out at full length, ran, jumped, fell again on the ground, and rolled about, howling and foaming like epileptics. Garcilaso has related, with a naïveté which is characteristic of him, the details of the diabolical treatment to which he was subjected by his relations, who, as descendants of the Incas, had religiously preserved the formulæ and the prescriptions of the olden time.

To this rapid coup-d'œil of literature and poesy, art and science, in the times of the first Incas of Peru, we believe it our duty to add some specimens of the vocabulary of the same period. The Quichua words in our list, extended by others collected from different idioms which we shall meet with in the course of our journey, will form a table of philological specimens, the analogy and comparison of which will not be uninteresting to some of our readers. If there are any whom such an essay in comparative philology is likely to embarrass, or send to sleep, we beg them to accept in advance our very humble apologies.

QUICHUA VOCABULARY.

God	Pachacamac.
devil	supay.
sun	churi.
moon	quilla.
star	ccoyllur.
day	ppunchao.
night	tuta.
air	huaruy.
cloud	puhuyu para.
rain	paray.
thunder	illapa.
lightning	illu illu.
rainbow	ckuychi.
earthquake	pacha cuyuy.
water	unu.
fire	nina.
cold	chiri.
hot	rupay.
man	runa.
pud. hominis	ullu.
woman	huarmi.
pud. mulieris	raca.
child	huahua.
father	tayta.
mother	mama.
sister	ñaña.
brother	huancané.
great	atun.
old	machu.
young	huayna.
life	causay.
death	huanuy.
head	uma.
hair	chuccha.
eyebrow	caychi.
eye	ñahui.
nose	cencca.
mouth	simi.
tongue	ccallu.
tooth	quiru.
ear	rincri.
neck	cunca.
breast	ccasco.
shoulder	huasa.
arm	ricra.
hand	maqui.
finger	ruccana.
belly	uieza.
navel	pupu.
leg	pincuyo.
knee	cuncuri.
foot	chaqui.
bone	tullu.
honey	misqui.
wax	mapa.
bee-hive	huasi huancuyru
potato	papa.
sweet potato	camote, apichu.
pine-apple	achupalla.
serpent	machaco.
tiger	puma.
guinea-pig	huangana.
ape	kcusillo.
dog	alccu.

bird	pichqui.
vulture	huaman, cuntur.
cock	ulluc-huallpa.
hen	huallpa.
egg	runtu.
wild turkey	hocco.
duck	ñuñuma, huallata.
parroquet	uritu.
turtle-dove	urpi.
humming-bird	quintisullu.
bat	maçu.
meat	aycha.
grease	huero.
tortoise (land)	motelu.
lame	kumu.
silly	poque.
thief	sua.
earth	ualpa.
mountain	urcu.
sea	atun cocha.
river	mayu.
lake	cocha.
tree	ccaspi.
forest	satcha.
leaf	inquill.
flower	sisac.
grass	quihua.
wood	llamta.
house	huasi.
bank	ccauitu.
plantation	chacra.
spade	lampa.
canoe	canoa.
raft	huampu.
thread	ccaytu.
needle	iscay.
thorn	iscay.
fish-hook	hacchuna.
bow	huacchiy.
arrow	huacchi.
club	champpi.
lance	rejon.
shooting-tube	pucuhaña.
poison (for weapons)	hampi.
a man's clothing	uncu.
a man's hat	chulio.
a woman's mantle	llicclla.
tissue or woven stuff	ahuan.
ear-rings	ririnchana.
necklace	huallcca.
bracelet	maquihuatana.
comb	ñaccha.
crown	llautu, pillu, mucucu.
purse	chuspa.
flute	qqueyna, pincullu.
drum	huancar.
horn	quepa.
trumpet	pututu.
pot	manca.
jar or pitcher	puyñu.
cotton	utcu.
tobacco	sayri.
arnotto	achiote.
genipa	huitoch.
manioc (cassava)	yuca.
maize	sara.
beer made of maize	acca.
tortoise (fresh-water)	charapa.
toad	ampatu.
frog	cayra.
fish	challuau.
bee	huancuyru.
fly	chuspi.
mosquito	huanhua.
locust	tian-tian.
ant	cici.
white	yura.
black	yana.
red	puca.
yellow	keellu.
blue	ancas.
green	komer.
one	huc.
two	iscay.
three	quimsa.
four	tahua.
five	pichcca.
six	zocta.
seven	cchanchis.
eight	puzac.
nine	isccon.
ten	chunca.

As far as twenty the Quichuas of that time, like their descendants of the present day, placed their ten before unity; for example:—

chunca-huc	eleven.
chunca-isca	twelve.
chunca-quimsa	thirteen, &c.

On reaching twenty, or more correctly twice ten—*isca-chunca*—they put unity before the ten.

isca-chunca-huc	twenty-one.
isca-chunca-isca	twenty-two.
isca-chunca-quimsa	twenty-three, &c.

So also for thirty, or three times ten—*quimsa-chunca;* forty—*tahua-chunca;* fifty—*pichcca-chunca;* sixty—*zocta-chunca;* seventy—*cchanchis-chunca;* eighty—*puzac-chunca;* ninety—*isccon-chunca;*

a hundred	*pachac.*
a thousand	*huaranca.*
ten thousand	*chunca-huaranca.*
a hundred thousand . . .	*pachac-huaranca.*
a million	*chunca-pachac-huaranca.*

On reaching ten times a hundred thousand, or a million—*hunu*—they left off counting, and called anything beyond *panta china,* the innumerable sum.[1]

Mayta Capac succeeded his father Loqui Yupanqui. The reign of this fourth Inca, whom historians place at the commencement of the thirteenth century, is celebrated for the discovery of the ruins of Tiahuanacu, the invention of suspension-bridges, and the great aggrandizement of the empire. The apologists of the Spanish conquests have tracked the march of Mayta Capac across the provinces of Puno, La Paz, and Oruro, as far as the Lake of Paria in the south, and in the west his exploration of the provinces of Cailloma, Chumbihuilcas, Velilla, Union, Aymaraës, Paucartampu, and Arequipa. That itinerary, which appears so strange when followed out on a map of Peru, is explained by the topographical ignorance of the conqueror in regard to the countries which he overran, or rather across which he marched hap-hazard. I have already given some details concerning the Aymaras, the primitive inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Collao, which old authors call Culhahua, and related how they were treated by Mayta Capac.

Capac Yupanqui, the fifth Inca, succeeded his father Mayta Capac. At the head of 20,000 men he took the road to Arequipa, subdued the Yanahuaras, completed the subjugation of the Aymaras of Cuntisuyu (the region of the west), and invaded that part of the coast country comprised between the 17th and 19th degrees of latitude, then occupied by the Chanquis (Changos). After some years of repose he made an expedition southward, and passing beyond the province of Paria, already subdued by his father, he pushed on as far as Challanté in Upper Peru, which formed the limit of his conquests.

His son Roca was contented with the subjugation of the peoples established to the north of Cuzco, between that city and the province of Amancaës, where grew in abundance those beautiful yellow lilies (*Narcissus Amancaës*) which have since been called the Lily of the Incas. There are no more lilies in that province, which has also changed its name from Amancaës to Abancay. The Inca Roca has the credit of having founded the first schools where the amautas publicly taught astronomy, philosophy, and literature, and the yaravicus poesy and music, or rather the musical conceits, of which we have spoken above.

[1] We are indebted to the Spanish Jesuit Antonio Ricardo for a grammar and a vocabulary combined of the Quichua idiom. A copy of this work in 18mo, and printed on coarse paper, but gilt-edged for the occasion, was presented to Louis XV. by the academician La Condamine, on his return from Quito.

Some years subsequently the Jesuits Diego de Torres Rubio and Juan Figueredo also published a combined grammar and vocabulary of Quichua (Lima, 1754). These works have become extremely rare in the country where they were written and published.

To the Inca Rocca, succeeded his eldest son Yahuar-Huaccac. His first conquests southward resulted in the enslavement of the Carangas in Upper Peru, of the Llipis in the great desert of Atacama, of the Chicas, grouped between the 22d and 23d degrees of latitude, of the Amparaës established on one of the affluents of the Pilcomayo, and of the Chancas, riverside inhabitants of Mapocho or Paucartampu. Eastward, this Inca pushed his expeditions beyond Mapocho, crossed the snowy chain of Huilcanota (Vilcanota), and penetrated into the Trans-Andean valleys of Havisca, Tono, and Chaupimayo, which he annexed to the empire. During his absence a revolt, excited by his son Viracocha (Huira-Cocha), broke out at Cuzco. Deposed by his subjects, who had elected Viracocha in his place, Yahuar-Huaccac put himself at the head of the recently conquered Chancas, re-entered the capital of the empire, and gave it up to pillage. Afterwards being repulsed from Cuzco and defeated in a battle with his son Viracocha, at a place called Yahuar-Pampa (the Plain of Blood), he was compelled to abdicate and retire into private life. It was in the reign of Yahuar-Huaccac that huano was first employed as manure by the populations of the Sierra.[1]

The reign of Viracocha is celebrated for the extension which this Inca gave to agriculture, the aqueducts which he caused to be constructed, and the irrigation canals which he had dug. He also erected many temples to the Sun, among others one at some distance from the volcano of Racchi, in remembrance of a dream that he had in his youth.[2] Historians have credited him with the reduction of eleven provinces, but as none of them are designated by name, and as the conquests of his successor commence at the point to which Yahuar-Huaccac had extended the empire before him, we must conclude that the Spanish authors have mistakenly seen in the *inspection* which this Inca made of eleven provinces the *conquest* of them. The error is all the more probable, as the Incas were in the habit, at certain periods, of visiting the provinces of their empire, either to improve the administration of the curacas or governors of those provinces, or to assure themselves that their orders tending to the same end had been faithfully executed.

Pachacutec succeeded to Viracocha. After the deposition of the father by the son, we see the grandson violating the law which Manco had imposed on his descendants, in order to preserve in its native purity the blood of the Children of the Sun. Instead of marrying a sister, he united himself to a noble woman of illegitimate birth, a simple Palla of the name of Mama Anahuarqui.[3] The conquests of this sovereign, directed towards the north-west, comprised the provinces of Huaylas, Pilcopampa, and Conchuco, extending beyond Cajamarca. He is said to have built many temples to the Sun in the provinces subjugated by his predecessors.

[1] From the time of the Incas these deposits of huano, still untouched, formed upon the islets and rocks of the shores of the Pacific a range of conical eminences which were visible at a great distance owing to their whiteness. Every year this huano was distributed to the indigenes in certain quantities according to the extent of the lands they cultivated. Sentinels were posted for its protection, and the penalty for being found on the islets or rocks, at the period when the birds (*huaneros*) laid and hatched their eggs, was death.

[2] We have already looked up the site of *Yahuar-Pampa*, mentioned the events which it recalls, and given an engraved view of the ruins of the temple of Viracocha.

[3] The ruins of his palace still exist on the hill of Apuchanca, beyond the village of Cchoco, about three-quarters of a mile from the baths of Huancaro, and three miles north-west of Cuzco.

Down to the time of Viracocha, the diadem of the Incas had been a fillet of nine woollen threads, which Sinchirocha, the son of Manco, had substituted for the simple cordon (*llautu*) worn by his father. To that band which surrounded the *chulio* or bonnet of brown wool, the form of which reminds us of the Phrygian cap, some Incas had added a golden plate surmounted with golden myrtle-leaves, or an aigrette made of the tail of a bird (*Ardea alba*). After the time of Loqui Yupanqui, golden ear-rings, as big round as a saucer, had been adapted to this head-dress. As for the kingly sceptre, it had varied in form under each reign. Pachacutec, on the promulgation of his new sumptuary laws, adopted for his crown a golden mitre with fillets or falling bands of the same metal, which recall the *pschent* of the Egyptian sphinxes. This mitre had for its aigrette two wing-feathers, half white and half black, of the *correquenque* (*Vultur gryphus*). A woollen fringe of a dull red colour, of two fingers' breadth, and falling over the forehead just above the eyes, was added to this coiffure,[1] which was completed by the golden ear-rings spoken of above.

The primitive garments of the Incas consisted of a short shirt made in one piece, called the *uncu*,[2] and a mantle called the *llacolla*. Pachacutec added to these, golden knee-coverings, and sandals of the same metal, engraved with the image of the Sun. A shield carried for display, and a sceptre of gold and silver, in allusion to the sun and moon, and which was called *champpi* (signifying an alloy of the two metals), completed the new costume, which the successors of Pachacutec varied and embellished yet further. To the exclusive use up to that time of woollen stuffs, this Inca added that of cotton stuffs, the material for which was supplied by the subject nations beyond the Cordillera in the nature of tribute. These nations had to furnish besides, perfumes, fragrant woods for making the frames of litters, and feathers used for the *achihuas*, many-coloured parasols which the deformed dwarfs who filled at court the office of buffoons, held over the emperor's head. The woven designs assumed in time a marvellous delicacy, and in place of the three or four colours uniformly repeated hitherto in the woollen stuffs, presented some variety of shades. Threads of gold and silver were woven in to brighten up the colours, always a little dull.[3]

It was in the reign of Pachacutec that the ceramic art reached its perfection. Those vessels, of a material so fine, so pure in their outlines, or so decided in their originality, which we still admire, date from this epoch, and served as models to the potters of succeeding reigns. Some specimens in gold and silver filigree represent expanded flowers, butterflies with their wings spread, birds with their tails displayed and fashioned like perfume-burners, statuettes of gold and silver, and electrum (*champi soufflé*), in a style which recalls Etrurian and Egyptian art,—men and women coiffed with the

[1] This diadem, called *mascca paycha*, was somewhat similar to that of the Aztec emperors, called *maxtlatl*.

[2] This is the *ichcahuepilli* of the ancient Mexicans; it is not unlike the short shirt of the modern Arabs and the antique garment of the Egyptians.

[3] We have seen in a private collection one of these *yacollas* (llacollas), the long mantle worn by the Incas, and which reminds us of the *pallium* of the Romans. This specimen was of white cotton, very thick, crossed by stripes of three fingers' breadth about six inches apart, which were combined in the most fantastical manner. Some took the form of the Greek border, some were meandering, some interlaced, some like a draught-board, some like heraldic billets, some formed crosses, some stars, and combined with all were hieroglyphic characters and figures of men and women, quadrupeds and birds. Painted in dull colours, it resembled at a short distance a tissue of cashmere.

EARTHENWARE VESSELS: PERIOD OF THE INCAS.

pschent, and fashioned like termini;[1]—all these objects, discovered in the tombs after the Spanish conquest, or preserved as curiosities in old families who have inherited them as heirlooms, date from the reign of Pachacutec, and witness to the solicitude of that Inca for the plastic arts.

Tradition ascribes to Pachacutec a series of philosophical maxims, which one might believe had been taken from the Proverbs of Solomon; we will cite a few of them for the edification of our readers.

THE INDIAN OF ALARCON—AN EARTHENWARE VESSEL OF THE PERIOD OF THE INCAS.

"The wages of honest folk will be lost if thieves are not hung."

"He who kills another without reason or *without authority* condemns himself to death."

"Envy is an adder which gnaws the entrails of the envious."

"He who envies and is envied suffers a double torment."

"The judge who seeks to suppress the claims of another ought to be treated as a thief, and judged and condemned as such."

"The doctor or the dealer in simples, who administers his medicines or his herbs without knowing their virtues, is a fool worthy of contempt."

"He who pretends to count the stars, and cannot tell the number of them, deserves that one should laugh in his face."

To Pachacutec, succeeded his eldest son, Yupanqui. Following the example of his great-grandfather, Yahuar-Huaccac, he crossed the snowy Cordillera of Huilcanota, penetrated into the valleys of the east, among the peoples who inhabited both sides of

[1] The engravings on the next page are defective; *cteis rigida phallusque erectus, quæ insigniebant hæc simulacra illaque conjungebant ægyptiacis imaginibus, adempta sunt pudoris causa.*

the Amaru-Mayu,[1] reduced some of them, and passing through the country of Musus,[2] from which he reached that of the Chirihuanas,[3] returned into the Sierra, and advanced to Chili, then peopled by the Araucanians. He was the first to subjugate the Llipi Indians, of the desert of Atacama, of Copiapo, and of Coquimbo. In his reign the limits of the empire were pushed as far south as the right bank of the Rappel, latitude 34° 50′. The ruins of a Peruvian fortress, intended to mark the frontier and prevent the invasions of the Chili Araucanians, may still be seen near that river.

Historians have ascribed to the Inca Yupanqui the interior decoration of the temple of the Sun. That edifice, commenced by Manco-Capac, finished by Sinchiroca,

STATUETTES OF GOLD, SILVER, AND ELECTRUM—PERIOD OF THE INCAS.

improved and embellished by their successors, had nevertheless preserved, in the fifteenth century, its primitive simplicity. Yupanqui, profiting by the tribute in gold and silver imposed on the conquered nations, lavished on this temple the treasures of which the Spaniards possessed themselves on their arrival at Cuzco.

Among the number of buildings which signalized the reign of this Inca, there were four in various quarters of the city, which served as menageries; this Inca appearing to have a special taste for tame and wild animals. One of these edifices, situated in the north-west of the city,[4] served as an aviary, containing birds of every species; another, devoted to boas, pythons, and snakes, was annexed to the ancient palace of Capac Yupanqui;[5] a third, in which pumas, improperly called American lions, were confined, adjoined the temple of the Sun;[6] finally, the fourth, and most celebrated, was peopled with jaguars of various sizes and colours; it crowned the

[1] From *mayu*, river, and *amaru*, serpent. The Incas gave it that name on account of its winding course. It is formed by the union of the *Ocongate*, *Coñispata*, *Tampu*, *Pillcopata*, *Avisca*, *Callanga*, *Chaupimayo*, *Piñipiñi*, and *Tono*, which rise in the little valleys of the same names. The Amaru-Mayu has borne, since the end of the last century, the name of *Madre de Dios*, which was given to it on the occasion of a statuette of Mary being found upon the shore. This image came from a chapel built by the Jesuits, in their hacienda of Coñispata. Having been carried off by the Tuyneris in one of their raids, these savages had thrown it into the river as a worthless object.

[2] Now the Moxos Indians.

[3] The territory of these Indians now belongs to the department of Chuquisaca in Bolivia.

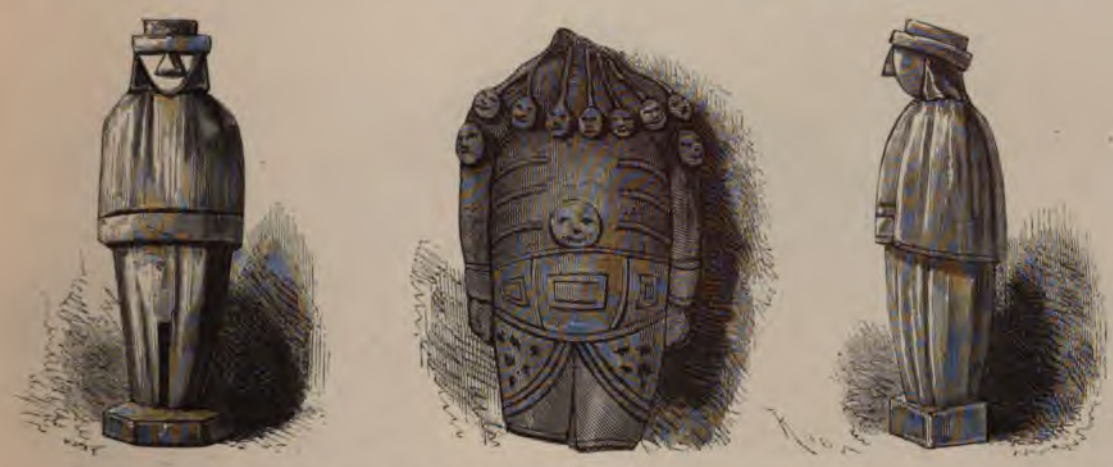
[4] Now the quarter of Almudena.

[5] Now the church of the Jesuits.

[6] Now the church and convent of Santo Domingo.

eminence of Amahuara, adjoining the fortress of Sacsahuaman.[1] However, what rendered this edifice remarkable among its neighbours, was not, as one might suppose, the number or variety of the feline race confined in it, but its anthropological curiosities. These consisted of a collection of a hundred Chancas Indians, previously skinned alive, by order of the Inca Yupanqui, as a punishment for their revolt, whose tanned skins, painted in bright colours and stuffed with ashes, figured in the character of musicians, holding drums and flutes, and dancers, suspended from the ceiling. These beautiful objects no longer exist, and of the edifices themselves there remain but a few stones.

Tupac Yupanqui succeeded to his father. Leaving undisturbed the southern



STATUETTES OF BASALT—PERIOD OF THE INCAS.

limits of his empire, he directed his conquests towards the north. Setting out from the provinces of Huacrachucu, Cassac-Marquilla, Cunturmarca, Tumipampa, he passed beyond the country of Lican (the equator). Dating from this epoch, a part of Conchocando was annexed to the empire, and its boundary traced by a route from Quito to Cuzco established across the Sierra. It is to Tupac Yupanqui, also, that historians ascribe the construction of the fortress of Sacsahuaman, a work which Spanish authors have cried up as an eighth wonder of the world, and at which modern travellers fall into ecstacies of admiration from respect for tradition.[2] That fortress, celebrated by Diego Hernandez and his associates, who have left a lying description of its buildings, its towers, and its pavilions covered with gold, never possessed more than the three walls, built in crescent-shaped retreating platforms, which still exist, although roughly treated by the hand of time and the soldiers of Pizarro. These walls, formed of irregular blocks put together without lime or cement, present twenty-two salient angles, and as many re-entering angles. Each of them had its name and its gate, a large bay

[1] Now the eastern extremity of the quarter of San Blas.

[2] One of these gentlemen, whom we will not name, but whom the reader may easily recognize by the help of the following lines, which we cite from his work, thus expresses himself on the subject of Cuzco, its Incas, and its monuments: "*Cuzco interests me infinitely. Its history, its fables, and its ruins are alike enchanting. That city might be called the Rome of America. The immense fortress, situated on the north of the city, is its Capitol, and the temple of the Sun its Coliseum. Manco Capac was its Romulus, Viracocha its Augustus, Huascar its Pompey, and Atahuallpa its Cæsar. Pizarro, Almagro, Valdivia, and Toledo are the Huns, the Goths, and the Christians who destroyed it. Tupac Amaru is its Belisarius, to whom was given a day of hope, and Pumacahua is its Rienzi and latest patriot.*" Surely one could not carry further the sublime art of rhetoric.

without doors, the straight side-posts of which were formed by monolithic blocks. The stones of the fortress, the greatest that the Incas have anywhere employed in their constructions, have received the name of *Saycuscas.*[1] The first wall nearest the city was called *Moyoc-Marca,*[2] the second *Paucar-Marca,*[3] the third *Sacllac-Marca.*[4] All three were constructed, as their remains still enable us to determine, in the less perfect cyclopean manner of the heroic period—a detail of no importance in itself, but which I, who am nobody, feel it necessary to be particular in relating, because it puts me in

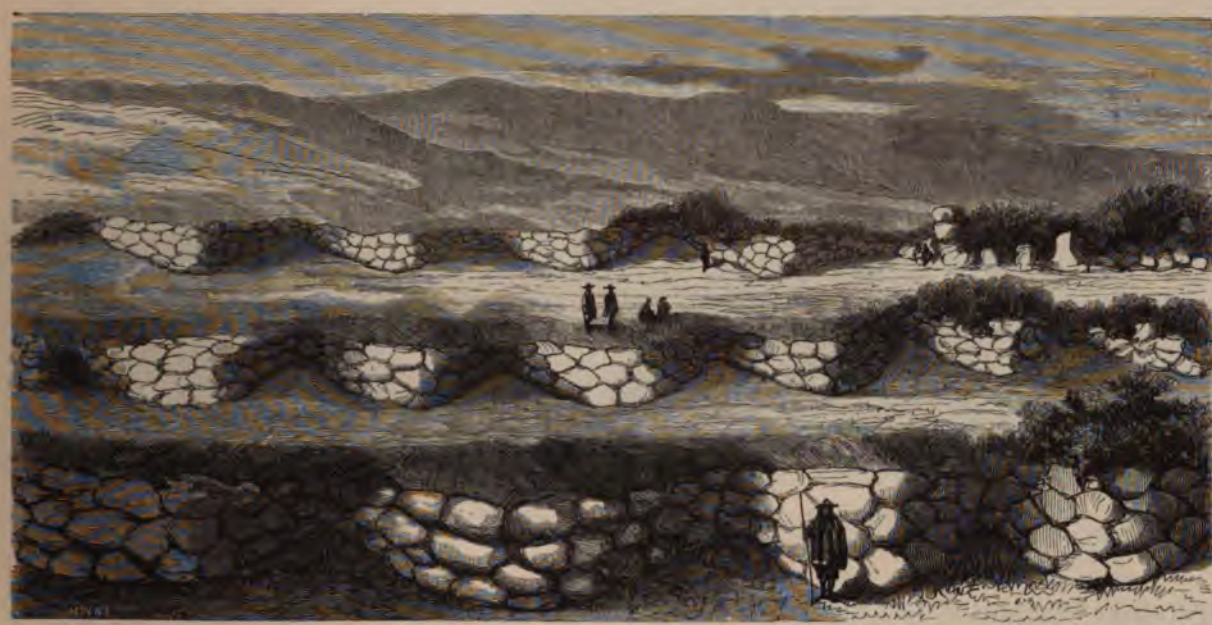
INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN DURING THE LATER REIGNS OF THE INCAS.

opposition to the illustrious Humboldt, who observes:—". . . *We know by certain evidence that the Incas constructed the fortress of Cuzco after the model of the more ancient edifices of Tiahuanacu, situated in south latitude* 17° 12″."

I am forced nevertheless to contradict on this subject the man of science and of genius, led into error by some inexperienced tourist. The buildings of Tiahuanacu and the fortress of Sacsahuaman differ in the shape and size of the stones and in the finish of the work: in a word, both in the kind of material, and the manner of its arrangement in their construction. One may even say that there is all the difference between the two cases that there is between the infancy of healthy and vigorous art and the period of its decrepitude. Speaking thus of the fortress of Sacsahuaman naturally leads me to remark that among the Quichuas the art of building did not progress, but retrograde, in course

[1] From the verb *saycuni*, to fatigue; *saycuscas*, fatiguing.
[2] Height of water, probably the zone of the level of springs.
[3] Height of flowering, the zone of vegetation of flowers (*Paucar sisacc inquill cuna*).
[4] Height dominant, the elevated zone, barren and stony (*Sacllac rumi urcu cuna*).

of time. The palace of Manco-Capac and Sinchiroca, the Accllhuaci, or House of the Virgins, those first efforts of Peruvian art, are also the most perfect. Passing from this epoch, the fashion which the Greeks called *isodomon*,[1] and the canaliculated or rustic[2] surfaces, exclusively employed till then in Peruvian edifices, disappeared, and were replaced by cyclopean blocks of great elegance, it is true, and of which we find no equivalent in any Pelasgic construction, but which nevertheless with the Incas constitute a phase of decay, and a tendency to barbarism. This kind of construction, of which the palace of Mayta Capac in the Calle del Triúnfo is the only specimen with which we are acquainted, itself degenerated under the successors of that Inca. Heaviness took the place of elegance, the size of the stones was considered of more import-



REMAINS OF THE FORTRESS OF SACSAHUAMAN AT CUZCO.

ance than the finish of the work, and insensibly architecture assumed that Pelasgic character of which the walls of the fortress of Sacsahuaman are an example.[3] When we compare the works of the first period of the Incas with those of the later sovereigns of their line, we are struck by the length of time, in an artistic point of view, which seems to separate them. Between the constructions of the eleventh century and those of the fifteenth one might suppose there had been an interval of two thousand years.

Huayna-Capac, the eldest son of Tupac Yupanqui, succeeded on the death of his father. He subjugated the populations of Séchura, Piura, Tumbez, and Santa Helena, who occupied the coast between the sixth degree of south latitude and the second

[1] In this construction, formed of rectangular stones from a foot to a foot and a half long, the vertical joints are always opposed to the middle of the corresponding stone of the lower and superior courses.

[2] Called *bugnato* by Italian architects.

[3] This fortress of Sacsahuaman was considered absolutely impregnable, and had not sustained any siege, but still preserved its mural virginity, when, some fourteen years after its construction, the Spaniards entered Cuzco.

degree north, as well as those of Huanuco and of Chachapoyas, situated east of the Cordillera; finally bringing under his rule the petty provinces governed by the Guastays, or tributary princes of the Conchocando of Lican. Notwithstanding that he had already married at Cuzco two of his sisters and one of his cousins, and possessed besides a harem of three hundred concubines, Huayna-Capac espoused the daughter of the sovereign of Lican, whose name, according to some, was Pachachiri, according to others, Totapalla. By her he had a son named Atahuallpa. The route from Quito to Cuzco across the Andes, on which Tupac Yupanqui had employed the recently conquered population, was continued by Huayna-Capac as far as the paramos or plateau of Chuquisongo.[1]

The greatest marvel of the reign of this Inca was the chain of gold which he caused to be made when the hair of his eldest son, Inti Cusi Huallpa, was first cut. That

COURSES OF STONE IN THE FORTRESS OF SACSAHUAMAN.

operation was performed in the family of the Incas when the child attained his seventh year. It was the occasion of a family festival called *Naca*, at which the relations were assembled, who never failed to make the child a present. If we are to believe historians, the golden chain which Huayna-Capac had had cast and sculptured from the tributes alone of the latest conquered nations was 800 yards long. It served to encircle the great square of Cuzco during the equinoctial festivals *Raymi* and *Cittua*. This prodigious specimen of jewelry disappeared at the period of the Conquest. Historians, to whom we are indebted for the description of it, assert that the Indians of Cuzco threw it into the Lake of Urcos to save it from the rapacity of the Spaniards.

[1] The military road of the Incas commenced from the side of Quito only, and never existed on the Cuzco side, where, on the faith of the learned Humboldt, who gave it more than 2000 miles of length, we vainly sought for it during several years. Its length from Quito to beyond Cajamarca, where it stopped unfinished, might be from 550 to 600 miles. This road, which, according to the always exaggerated accounts of the historians, and the parrot repetitions of certain travellers, one might suppose to be even to this day a grand highway, paved with granite, and bordered with parapets throughout its entire length, is in fact nothing but the work of nature assisted here and there by the hand and the labour of man. For every league or two that we find it bordered by enormous stones there are spaces three or four times as great where we find nothing of the kind. In the neighbourhood of inhabited places, near Assuay, Gualasco, on the heights of Cuenca, and above all, near Cajamarca, it has been constructed with more care than in the desert regions of the Cordillera. At certain points from which the prospect embraces a vast horizon, it presents some monolithic blocks cut in steps, and evidently destined to sustain sieges. In a word, there are ruins of crumbling walls, tampus, and fortresses, at long intervals. The construction of this road was interrupted by the death of Huayna-Capac, and was never recommenced.

Huayna-Capac died at Quito from inflammation of the lungs caused by taking a cold bath, into which he had plunged when perspiring. Struck by the appearance of white and bearded men mounted upon winged monsters, who ploughed the seas of the south,[1] he predicted to his relations before dying that strangers sent by Pachacamac (God) would take possession of America, and put an end to the dynasty of the Incas. Here, therefore, we touch on the Spanish conquest, a grave historical event which resounded through the whole world, revolutionized the ideas and science of the epoch when it occurred, and of which the immediate consequences were, as Huayna-Capac had predicted, the fall of the empire of the Incas, and the end of their dynasty.

Inti Cusi Huallpa, better known under the name of Huascar, succeeded his father Huayna-Capac. Shortly before his death the latter had divided his vast empire into

THE ISODOMONIC MODE OF CONSTRUCTION.

COURSES OF STONE EN BOSSAGÉ, OR RUSTIC FASHION.

two unequal parts, each of which had its sovereign. The largest, the richest, and the noblest of the two, that which comprised the veritable empire of the Sun (*Aylla Ccozçco*), to which the other remained vassal and tributary, fell to Huascar as the legitimate son and direct heir of Huayna-Capac. The other portion, which comprised the ancient states of the Conchocando of Lican, became the appanage of Atahuallpa. This division, unequal as it was, offended Huascar, who, unable to forgive his brother for his illegitimate birth and the favour with which he had been honoured by their father, resolved to take from him the provinces which he held by the will of Huayna-Capac. On his part, Atahuallpa, either guessing the intention of his brother, or too proud to pay him homage, conceived the idea of dethroning Huascar, and making himself sole master of the empire.

The struggle between the two brothers soon commenced. Each of them had a large army on foot to support his pretensions; each in turn was conqueror and conquered. After three years of desperate warfare, the issue was still pending between the rivals, when, in a skirmish before the walls of the city of Andamarca, Huascar was taken prisoner by two of Atahuallpa's generals. Their first care was to snatch from his forehead

[1] *The Spaniards and their vessels.* The caravel commanded by Vasco Nuñez de Balboa had been observed some years before off Séchura and San Miguel while the Inca Huayna-Capac was at Tumipampa.

the *mascca-paycha,* the attribute of power, and to send it to their master, as a proof that the struggle was ended. Atahuallpa was then encamped at Caxamarca (then Caxamalca), about 336 miles from the city of Andamarca, where his brother Huascar was detained prisoner. This unhoped-for success fulfilled all his desires; already he saw himself in imagination lord of Cuzco, and master of a powerful empire, when Francisco Pizarro and his companions, who had disembarked at Tumbez and crossed the Sierra, entered Caxamarca!

The arrival of these strangers, to whose first reported appearance Atahuallpa had been far from attending, deranged a little his future prospects. He nevertheless put a good face on the matter, and tried by friendly demonstrations and rich presents to

CYCLOPEAN METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION: PALACE OF THE INCA MAYTA CAPAC.

secure their good-will. Huascar, for his part, having been apprised of the arrival of bearded men with white skins, found means, notwithstanding the watch that was kept upon him, to inform them of his position, and claim their assistance to recover his throne. Thus situated between two sovereigns, one of whom solicited his friendship, the other his assistance, and each pretending to have equal right to the empire, Pizarro took the simplest possible course, by setting aside both the contending sovereigns, and seizing the empire himself. As he was above all things a man of action, he organized a massacre of the Indians on the very next day, and imprisoned Atahuallpa in his own palace.

When intelligence of these transactions arrived at Andamarca, the two generals of Atahuallpa, who had constituted themselves the *ad interim* jailers of Huascar, fancied that Pizarro and his Spaniards, by their massacre of the population of Caxamarca, and the imprisonment of Atahuallpa, meant to reinstate Huascar on the throne of his fathers. The intention of the Hueracochas appeared the more manifest, seeing that Hernando Pizarro, one of the conquerors, had come to visit the Inca in his prison—"*to revive his courage,*" say some authors; to "*look after his treasures,*" say others. If their surmise was correct, Quizquiz and Challcuchima—the jailers of Huascar—judged it would be good policy to rid themselves of a prisoner who, should he ever remount his throne, would either roast them at a slow fire, or flay them alive, for their audacity. Taking advantage of a dark night, therefore, they dragged Huascar from his prison, and

strangled him or killed him with a hatchet—opinions are divided as to the manner of his death—and threw his body into the river of Andamarca.[1]

Pizarro received the announcement of Huascar's death with the satisfaction of a verse-maker who hits unexpectedly on a long rebellious rhyme. For three months he had revolved in his brain some plausible means of ridding himself of Atahuallpa, and had found no way to do so, when the demon came to his aid. Atahuallpa, fratricide, usurper, and heretic, was not worthy to live. Arraigned before a tribunal presided over by Pizarro, the prisoner was convicted without difficulty of the three alleged crimes, and was condemned to be burned alive. A commutation of his sentence was offered if he would consent to abjure his idolatry and receive baptism.

CYCLOPEAN CONSTRUCTION IN THE LATER PERIOD OF THE INCAS.

He accepted the alternative, and after being baptized under the name of Juan by the monk Valverde, he was garotted on the 3d of May, 1532. Pizarro was present at the execution, gave him a pompous burial, and wore mourning for him twenty days.[2]

To the official list of the thirteen Incas who reigned over Peru from the foundation of Cuzco to the Spanish conquest, and whose reigns we have briefly sketched, we will add the princes of their line of whom historians make no mention.

This pedigree, *imperial tree* as they call it at Cuzco, was painted and written upon Chinese taffeta by an artist of Cuzco in the sixteenth century. It was preserved with the greatest care in the archives of the cathedral, as much for its historical value as for the time employed in its execution. The work cost, we are told, six years of assiduous labour. As it was composed of twenty-four medallions of emperors and empresses, and of an inscription of about five hundred words, each of two or three syllables long, the nameless artist must have written a word

[1] Tradition relates that the unhappy Inca, after he had tried in vain to soften the murderers, whom he supposed to be acting by order of his brother Atahuallpa, exclaimed, "*Manan asccatachu camachini auccainiy causainiymanta camachecc, caimin manani asllatapis camachecta atipahuanchu*"—My reign has been short, but the traitor who disposes of my life, though he was my subject, will reign no longer than I.

[2] The ransom which this sovereign during his detention at Caxamarca offered Pizarro to save his life, and which the latter accepted without completing his part of the bargain, amounted to £3,500,000 sterling in gold and about £35,000 in silver.

every four days, and painted a medallion every three months! This original and conscientious work, which Garcilaso de la Vega had the happiness to see in all its beauty, as he tells us himself in his *Commentaires Royaux,* disappeared during the occupation of Cuzco by the Independents. Happily for the friends of iconography, a family of the country, whose name figures among the princes of the ninth descent, designated *Ayllo Ccozçco Panaca,* possessed a copy of it, which they were willing to communicate, and which we here reproduce.

1st Pedigree: AYLLO CHIMA PANACA.

INCA MANCO CCAPAC.

COYA MAMA OCLLO HUACCO.

Sinchi Rocca.—Apo Anauci.—Auta Ccachuncar.—Rocca Yupanqui.—Auqui Cchuma.—Auqui Allcay.—Piñas Ttupa.

2d Pedigree: ALLO RAURAHUA PANACA.

INCA SINCHI ROCCA.

COYA MAMA CORA OCLLO.

Lloqui Yupanqui.—Auqui Allcay.—Piñas Ttupa.—Anta Ccachuncar.—Rocca Yupanqui.—Auqui Cchuma.

3d Pedigree: HAHUANIMA AYLLO.

INCA LLOQUI YUPANQUI.

COYA MAMA CCAHUANA.

Mayta Ccapac.—Apu Condemayta.—Orceo Huarancca.—Apo Jisac Condemayta.—Condi Maucaylli.—Maytu Purian.—Ccayau Jahuaira.—Pauca Jalli.

4th Pedigree: USCA MAYTA.

INCA MAYTA CCAPAC.

COYA MAMA CUCA.

Ccapac Yupanqui.—Jarcco Huaman.—Paucar Mayta.—Apuri Mayta.—Apu Orcco Huarancca.—Apu Ahuaycha.—Michi Yupanqui.—Apu Tisoc Yupanqui.—Auqui Huarinarco.—Auqui Ccopalli Mayta.—Apu Saylla Ccaca.—Auqui Cchuma Huisa.—Condemayta.—Quisquiellan.—Quimi Mayta.—Huaccac Mayta.—Ccopalli Mayta.—Inti Conde Mayta.—Auqui Jarqqui.—Tampu Uscamayta.—Ancca Marca.—Apu Cchoro.—Huarcailli Quiso Mayta.—Auqui Llamac Chimpo.—Auqui Jayancca.—Auqui Jocay.—Auqui Cahuitupa.—Auqui Jotic.—Auqui Cullinchima.—Auqui Hualla.—Auqui Allcca Chimpo.—Ccochan Condemayta.

5th Pedigree: AYLLO APUMAYTA PANACA URIN CCOZÇCO.

INCA CCAPAC YUPANQUI.

COYA MAMA CURIHILLPA.

Rocca.—Auqui Apumayta.—Apu Rimachi Mayta.—Auqui Huayllacan.—Curin Jahuaira.—Paucar Jalli.—Apu Quisquis.

6th Pedigree: AYLLO HUICCA IQUIRAI PANACA ANAS CCOZÇCO.

INCA ROCCA.

COYA MAMA MICHAY CHIMPO.

Yahuar Huaccac.—Auqui Huicca Iquirau.—Paucar Huamataysi.—Auqui Urcco Yupanqui.—Auqui Huarancca.—Huaman Itupa.—Huaccac Mayta.—Auqui Jampo Jocto.

7th Pedigree: AYLLO HUACAILLI PANACA.

INCA YAHUAR HUACCAC.

COYA MAMA CCHOQUE CCHICYA HILLPAI.

Huira Ccocha.—Orcco Huarancca.—Apu Marota.—Auqui Mayta.—Chima Chahuac.—Sibi Rocca.—Pahuac Chullimayta.—Tupa Huamanchiri.—Auqui Auccailli.—Apu Hiqqui Yupanqui.—Auqui Cchara.—Tupa Qqueso.—Huamaurimachi.—Atau Yupanqui.—Ccollo Tupan Yupanqui.—Auqui Ticsi Huatutopa.—Panaca Chahomayta.

8th Pedigree: AYLLO SACSO PANACA.

INCA HUIRA CCOCHA.

COYA MAMA RUNTO.

Orcco.[1]—Pacha Ccutic.—Auqui Ticsi Yupanqui.—Yibi Yupanqui.—Sucsu Collatupa.—Chalco Yupanqui.—Auqui Yupanqui.—Cayru Yupanqui.—Quispi Sucsu.—Auqui Ticsi Yupanqui.—Auqui Michi.—Apu Janqui Yupanqui.—Auqui Itupa.—Auqui Qquiso.—Auqui Huallpa Itupa.—Itupac Rarico.—Paucar Cchuiño.

[1] Orcco, more commonly called Urco, succeeded to his father, and reigned six months. He was a downright nonentity, according to tradition, and at the same time full of vice, drunken, brutal, quarrelsome, and so licentious that even the vestal worshippers of the Sun were not spared. His people having deposed him, his sister and wife, as well as his concubines, abandoned him. From respect for the memory of the Inca Viracocha the Amautas effaced from their traditional quipos the name of his son Urco, who, from that moment, was not reckoned among the Incas.

9th Pedigree: AYLLO CCOZÇCO PANACA.

INCA PACHA CCUTIC.

COYA MAMA ANAHUARQUI.

Yupanqui.—Amaro Tupac Uturunco.—Achachi Sinchi Rocca.[1]—Apu Achachi.—Apu Illaquita.—Ima Ititu.—Itupac Yupanqui.—Huayna Auqui Yupanqui.—Jayan Achachi.—Auqui Itupa.—Ccacca Ccozçco.—Anahuarqui.—Sahuaraura.

10th Pedigree: AYLLO INCA PANACA.

INCA YUPANQUI.

COYA MAMA CHIMPO OCLLO.

Tupac Yupanqui.—Chanca Itupa.—Auqui Larico.—Huaillac Cchillca.—Itupa Yupanqui.—Salta Cusi Huallpa.—Paucar Itupa.—Huaman Achachi.—Huayna Yupanqui.—Mayta Yupanqui.—Auqui Qquiso.—Qqueso Yupanqui.—Paucar Itupa.—Mayau.—Ttupa Titu Yupanqui.—Cchachua Rimachi Huallpa.—Atoc Rimachi Huallpa.—Anti Tupa Auqui Huillacpi.—Auqui Calla Conchay.—Huallpa Ttupa.—Anocas Palla.—Ccolque Coca.

[1] It is to this prince, appointed generalissimo of the armies of the empire by his elder brother Yupanqui, that the credit is due for the definitive subjugation of the Llipis of Atacama, of Copiapo, and of Coquimbo, and for the conquest of Chili. The Inca Yupanqui, to whom history ascribes these conquests, remained at Cuzco.

11th Pedigree: AYLLO CCAPAC PANACA.

INCA TUPAC YUPANQUI.

COYA MAMA CHIMPU OCLLU.

Huayna Ccapac.—Auqui Amaru Tupac.—Qquechuar Tupac.—Titu Rimachi.—Auqui Mayta.—Apu Sahuaraura.—Auqui Tomac Tupa.—Tumis Ccalla.—Ayar Marcu.—Junqui Ttupa.—Auqui Chiello Ccallo.—Auqui Tomac.—Ccayo Tupac.—Ccolla Tupac Sinchi Ruccana.—Qquechuar Ttupa.—Huari Ttitu.—Quispi Huallpa.—Tupa Yupanqui.—Auqui Suña Huallpa.—Anti Tupa.—Tasnac Cusi Huallpa.—Puric Tupa Ccoritupa.—Charca Ttupa.—Auqui Aucco.—Manco Ttupa.—Ticsi Huallpa.—Auqui Huallpa.—Tupa Rimachi.—Tupa Tticollopaisi.—Auqui Sutanca.—Tupa Huaman.—Auqui Ccana.—Auqui Atavalo.—Pilco Tupa.

12th Pedigree: AYLLO TUMIPAMPA PANACA.

INCA HUAYNA CCAPAC.

COYA MAMA PILLCO HUACCO.
COYA MAMA RAHUA OCLLO.
COYA MAMA RUNTO.

Inti Cusi Huallpa (Huascar).—Manco.—Huaca Ttupa Paullu.[1]—*Mama Cchoqui.—Mama Hillpa Cchoqui.—Mama Cuya Hupa.—Mama Jocto Ocllu Coca.*—Auqui Huanca.—Auqui Pumaca.—Sayri Tupac.—Auri Tupac Amaru.—Tupa Atauchi.—Choqui Huaman.—*Mama Cusi Chimpo.*—Pilco Ititu.—Titu Atauchi.—*Mama Hillquita.—Doña Inès Quispe Sisa.—Doña Beatrix Quispe Sisa.*—Juan Atahuallpa.—Francisco Atahuallpa.—*Doña Isabel Palla.—Doña Mariquita Itaquita.—Doña Maria Azsorpi Ninancorro.*—Auqui Ruqui.—Don Carlos Inquil Tupa.—Don Alonzo Pucasa.—Don Estevan Ccolla.—Itupa Huanca.—Auqui Tupa Ataurimachi.—Chicha Thupa.—Achachi Tupac.

[1] The names printed in italics are those of women, sisters or cousins of the princes of this pedigree.

INCAS OF THE 12TH AND LAST PEDIGREE.

INTI-CUSI HUALLPA (HUASCAR), 13TH INCA.

COYA MAMA CHOQUI.

In the pedigree of Huana Capac, which is the last of the series, notwithstanding that Huascar, the eldest son of that sovereign, had reigned for three years over Peru,[1] we may recognize the disturbing influence of the Conquest upon the families of royal blood. To the legitimate male descendants, who are alone inscribed in the preceding reigns, are now added those of uncles, nephews, cousins, and illegitimate branches. Juan Atahuallpa, son of the sovereign executed by the Spaniards, figures by the side of his nephew Francisco Atahuallpa, a son of Pizarro.[2] For the first time also women are mixed with men, and Indian names preceded by baptismal ones are connected with those of the Spanish nobility. Disorder and confusion are conspicuous.

However, the dynasty of the Incas is not yet extinct. In this tumultuous period which intervenes between the fall of the ancient empire and the establishment of the viceroys, one sees the dynasty revived and ruling for some years under the tutelage of Spain, as if the conquerors, on overthrowing the established order and usurping the seat of authority, had been willing to give to that usurpation some kind of legal sanction. But the Incas whom they re-established temporarily in power are no more than lay figures, tricked out in frippery and crowned to satisfy the vulgar eye. When

[1] As, at the death of his father, Huascar was not old enough to reign, one of his uncles, named *Colla Tupac*, was intrusted with the regency for some years. Previously, in the twelfth century, a similar thing had occurred on the death of Lloqui Yupanqui, whose heir, Mayta Capac, was a minor. Nevertheless, no member of the family having been deemed worthy or capable of governing the empire *ad interim*, the many-coloured woollen fillet, then the symbol of power, was deposited in the temple of the Sun, where it remained till the young prince attained his majority.

[2] Atahuallpa left a son and two daughters. The son received at baptism the name of Juan, which had been that given by Valverde to his father some minutes before his death. The two daughters were named Beatrice and Angelina. Pizarro, at a later period, had a son by this Angelina, who took the name of Francisco: he also had a child by the aunt of Angelina, a sister of Atahuallpa, their parents being the Inca Huayna Capac and Totapalla. This child, a daughter, was baptized Francisca Pizarro. She lived to marry Don Martin Ampuero, and commenced the line of Ampuero, whose descendants are numerous in Peru.

once the Spanish domination is thoroughly established throughout the provinces of the immense empire, these phantom sovereigns will disappear never more to return.

The fourteenth Inca who girdled his brow with the *mascca-paycha* was Manco, a younger brother of Huascar. Like the last he reigned three years, and was killed at a game of bowls by a Spaniard named Gomez Perez. In the heat of a dispute between two players the Inca had boxed the Spaniard's ears, upon which the latter hurled one of the bowls at his head and killed him on the spot.[1] The people tore the Spaniard to pieces.

The fifteenth Inca was Sayri Tupac, brother of Manco. The Spaniards baptized him under the name of Diego, and crowned him at Vilcapampa. By an accident of ill omen the *mascca-paycha* or imperial crown which they placed on his head was that worn by Atahuallpa at Caxamarca, and which a Spanish soldier named Miguel Astete had taken from him when he made him prisoner. Sayri Tupac reigned some months only and died, leaving a daughter, whom Pizarro married to one of his captains named Martin Loyola.

Sayri Tupac was succeeded by his brother Philippe Tupac Amaru. He reigned five months. Accused of fomenting disturbances among the indigenous populations, he had his head cut off in the great square of Cuzco. Thirty-six of his relations and adherents were executed with him.

Cristoval Paullu, his brother, was the seventeenth and last Inca of Peru. His reign was of short duration. He abdicated in favour of the Spaniards, and retired into the little valley of Yucay, eighteen miles north-east from Cuzco, where he ended his days in peace. With him disappeared the moral authority of the Incas and the prestige attached to their name. In 1781 Gabriel Tupac Amaru, grandson of Philippe Tupac Amaru, having tried to revive the past, was cruelly executed (*écartelé*) at Cuzco. His wife, his two sons, his uncle, and his nephew, accused of being his accomplices, perished with him. This descendant of the Incas had said before dying that *the germs of liberty which he had sown in the spirit of his compatriots would develop and fructify one day under the breath of tyranny.* Forty-three years afterwards Simon Bolivar and San Martin verified in the plains of Ayacucho the prophecy of Tupac Amaru by driving out of Peru the last of its viceroys and proclaiming its independence.

In this resumé of the historic period of the Incas—the last gleams of a civilization which mounts perhaps to some thousands of years—we have been compelled to treat the matter summarily. While avoiding details, we may observe that if the history of civilization among the American indigenes is obscure, it is because the East itself has been little known. During late years, however, a great change has taken place. The study of Sanscrit and of the languages derived from it, and the explication of historical documents concealed beneath hieroglyphic and cuneiform characters, have dissipated in some measure the darkness which had shrouded the past, and opened up fresh paths to European erudition. Problems apparently insoluble have thus had unexpected light thrown upon them, and immense *lacunæ* in history have been satisfactorily filled up. By what has already been accomplished, we may form an idea of what will be achieved hereafter.

[1] Some authors state that he was stabbed with a poniard.

The ethnography of America, so obscure at present, will have fresh light thrown upon it by these studies. Already we are aware that it is not to the people of the time of the Conquest that we must look for the secret of their origin. It is by investigations at the source itself, in the north of Asia, India and Persia, and the extreme East, that we can alone hope to obtain satisfactory results. This is the road which the first civilized nations followed in remote times when they wandered from the south to the north. It is therefore by retracing the same journey from north to south, thus by remounting from the effect to the cause, that the studious generation of our epoch and their successors will come upon the track of this ancient migration.

The time will come, let us hope, when the active concourse of intelligences, and the application of new means to ethnologic researches, will bring the solution of many problems which at present baffle the skill of the learned. The archæological examination of still existing American monuments will lighten up some obscure points in the theogony of the peoples to whom they are attributed, while at the same time it will make us acquainted with the religious schisms which divided them. Anthropology and philology, those important clues in pre-historic research, will assist us to refer to a primitive type and a primordial language the scattered traits of the physiognomy of these peoples and their diverse idioms. We shall recover the relationship of one to the other, establish by unanswerable proofs their fraternity with the peoples of the primitive group, and, in fine, determine the chronological order of their migrations, starting from those legendary ages when the human race, flowing like a river from its source, spread itself over the world, and took possession of its great inheritance.

While we await that future, let us leave undisturbed in the obscurity of past ages the ancient Cuzco and the Incas by whom it was founded, and give our attention to the modern city, which we find very nearly such as it was when reconstructed by Pizarro after the Conquest, and as it was left, in 1824, by La Serna, the last viceroy of Peru.

To judge from the remains of the walls, which, from San Juan de Dios to the heights of San Blas, defined the limits of the ancient city, and at the same time protected it from the falling in of the cerros, the modern city has gained but little in extent. That which it has lost in architectural character is compensated by a proportionate gain in symmetrical arrangement—a poor compensation, indeed, in the eyes of artistic travellers, but more than sufficient for people of a realistic turn of mind.

The area of the existing city—the figure of which is that of an irregular parallelogram, developed from north-west to south-east—may be about 33,000 square yards, if measured from San Blas in the Almudena, and from the Recoleta in Santa Ana. A rapid torrent, the Huatanay, which takes its rise in the Cordillera of Sapi, and runs from north-east to south-west, traverses the city, which it divides into two unequal parts. This stream, flowing through a deep trench, almost dry in winter, and rushing like a torrent when the summer heats have melted the snows of the Cordillera, serves as the common sewer of Cuzco, which it relieves of its house drainage and other uncleannesses. In the west part of the city its high banks, which are united in various places by extemporized bridges of timber covered with slabs of stone, are cut to a perpendicular face, and supported by walls of coarse construction.

These walls, let me hasten to say, are historic. They date from the reign of the Incas, and reverence for their antiquity causes archæological travellers, who appear at Cuzco once in half a century perhaps, to make a close study of them, notwithstanding the stench of the filthy waters, which imparts a slimy verdure to their base—a stench which these savants dispel either by holding their noses, or by tickling the pituitary membrane with Spanish snuff.

The Cozco of the Incas was simply divided into a higher and lower town, com-

HOUSE AT CUZCO IN WHICH THE HISTORIAN GARCILASO DE LA VEGA WAS BORN.

prised in two quarters, called Hurin and Hanan. The Cuzco of the Spaniards comprises seven districts:[1] the Cathedral, Belen, Santiago, the Hospital, Santa Ana, San Cristoval, and San Blas, which are divided, good and bad alike, into squares or *cuadras*, giving a total of 3000 houses for a population which, at the last census, amounted to 20,370 souls. Of these 3000 houses about a thousand are nothing more than filthy kennels, at least one-half of which are beer-shops (*cabarets à chicha*). One entire street, the Calle de las Heladerias, is devoted to the trade in sherbets and ices. In this street, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, was born the historiographer Garcilaso de la Vega, of an illustrious Spanish family on his father's side, and with a skin sufficiently dark to betray his relationship to the Incas on the other. The house in which he first saw the light was inhabited at the period of my visit by a washer-

[1] I do not include within the limits of the city the villages of San Sebastian and San Jeronimo, which the reader has visited in my company, although the statisticians of the country treat them as suburbs (in orig. *faubourgs*) of Cuzco, from which they are nearly ten miles distant.

woman, a Semiramis in humble life, who occupied the ground-floor and the first story, where she had created on the window-sill a hanging-garden with pots of carnations and cages of birds. The second story, usually decorated with wet rags hung upon lines stretched across the windows, was the abode of a one-eyed Indian who was a trainer of performing dogs.

Cuzco, formerly the capital of a vast empire, but now only the chief town of a department and the seat of a bishop, possesses, besides its cathedral and fifteen churches—seven of which belong to religious communities—four convents for men, San Francisco, La Merced, Santo Domingo, and La Recoleta; three convents for women, Santa Teresa, Santa Catalina, and Santa Clara; and six béguinages or retreats, Las Nazarenas, Santa Rosa, Santo Domingo, Las Carmelitas de San Blas, Las Franciscanas de Belen, and San Francisco. There are also several houses of spiritual exercise, where, during the evenings of Holy Week, men and women, shut up in separate apartments, extinguish the lights, and flagellate themselves in expiation of the sins committed in the course of the year.

The churches and convents of Cuzco are, for the most part, built of a hard stone, such as carboniferous sandstone, porphyritic trachyte, or a feldspathic granite, in place of wood, loam, or plaster, like those of the coast towns. This difference in the nature of the materials has been determined by the situation of the last-named edifices at the foot of the chain of the Andes, in the neighbourhood of some volcano, where they are exposed to frequent earthquake shocks. Hence, too, the use of plaster daubed with a wash of pearl-gray, or perhaps some shade of pink, to disguise the wood-work of the building. The edifices of Cuzco have no need of resorting to such vulgar artifices. They display in all its natural simplicity the stone of which they are built, sobered in colour by the lapse of time and the effects of sun and rain. Their physiognomy is marked by a sad grandeur or gloomy majesty not easy to describe, but which harmonizes well with the melancholy of the sky, the unchangeableness of the climate, and the heavy outlines of the neighbouring mountains.

The interior arrangement of the churches is nearly always in the form of a Latin cross. Some have nothing but a nave, without side aisles, as the church of the Jesuits; others have a principal nave and two secondary ones, as the church of the order of Mercy; or three chief naves and two collateral, as the cathedral. Their semicircular vaults, more than twice the height of those on the coast, are sometimes quite simple, sometimes strengthened by double arches, and supported by engaged columns or mere pilasters. The architectural decoration of the interior of these churches is generally very simple. Occasionally that simplicity extends to the exterior of the edifice, their whole ornamentation being limited to a triangular pediment engaged between two advanced towers, supported by pairs of columns, and surmounted by a story pierced with square windows, and decorated with small columns like the façade of the cathedral. Sometimes, again, the ornamentation is indebted to the Hispano-Lusitanian taste of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for its embellishment of pinnacles and acroteriæ, pyramidions and balls, to which is added the luxury of scrolls, eggs, volutes, roses, and chicory, borrowed from the same period. The church of the Jesuits and that

of the order of Mercy present on their façades a complete assortment of these fantastic devices. Let it be observed, however, that these various specimens of architectural bric-a-brac, instead of being moulded in plaster and afterwards stuck in their places, are laboriously sculptured in the trachyte or granite of the Andes, so that the mason may be said to have succeeded where the architect has failed.

The display of luxury which, as we have seen, characterizes the churches of

GREAT SQUARE AND CATHEDRAL OF CUZCO.

Arequipa, is rivalled by those of Cuzco. There is the same profusion of costly materials, mingled and combined according to all the rules of an unsophisticated piety and uncultivated taste. To behold on some solemn religious occasion, sparkling in the blaze of the wax-lights, the magnificence of these churches, their altars encrusted with gold and precious stones, one might well say, knowing their deficiencies in all that regards art and style, that the mere show of wealth is considered a sufficient substitute for them, as women sometimes imagine their plainness will pass unnoticed if they make a sufficient display of jewelry.

The cathedral of Cuzco, whose high-altar is of solid silver, as likewise is the reredos and all the ornaments which crown it, possesses a fabulous store of riches in the shape of reliquaries, remonstrances, pixes, chalices, patens, stars of diamonds, rubies, topazes, and emeralds, enough to fill with jealousy the heart of any pope of the time when the popes were in their greatest glory. It is true the architecture of this gorgeously-

endowed monument, both exteriorly and interiorly, is but little worthy of the strong box of so much wealth. Built on a platform where stood, in the fourteenth century, the palace of the Inca Viracocha, its plan, as before observed, is that of an oblong square, and its elevation presents two stories with salient wings or towers. The three doors and three windows of its façade are separated by coupled columns, and this part of the work is finished with a pediment. The trachyte sandstone of which it is built has acquired by age a sooty hue, which contrasts strongly with the chalky whiteness of the cupolas of its five naves and its two towers.

The interior of the building consists of a pronaos or portico opening to three chief naves and two lateral ones provided with chapels. The most celebrated of these chapels—the second to the right on entering—is that of the *Señor de los Temblores*, or "Christ of Earthquakes." We shall have to speak of this more in detail when we come to describe the religious fêtes and processions of Cuzco. The few windows in the walls of the edifice admit but a faint light into the interior. The heavy mass of the arches which form the vaulted roof, and the pillars which support them, add still more to the obscurity which the external atmosphere renders cold and forbidding. The only ray which brightens and warms a little this darkness, the only inestimable jewel among all the priceless jewels with which this melancholy basilica is enriched, is a picture of Christ crucified, in the vestry, a splendid painting in the later style of Murillo.

Around the cathedral extends an atrium or court, bounded by a wall about the height of a man, which is surmounted at regular distances by square pedestals with pyramidal terminations. All along this wall, as if to break the uniformity of its straight line, a picturesque kind of bazaar has been extemporized, consisting of awnings and great umbrellas, under which industrious traders of both sexes display to the gaze of the passers-by the sordid finery and thick shoes, with six rows of nails, which are worn by the governors and fashionable alcaldes of the villages of the Sierra.

According to a tradition which the dark-skinned and long-haired Nestors of the country have spread among the people, there is a lake under the cathedral. This lake, the water of which reposes in a profound calm all the year, swells up and beats against the pavement of the choir with a hollow sound on the anniversary of the entry into Cuzco of the Spanish conquerors (Nov. 13th, 1532). On that day of mourning for the population of the old stock, it is no uncommon thing, when traversing the court, to see a number of credulous souls kneeling in the dust, with their ears close to the ground, endeavouring with the most serious air in the world to catch some murmur of the enchanted water.

A church built of loam rammed into moulds[1] by Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, and consecrated by his chaplain, Vincent de Valverde, occupied during six-and-thirty years the site of the cathedral. In 1572 the viceroy, Francisco Toledo, had this wretched structure pulled down, and laid the foundations of a new edifice. A sum of about £13,000 sterling was at first devoted to its construction. Fifty years then run their course, and as the new church, like the famous web of Penelope, was always in

[1] *En pisé*, a well-known method of moulding clay or stiff earth for building purposes, by ramming it into moulds, which are continually shifted as the work proceeds.

course of erection yet never got erected, and as fresh sums of money were incessantly voted for it, Philip IV. one day impatiently demanded *if they meant to build it of solid silver.* The fame of the royal *jeu d'esprit,* after making the tour of Spain, reached America, and though we cannot positively say that it stimulated the zeal of those engaged in the work, it is certain that at the end of eighty-two years the cathedral was finished. Its cost amounted to nearly three millions sterling, a thing that would appear incredible, considering what a sorry edifice it is.[1]

The church was consecrated on the 15th of August, 1654; but before this could be done it was necessary to clear the approaches, blocked up by the accumulated rubbish of labours which had extended over almost a century. All the canons, inspired by holy zeal, applied themselves to the work, using rush-baskets to remove the earth, stones, and rubbish, which had converted the holy place into a region of mountains and valleys.[2] The example of the canons was followed by the corregidor, and by four knights of the order of Calatrava; then the priests of the city and its environs arrived in a crowd, followed by their curates; the monks of the four orders were equally ready to lend a helping hand; the ladies of the city imitated the monks, and soon the entire population joined the throng, and worked like one man, till, in the course of five days and nights, the work was perfectly accomplished.

On the right of the cathedral, attached, in fact, to that edifice, stands the chapel of "Triumph," which at first was nothing more than a house of clay, like the first church of which it was the humble dependant. During an *émeute* excited by the partisans of the Inca Manco, brother of Huascar, some Spaniards who had sought refuge in that chapel, in consequence of the city having been fired at several points by the Indians, were miraculously preserved from the flames by the intercession of the blessed Virgin. From this circumstance a chapel arose on the spot with a cupola of stone, built in commemoration of the miracle. On its threshold, every anniversary of the Assumption, the Indians of both sexes decorate an altar, before which they sing and dance, eat and drink, and most devoutly make beasts of themselves, in honour of what they are pleased to call *Jesu mamachay*—the dear mother of Jesus.

From the year 1538—in which Father Vincent de Valverde, whose character would have shamed a hangman, was nominated second bishop[3] of the thatched building, which had been elevated to the rank of an episcopal church by a bull of Paul III. in 1537—to the year 1843, when Don Eugenio Mendoza y Jara was appointed to the bishopric by his holiness Gregory XVI., twenty-eight bishops, inclusive of the last-named, have succeeded to the spiritual government of Cuzco.

[1] Spanish authors have commented on the *fifty* years of labour devoted to the fortress of Sacsahuaman, but none of them mention the *eighty-two* years employed in the construction of the cathedral, or they simply indicate the fact by giving the two dates. Let us add that such figures, which anywhere else than in Peru would be very significant, here prove one thing only—that the Indian of the southern continent is naturally of so supine a disposition, that whatever he does occupies him twenty times as long as it would anybody else.

[2] *Alturas empinadas y hondos valles,* says the manuscript of Doctor Carrascon, from which I have borrowed these details.

[3] The first Bishop of Cuzco was Don Fernándo de Luquey Olivera. Father Vincent de Valverde did not enjoy his bishopric longer than three years. He was assassinated or killed—we do not know the exact facts—by the Indians of the province of Quispicanchi.

On the right of the Great Square, of which the cathedral occupies the south-east side, stands the church built by the Jesuits on the site formerly occupied by the palace of the Inca Capac Yupanqui and the ménagerie of serpents annexed to it. This

CHURCH OF THE JESUITS AT CUZCO.

church, constructed of a carboniferous sandstone, is by no means of an ignoble aspect, notwithstanding the bad taste (Hispano-Lusitanian) of the sculptures of its façade, the odd details of which have nevertheless been treated with great care. After the expulsion of the Jesuits, the church was closed until 1824, when the patriots, on their return from Ayacucho, broke open its gates in the name of Holy Liberty, and trans-

formed it into a guard-house. After the proclamation of independence it was again closed, and remained so, until one day the idea having occurred to me to borrow the keys of the sous-préfet of Cuzco, Don Jose Gregorio Llanos, we had it opened, to the astonishment of several indigenes who happened to be crossing the square, and who used their utmost speed to enter with us. Our attendant disappointed them by cleverly shutting the small door in the grand entrance gates, and so baulked their curiosity.

This church, of which the inhabitants of the city know very little beyond the exterior, has only one nave, the simple semicircular vault of which rests upon an entablature supported by fluted pilasters of the Composite order. At the entrance a large gallery, supported by square pillars, forms a kind of vestibule or pronaos to the edifice. No chapel interrupts the grand lines of the nave, which is continued in its majestic severity as far as the rounded chancel, which is separated from the nave by a stone balustrade. The church was completely destitute of any object belonging to worship; its only altar had disappeared; no picture, no cross, no votive offering hung on its walls, the stone of which, of a faded pink colour, was remarkably clean.

While walking up and down over the great stones of the pavement, our steps awaking a hollow echo, we picked up some fragments of sculpture, which had belonged to a pulpit, the position of which was indicated by the iron cramps still visible in the wall on the right. Among these fragments was the winged head of an angel, the size of one's fist, remarkable for its charming expression and for a delicacy of execution which did honour to the chisel of the indigenous Berruguète who had sculptured it.

In the gallery, to which we ascended by a stone staircase protected by a balustrade of carved wood of beautiful workmanship, the organ still displayed its battery of various sized tubes, but all in disorder, leaning the one upon the other like the trees of a forest in a high wind. The keys were disjointed, worms had eaten the leather of the hammers, and huge spiders' webs enveloped, as in a winding-sheet, this poor harmonious body from which the soul had fled.

In front of the balustrade which separated the chancel from the nave gaped an opening some four feet square, looking down which we could see only the first few steps of a staircase, the rest being lost in darkness. Followed by the Indian with the keys, who was visibly impressed by this empty church and dark hole, I descended. Some twenty steps led us into the crypt of the church, which was divided into little square cells, the walls of which were as clean as if they had been recently washed. These cells had formerly served as vaults for the dead. Some open and empty coffins still remained, and the form of the corpses was marked on the bottom plank by a silhouette of a sepia colour. Some fragments of the grave-clothes made of the cotton of the country (*tocuyo*) were hanging to the nails of the coffins. At night, by the light of a torch, this spectacle must have been a very cheerful one! But it was mid-day. The crypt was filled with the pleasant summer air, and the sun peeped in at the barred windows, through which might be seen a mallow in bloom gracefully bending before a gentle breeze, so that the gloomy details, which I realized one by one, only awoke in me a sentiment of quiet melancholy. It was otherwise with my companion, who,

on regaining the street, assured me that the sight of these coffins and their odour of human rottenness had made him so sick at heart that he felt it necessary to get a drink of brandy at a place he knew of. I approved the idea, and giving him two reals, charged him to present my thanks to his master.

After the church of the Jesuits come the churches of St. Augustine and the Almudena, both elegantly constructed, and both unused for worship, which implies a certain amount of indifference in matters of religion among the present inhabitants of Cuzco. Though without priests and altars, these two churches, however, are not left to entire solitude. *Positivism*, while despoiling them of their sacred prestige, has known how to profit by the advantages which they had to offer. A college, with all its furniture of benches, tables, and desks, is installed in the first, and is well accommodated there. The second has been converted into an hospital for poor women by a society of philanthropists whose benevolent intention cannot be too highly praised, though it is impossible to speak so approvingly of the manner in which they sold their original building by auction, and divided the price among themselves.

This architectural review of the churches of Cuzco naturally leads me to speak of the clergy who conduct the services in them, chanting the praises of God in a Latin to which the use of the Quichua idiom has given a drawling accent and a guttural pronunciation extremely offensive to the lovers of euphony.

These respectable priests, men of the world in their manners, and jovial fellows in conversation, besides the general information they possess, are generally masters of some special science to which they have taken a fancy and acquired as they could from compilations and other books which have by accident fallen into their hands. Each has selected, according to circumstances or the bent of his mind, geography, physics, chemistry, or the higher mathematics. The science which they publicly profess is contained substantially in the form of questions and answers in a manual which has been edited with great care, and which their pupils, whose ages range from sixteen to twenty-four, are expected to learn by heart after having written it out under their dictation. Such of the priests as do not pretend to any special science content themselves with the profession of scholastic theology, canonic theology, or mystic theology—three sciences comprised in the programme of a liberal education at Cuzco.

The costume of these indigenous canons and priests is not unlike that of the Spanish clergy, *minus* the quality of their lace ruffles, and *plus* the golden links by which they are fastened to their wrists, and the huge umbrella of red tafeta—an indispensable addition to the ecclesiastical toilet in the country of the Incas.

The manners of the clergy of Cuzco are sweet and agreeable, recalling somewhat those of the biblical times and the patriarchal ages. Most of them have a niece, whose mother fills the office of governess (*ama de llaves*) in the house, but whom the priest, in deference to the *convenances* of society, never calls his sister. It may be they receive an orphan or a poor young widow, whose children they adopt, into the house. These pious works of the good priests of Cuzco are dictated by the real love of their neighbour, by the dread of isolation, and the need inherent in fine natures of being surrounded by affectionate hearts. Their solicitude for such dependants on their bounty is most

paternal and tender; not only do they share with them whatever they possess and supply all their wants, but, on occasion, they do not hesitate to make sacrifices to provide them with superfluities. Has a merchant received from the Pacific coast some novelty or article of fashion, the good priest loses no time in informing his adopted family of the

AN INDIGENOUS PRIEST AND COLLEGIAN.

fact, and arranging for a visit to the shop. On arriving there the reverend father enters alone to examine the goods and to discuss their price, the widow and her children standing aside. It sometimes happens that the worthy ecclesiastic, unable to decide between two articles, or doubtful about different prices, beckons to his protégée, who advances timidly.

"*Que le parece à U^d.*"—What is your opinion? he asks.

"I am always of the opinion of my *señor padre*," the sly puss invariably replies, at the same time pointing with her finger to the most expensive of the two articles.

At last the man of God makes his choice. He has the stuff cut off and made up into a parcel; and putting it under his arm says graciously to the merchant, "I will send you the money in a few minutes." These canonical minutes, however, almost always extend to a year or eighteen months; they are sometimes eternal.

On arriving at home the good shepherd receives the warmest thanks of his flock if the article bought by him is of superior quality; but if it leaves anything to be desired

AN ADOPTED FAMILY.

in this respect, a storm, which had been brewing all the way from the shop to the house, breaks sharply over the patriarch's head, and the epithets *sicatero* (stingy), *raton* (rat), and *avariente* (miser), are his reward.

The most perfect picture of this kind, and the most affecting example of these domestic manners, is presented by the house of a canon, a friend of mine, a philosopher by instinct, and by opportunity a professor of experimental physics. His study was a loft lighted from the roof; an indefinable but poisonous odour exhaled from this sanctuary of science, into which I never entered without holding a lemon to my nose. No den in the dirtiest quarters of Orleans, no marine store-shop, ever presented a more confused heap of books, instruments, rags, and waste-paper; no dirty nook was ever so covered with dust or interlaced with cobwebs. Our canonical friend, seated at a table, occupies himself in working out his ideas on paper, and keeping them bright by repeated

draughts of Carlon wine. If his hands stay, it is only to notice, with a smile, the three young monkeys—his adopted children—who are screaming and tumbling over each other on a mat. By a caprice worthy of his philosophy our friend has given to these children, whose mother, an Indian, is his cook, names taken from the vegetable kingdom; the eldest is called *Sapallo* (melon), the next in age, a daughter, *Zanahoria* (carrot), the youngest answers to the name of *Apio* (celery). The maternal *amour propre* of the

ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S FRIENDS.—A CANON OF CUZCO AND PROFESSOR OF EXPERIMENTAL PHYSICS.

Indian was a little shocked at first by these ridiculous names, but her master maintained his point by pretending, with or without reason, that the names of vegetables were very proper for the children of a cook, and would recall happy memories of the *pot-au-feu*.

Let us leave our friend to his experimental physics, his brimming wine-glass, and his interesting family, and from the manners of the clergy and the architecture of the churches, pass on to a description of the convents.

The exterior decoration of the convents of Cuzco is far from equalling that of its churches. All these edifices are heavy parallelograms, the walls perfectly plain, roofed with tiles, or crowned by cupolas, and entered by an arched door, over which is placed the sign of salvation. This door leads into a little court inclosed within high walls, and abutting on one of those dark and tortuous passages which Mrs. Radcliffe loved to

depict in the old castles of her romances, or such as lead into the dungeons of the Inquisition. One can hardly enter without feeling a little fear; but when, having groped one's way for a few minutes, the interior cloister unexpectedly opens upon us full of air and light, the disagreeable impression quickly vanishes. Imagine a vast court surrounded with an arcade, the arches of which are supported by elegant pillars or groups of columns extending in a charming perspective, and in the centre of this court, which is formed into a garden, a granite fountain with three basins, one above the other, from the summit of which springs a jet of water which falls from basin to basin as from the urn of a naiad! Add to this the fine masses of daturas, cherries, and myrtles, and

INTERIOR OF THE CONVENT OF MERCY AT CUZCO.

the baskets of flowers symmetrically arranged, all mingling their living foliage with the sculptured leafage of the architecture. A profound peace, an ineffable calm, pervades the scene. A complete solitude is around him who muses in its pleasant shades. No discordant noise offends his ear; the murmuring of water, the sighing of the wind, the twittering of a bird in the branches, are the only sounds which break the silence. Never was a safer asylum, a more retired and mysterious retreat offered to the poet, the artist, or the dreamer, to develop his theme or nurse his fancies. For these Edens of Cuzco, hidden within four walls, it only requires a few degrees more of temperature to make them worthy of being compared with the true Paradise.

The convent of Mercy is a marvel of the kind. If the elegance of its cloister, the beautiful proportions of its arches, and the monumental staircase which leads to the first story, are worthy of the admiration of the curious and of connoisseurs in art, its gardens, its waters, its pleasant shades, offer to the meditative mind the most charming of *alamedas*.

This beautiful convent, the prior of which was a friend of mine, has no corner with which I am not acquainted. I know the exact number of pillars in its galleries,

and every kind of vegetable that grows in its garden-beds. One of my pleasures during the short summers of Cuzco was to mount after dinner to the platform of its steeple, and lean my back against the cupola, to enjoy the unspeakable pleasure imparted by the heated masonry. Wrapped in my cloak, and smoking a cigar, my eye wandered leisurely over the city, and indiscreetly penetrated the neighbouring houses and courts. In particular, the monastery of Santa Clara attracted my attention by the arrangement of its cells, and its prettily laid out garden, diapered with charming though common flowers. From the height of my observatory I could see the nuns come and go, and at their various occupations, utterly unconscious that a profane intruder, a crea-

THE AUTHOR'S OBSERVATORY.

ture of the abhorred sex, had his eyes fixed upon them, and missed no detail of their pantomime.

One afternoon in particular I was at my post watching, for the hundredth time, the convent garden, when chance made me the witness of a strange scene. I speak of it here for two reasons; first, because a traveller, being under an obligation to see everything, if not to know everything, has some sort of right to say everything; secondly, because the episode in question relates to the manners of the country and explains certain customs. I say then I was looking into the garden of Santa Clara when one of the nuns left her cell and placed herself opposite a neighbouring one. She had a guitar, which she played as an accompaniment to a *copla*, a *yaravi*, or some kind of song. At the distance at which I was—about 150 yards—I could not hear either the air or the words, but the languishing *pose* of the performer, her head thrown back, her eyes raised to heaven, plainly indicated that her song was one of the tenderest kind, and her music suitable to it.

As she was thus occupied, the door of a cell on the right suddenly opened, and a nun rushed out, her arms extended, and her vail streaming in the wind. Running to

the performer, she snatched the guitar from her hands, and broke it over her head. Then seizing her in her vigorous grasp, and bending her like a reed, she inflicted on her that sort of chastisement with which it is not uncommon to threaten naughty children, while there flashed before my eyes a flutter of colours, blue, yellow, red, and green, as when one turns up the leaves of a "Civil Code" (or a "London Post-office Directory") with their variously-coloured edges.[1] The cries of the unfortunate brought out several of her companions, with the abbess at their head, and not without trouble three of the nuns released her from her assailant. What followed I do not know.

GARDEN OF THE CONVENT OF SANTA CLARA AT CUZCO.

In the evening I related this occurrence to some ladies of the city, and asked for an explanation. They replied, with a smile, that the nun had probably been beaten for serenading the beloved friend of one of her companions, precisely as in Spain a gallant would punish the rival who should dare to twang a guitar under the windows of his lady-love!

Let us return to the convents of the men and their architecture.

Next to the convent of Mercy, the most beautiful of all, the foundation of which dates from 1537, comes that of Santo Domingo, which dates from 1534, and was

[1] Under the parallel of Cuzco, the *enaguas*, or petticoats worn by the fair sex, are always of woollen stuff, and of the most brilliant dyes. The colours *à la mode* are deep scarlet, sky-blue, bright red, apple-green, and yellow.

founded by the four Dominican monks, Valverde, Pedraza, San Martin, and Oliaz, who accompanied Francisco Pizarro to Cuzco. This convent is built on the site occupied by the temple of the Sun and its dependencies in the time of the Incas. Some remains of

THE CHURCH OF MERCY AT CUZCO.

the walls of the older edifice, built of a porphyroid trachyte, of a dull gray colour, are included in the modern construction, and enable the archæologist to study the old material and workmanship. The convent garden is bounded on the north by the remains of an ancient wall, semicircular in form, and the only one of the kind belonging to the epoch of the Incas that we have discovered. The position of this wall corre-

sponds to the place where the colossal image of Inti-Churi, placed on an altar of black porphyry, was exposed to the adoration of the faithful. Real flowers and vegetables now grow in the garden once planted with flowers and grasses of gold, if one may credit the marvellous descriptions given by the historiographers of the Conquest. That garden, or rather that golden inclosure (*ccoricancha*), though deprived of its treasures, has given its name to the quarter.

The convent of San Francisco, founded in 1535, in the quarter of Toccocachi, a dependency of the parish of San Cristoval, was transferred in 1538 into the quarter of

A. Temple of the Sun, now the church and convent of Santo Domingo.

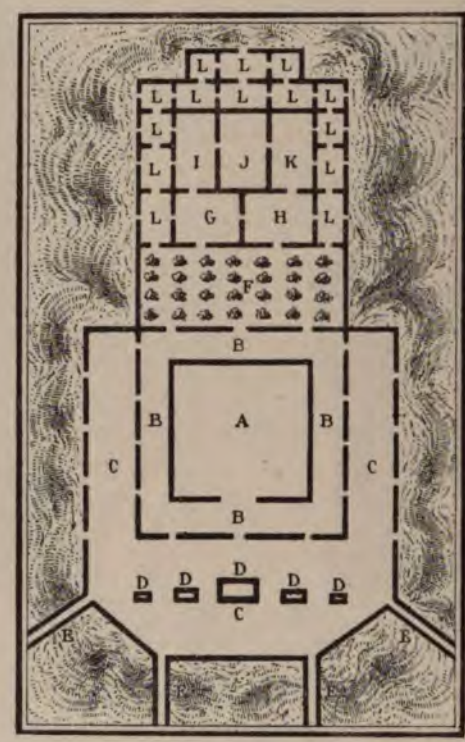
B. B. B. B. Quadrangular cloister.

C. C. C. Outer court of the temple, with its side walls.

D. D. D. D. D. Fountain and lavers for purification.

E. E. E. E. Ancient streets leading from the outer court of the temple to the Great Square of Cuzco, now the streets of St. Augustin, the Prison, the Lower Brook, and the Corner (*Recoin*).

F. *Ccoricancha*, or golden garden of the Incas, now the residence and kitchen-garden of the canon Justo Apu Ramo de Sahuaraura.



G. Chapel dedicated to the moon —*Quilla*.

H. Chapel dedicated to Venus and the Milky Way—*Coyliur chascca y Catachillay*.

I. Chapel dedicated to Thunder and Lightning—*Illapantac*.

J. Chapel dedicated to the Rainbow—*Ckuychi*.

K. Council-hall of the *Huillacumu*, or grand pontiff, and priests of the Sun.

L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. L. Apartments of the priests and servants attached to the worship of the Sun.

GROUND-PLAN OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, AS DETERMINED BY THE EXISTING REMAINS, THE PRINTED TEXTS, AND THE MANUSCRIPT CHRONICLES PRESERVED IN THE CONVENTS OF CUZCO.

Casana, nearly opposite the College of Sciences. In 1549 it was definitively established at the corner of the place which it still occupies, and to which it has given its name. In this place every Saturday, from mid-day to six o'clock, a market is held (called the market of Baratillo), where connoisseurs in such things, of both sexes, go to buy old clothes, old lace, old hats, and old shoes.

The existing convent of San Francisco presents nothing exteriorly to the lovers of architectonic art but an agglomeration of square basements, surmounted by a square tower. In the interior there are courts, gardens, and long arcades, the arches of which are supported by groups of columns, and the walls decorated with great frescoes, in which are portrayed St. Francis of Assisi in every possible position and action of his pious existence. The only remarkable thing about these frescoes is their naïve piety. In an artistic point of view, as to composition, design, and colour, they are mere memoranda, and give occasion to strange misunderstandings and curious perversions of the

artist's meaning. Notwithstanding, in these crusted daubs, exposed to the external air, and growing paler each returning spring, like consumptive girls, one is sensible of a faith so fervent, and, in the artist who painted them, an intention so manifest to honour the patron of the place, in order to secure his intercession at the throne of mercy, that the severest critic, though his heart may be steeled against emotion, must needs drop his pen in spite of himself.

After the monasteries, let us speak of the monks.

In Cuzco, as in the cities of the Littoral, the monk enjoys the consideration of all classes. The high functionaries clap him on the back in the friendliest manner, merchants and citizens shake hands with him heartily, the women smile on him and trust their consciences to his keeping, while the children climb his knees, and fearlessly play with the tassels of his cloak-string. The freedom of action which this pious personage enjoys at Cuzco is unbounded. We rarely find him in his cell, but, on the other hand, we meet with him everywhere else, and at all hours; advising with one on the most serious matters, discussing with another the most trivial affairs; speaking to every one in the language proper to him; moved by his temperament as well as his education to make light of the troubles of the world; freely seasoning his pleasantries to the taste of his auditors; preferring the wines of France to the water of the country, and the exact word to the periphrasis; bearing with his neighbours' little defects, excusing all his weaknesses, veiling with a mantle of charity the peccadilloes of the fair sex, always ready as a citizen to blame in public the acts of the government, and as an ecclesiastic to censure in secret the doings of the bishop—such is the monk of Cuzco.

Most of these monks quit the convent after the morning office, and do not return until nine o'clock at night. How do they employ the day? That is just what no one has ever known. Desirous of learning something about this constant truant-playing, which seemed to me at the least very strange, I questioned the prior of a convent who had often been my *vis-à-vis* at little family dances:

"Why do all your monks leave the convent every day?" I asked.

"To seek their pasture," he replied, laughing.

And as I insisted on knowing what kind of pasture he meant, the worthy prior added, with a wink,

"Are they not men like yourself?"

I was obliged to content myself with this ambiguous answer.

At Cuzco the monastic state does not entail upon the novitiate any of those rough trials of his constancy which mortify the body and weary the spirit. It is along roads clad with soft herbage, and paths sown with flowers, that these novices reach the period when they must pronounce their vows, and seriously commence their vocation. How often in our walks, through town and country, have we not seen through the half-open door of a *chicheria* a merry swarm of these *monigotes* (lay brothers of religious orders) roaring their bacchanal songs, drinking their brimming glasses, or dancing the *maicito* and the *moza mala* with all the abandonment of their age!

The priors of the convents of Cuzco have made it a rule to tolerate among the novices of their order these honest pastimes, of which religion, as they profess it,

does not disapprove. They pretend to know by experience that human nature has need of a safety-valve to let off its surplus steam, without which precaution the machine might be blown up. These priors are, generally speaking, men trained to the battle of life, and tempered like fine steel in the furnace of the passions. All have been, or are still, exposed to the temptations of the evil one. If the most part succumb without showing fight, it is because they are persuaded beforehand that all resistance on their part would be useless, God, they say, not having gifted man and the demon with equal power.

MONKS OF CUZCO—THE FOUR ORDERS.

One of them, already advanced during his lifetime to canonization, who was well known to me, but whom I will not name for fear of shocking his modesty, has been the victim of one of those terrible passions which upset society, and which, let us charitably hope, may at last tend to their greater perfection in righteousness. That passion had been to the prior of whom I speak the source of a thousand evils, and at the same time an occasion of the most foolish extravagancies. After having devoured the savings of the community, and hypothecated the lands of the convent, he had, say his enemies—which of us, alas! has not enemies?—sold to a goldsmith of the Calle del Plateros a statue of the archangel Michael, as large as life, and of solid silver, which for two centuries had adorned a certain chapel, where it had been the pride of the community and the admiration of the faithful. The devout public made a stir about this affair, and the bishop was arranging to open an inquiry, when lo! the image which it was said had been sold and melted into ingots was found one fine morning in its old niche. The prior was raised to the skies. In vain his enemies asserted that a collection made for the purpose among the ladies had enabled him to buy the image back again. The common sense of the public did justice to that calumny, and the prior's reputation for sanctity was suddenly increased a hundredfold.

If the monks of Cuzco have neither the softened manners nor the mellifluous tones acquired by familiarity with the world, nor that ordinary niceness of person which St. Augustine calls a virtue, and which their religious brethren of Arequipa carry to excess, they substitute for these virtues a roundness of manners, a frankness of language, and a keen appreciation of men and things, which puts the stranger who is near them at his ease. Among the monks of Arequipa the form is more than the substance; among those of Cuzco the substance predominates over the form.

The parallel we have drawn between the convents of men in the two cities may be extended, with some modifications, to their communities of women. Less bountifully gifted by nature and education than the nuns of Arequipa, those of Cuzco have none of those pleasant links with the outside world which the former have established by means of little presents and sweets. Like the Virgins of the Sun, to whom they are related by family ties, the nuns of Cuzco live chastely within the shadow of their cold walls, and though, following the example of their sisters beyond the Cordillera, they sometimes make for sale creams, fritters, and other dainties, they never invite, as the nuns of Arequipa do, their neighbours and friends to come and partake of such things with them.

These moral and physical differences between the communities of Cuzco and Arequipa seem to be resolvable into questions of altitude, of climate, and of race. Arequipa, situated in a pleasant green valley, enjoys a mild temperature, and an almost always serene sky. Its proximity to the coast of the Pacific, and its daily relations with strangers during a period of three centuries, have caused a mixture of races, and substituted for the pure Indian blood, in the *élite* of its population, much of Spanish, English, German, French, and Italian origin. Cuzco, owing to its geographical situation, has enjoyed none of these advantages. Situated 300 miles from the sea, and 12,558 feet above its level, surrounded with barren mountains, saddened by a cold climate and a clouded sky, its population has only had passing relations with the civilized world, and has preserved almost intact its primitive manners, as well as its peculiar idiom and the colour of its skin.

We would willingly have developed at greater length this comparison between Arequipa and Cuzco, but our minutes are counted, and the reader must undertake that task for himself. We will only add, that from the geographical and climatological differences between the two cities there results a sentiment of mutually hostile sharpness in their populations. The citizens, small and great, of the Littoral provinces, like the religious bodies, call the inhabitants of the Sierra *Indios piojosos* (lousy Indians); while the latter on their side stigmatize the coast inhabitants as *Yuracuy* (white rabbits) and *Masamoreros* (lickers of cream).

Notwithstanding the severe seclusion of the nuns of Cuzco, and their superiority to the opinion of the world, calumny has not scrupled to whisper the accusations which seem so natural to the carnal mind, and to tarnish with its unclean breath these mirrors of purity. The nuns of St. Catherine have been the especial butt of the arrows of the wicked. It is curious that the site of their convent was formerly occupied by the *Accllhuaci* or House of the Virgins consecrated to the worship of

Hélios-Churi. They are now subjected, however, to the severity of the laws made by Sinchiroca in the twelfth century. Christianity has much softened the lot of these vestals. Instead of being put to death, the nun who has forgotten her vows—and some instances of the kind are on record—is simply but severely whipped by two of her companions, and deprived of her chocolate for breakfast during a year. As for her accomplice, he may be censured by public opinion, but the law does not reach him.

The earthquake of 1650, one of the most violent on record—like that of 1590, which was felt at Cuzco, where it overthrew 100 houses—destroyed a portion of the convent

BEGUINE OF CUZCO.

of St. Catherine, built in 1599. Dispossessed of their abode, the nuns found an asylum in the house of a chevalier situated in the Calle del Cuichipuncu. On the 17th of December, 1651, after vespers, the first stone of the present monastery was solemnly laid. The Bishop of Cuzco, surrounded by the clergy, the religious communities, and a vast number of the population, deposited under this stone some pieces of golden coin stamped with the effigy of Philip IV., a ring, and a tooth-pick. The money, it is naïvely stated, in a long inscription engraved upon a leaden plate which was placed under the stone along with the objects, was meant to typify the spiritual riches which the soul acquires by prayer and by renouncing the pleasures of the world; the ring betokened the mystic espousal of the virgins to their heavenly Bridegroom; the tooth-pick alone was apparently meaningless. We have vainly tried to fathom this little mystery. Was this tooth-pick an advertisement of some kind? Was it a symbol? If a symbol, did it refer to the soul or the body? What was its signification? Was it a token of cleanliness? Here is a fine opportunity for those who are fond of rebuses and charades to find the solution of a puzzling enigma.

The nunneries of Cuzco have nothing to say to questions of art. Those of St. Catherine and Santa Clara are plain square edifices, dating back to 1651 and 1558.

As to the *béguinages*, of still humbler pretensions, they all date from the middle of the eighteenth century. The beguines of various orders who reside in them form a distinct type among the population of the city. Clothed in black, white, blue, or gray, according to the order to which they belong, a leathern belt round their waists, from which is suspended a string of beads, a crucifix, and a number of medals and death's-heads, which make a melancholy rattling as they walk, these beguines—old, brown, bony, and sullen for the most part—are intermediary between the world and the cloister. As they have the privilege of going out at all hours, and are received everywhere, they circulate, in private houses and monasteries alike, all the small talk and scandal they can collect in the course of their peregrinations: some of them, like the Spanish duenna of the olden time, serve as letter-carriers and links of communication between unhappy and persecuted lovers; others make a secret trade of love, and offer to sell at a high price that which is elsewhere given away.

If from the architecture of the churches and convents of Cuzco we pass to that of its houses, we shall observe that the majority of them have for their basements old walls of the time of the Incas, the more easy to recognize, as they are never coloured or whitewashed, whilst the rest of the house is always daubed over with lime or some gay-coloured wash. This speciality dates from the time of Pizarro, who, to economize time and workmanship, contented himself with discrowning the old edifices, and erecting new stories upon the old basements. Thanks to this circumstance—a happy one for archæologists—the city is only transformed, as it were, to the middle of the body, the upper half being catholic and modern, the lower heathen and antique.

The style of these dwellings is, with some slight differences, that of all the houses built in America by Spanish constructors and the masons of their school. It is monotonous, heavy, and freezingly cold. The enormous square mass which forms the building has a door like a tomb, studded with nails. This door opens into a court paved like a street; a staircase in one of the walls leads to the first story, which has an internal gallery of wood or stone. From this gallery open the sleeping and reception chambers, the folding-doors of which, in place of any kind of glass, have only a grated judas, or a little sliding shutter (*chattière*). An exterior balcony, shaped like a long wooden box, is supported by projecting timbers, and is apparently quite closed, but lozenge or heart shaped openings enable the inmates to see what is going on in the streets without being seen.

Some decorate the sides of the entrance court with granite vases called *mazetas*, in which a vivacious thlaspi, rue, or *yuerba buena* (*Mentha viridis*—spear-mint) may be languishing out its days; others have a garden *peopled* with green myrtles like those of ancient Idalia mentioned by Voltaire in his *Henriade*. These unhappy shrubs are tortured by the local gardeners into the shape of men and animals, of ramrods and distaffs, butterflies and cauliflowers. A few clumps of dahlias, asters, gilliflowers, and red and white carnations, make agreeable breaks in these fantastic masses of verdure.

The furniture of the houses, as in those of Arequipa, is of two kinds and two epochs. Families faithful to ancient tradition have preserved articles of Spanish manufacture made and carved out of the solid wood, painted in bright colours, which are heightened

in effect by fillets of burnished gold and a pattern of roses or tulips. The houses which sacrifice to modern taste and pique themselves on elegance are furnished in the Græco-Parisian style of 1804. Both classes of dwellings have their windows protected with iron bars, and seldom have any curtains. Instead of a floor the ground has a coating of *argamaza*, a kind of cement, and is thickly carpeted as a protection against the cold.

A gray-coloured paper or a painting in impasto decorates the walls of the aristocratic drawing-rooms. Upon the tables or consoles, over which are octagonal mirrors in steel frames, are displayed specimens of Peruvian bric-à-brac, consisting of statuettes of Incas and Coyas (empresses) found at Huamanga, and vases of painted earthenware, more or less cracked, of a date anterior to the Conquest. Oil-paintings by artists of Cuzco and Quito once adorned the saloons of the old aristocracy, but political revolutions have disfigured, burned, or sold these often remarkable canvases. Deprived of the

A LADY OF CUZCO.

gallery of pictures which had been their pride, some noble families of the city, among whom a taste for art is hereditary, have tried to provide a substitute for them by painting the wall of their staircase either with the colours and designs of their heraldic honours, or with their genealogical tree, represented as a vine with tortuous branches. This emblematic peerage, at the top of which is found Francisco Pizarro, extends from the ground-floor to the first story, spreading along the walls its garlands of green vine-leaves, from which hang like wall-grapes the heads of bearded Spaniards and native women. One of these staircases, that of the late Countess Roza de Sanz y Traganabos —a woman as remarkable for her small stature and beauty as for her exploits in the wars of independence—has been for a long time the admiration of strangers.

The families of the doubtful nobility, or those which can only boast of a small number of ancestors, being incapable of pretending to the honours of the emblematic vine, console themselves with the possession of a piano of English or Chilian manu-

facture. This piano, provided with wax lights always fresh, and with Rodolph's exercises on the scale always open, is placed in the most conspicuous part of the reception

A WOMAN OF THE LOWER RANKS OF CUZCO.

room. No one ever touches it, for reasons which it is easy to conceive, but the show it makes is satisfactory to the *amour propre* of the family. It is at once a certificate of

A WOMAN OF THE LOWER RANKS OF CUZCO.

civilization and an attestation of taste and genteel manners. It is the *mode* to have a piano, as in Paris to have an English service of silver from old Saxe, and furniture from Boule. Every family happy enough to procure one of these instruments, though

it may be all askew and without strings, is raised to the level of the nobility, and keeps with it the crown of the causeway.

Notwithstanding the almost constant lowness of the temperature of Cuzco, and the storms of rain, hail, and snow which succeed each other so frequently, that the neighbouring cities say of that capital: *Llueve 13 meses en un año*—it rains thirteen months in the year—the use of chimneys, stoves, or braziers is unknown. The ladies wrap themselves up as well as possible in their shawls or mantles, and the gentlemen in their great cloaks. As for the Indians, both men and women, they wear woollen shirts and coats

WOMAN OF THE ENVIRONS OF CUZCO.

or habits, to which the men add the *llacolla*, and the women the *lliccllа*—large and small sized woollen mantles. To warm them more effectively, and set their blood in more rapid motion, great and small, rich and poor, have, besides the wines and liquors of Europe, the local chicha and rum from the hot valleys. Aided by these various drinks, the consumption of which never ceases, they bear with but little inconvenience the minimum of temperature to which they are exposed.

Under this inclement and almost always clouded sky it is conceivable that cleanliness of body is not one of the virtues of the indigenes, and that their aversion to water approaches the character of hydrophobia. People who mix in society, it is true, perform some little ablutions once a week; but Indians go from the cradle to the grave without having felt for one moment the need of washing their face and hands. Generally they take their rest without undressing, and in fact never renew their clothes until those they have on are reduced to rags. A native woman puts on a new petticoat over her old ragged one, and as she habitually wears three or four, it is credible that the first is at least eight or ten years old. This fact sufficiently accounts for the parasites which infest them, and for that sickly odour which so unpleasantly counterbalances, in the eyes of the artist, the picturesque side of their nature.

From October to January the severity of the climate softens a little; a blue sky succeeds to the monotonous gray, and some rays of sunlight struggle to the ground, which leaps for joy. The population hails with transport the advent of the luminary they once adored. Society hastens to profit by the short summer. Processions are organized, and little journeys undertaken. Families flock to the valleys of Yucay and Urubamba to eat the strawberry and peach (*unuela*), both accompanied by the always indispensable liquor and the pleasant sounds of the flute and guitar. Others are satisfied with a daily trip to Huancaro, a hamlet just outside the city, where there is a large bath, constructed of stone, in two divisions, and filled to the brim with pure cold water.

INDIAN OF CUZCO.

There, from noon to four o'clock, and for a small payment, both sexes, separated by a partition, disport themselves at pleasure, and, their teeth chattering with cold, taste the delights of a bath which are interdicted during the rest of the year.

We are now approaching an essentially delicate point in our review of modern Cuzco —the monograph of those who everywhere constitute the ornaments of society. May we not fail to satisfy at once the curiosity of the reader, and the *amour propre* of a sex to which, as Legouvé says, we owe our mother! We are conscious of the difficulty of the enterprise; it is like undertaking to navigate between two rocks, with the risk, in avoiding Charybdis, of running upon Scylla. While satisfying the one, we may offend the other. Nevertheless, the purity of our motives, and the uprightness of our intentions, will justify us in our own eyes if, by chance, we founder before reaching the shore. This premised, we hoist sail and dare the voyage.

The women of Cuzco have generally brown skins, are of middle height, and somewhat full of figure. With them the Indian type of physique still predominates over the Spanish, as the qualities and defects of the indigenous race crop out from under the varnish of education which covers them. Nevertheless, to remind a woman of Cuzco of her incontestable origin would be to do her a mortal injury. The ambition of all

is to prove that they are Andalusian from head to foot, and, if intimate enough, they will show their shoe as an indisputable proof of their descent. The tiny shoe may, in fact, remind one of the pretty Andalusian foot, and might serve for the slipper of Rhodope or Cinderella; but as for birth, a shoe, however pretty it may be, proves very little. More than one shepherdess has had the foot of a dwarf, and many a queen the foot of a king. It is only women between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, however, who fly to this argument of the shoe. Illusions vanish as women get older and miss the homage of our ruder sex; thus the older women of Cuzco do not scruple to acknowledge their origin in a very loud voice when occasion offers: "*Somos Indias, para que negarlo?*—We are Indians, what is the use of denying it?" they say, laughing. An avowal of this kind from the lips of these venerable ladies has always appeared to us, besides being a homage rendered to holy truth, as a pin-prick meant for the younger women, and a fashion, peculiarly feminine, of protesting against the isolation to which their wrinkles and their gray hairs have consigned them.

These little weaknesses, common to the fair sex in all ages and countries, are amply compensated among the Cusqueñas, old and young, by many sweet and amiable qualities, attentions, and gracious condescensions, which lend a charm to any intercourse with them. Their monotonous life, barren of incidents, their distance from civilized points, a certain difficulty which they find in speaking Spanish—as the women of Arequipa say of them, they bungle (*chapurean*)—all these causes combine to impart to their manners I know not what ingenuous timidity and modest *gaucherie*, which is quite charming in itself, and which we should look for in vain among the women of the coast-towns. That timidity before strangers whom they see for the first time—a timidity which becomes fear among the lower class—seems to be the result of that unfriendly relationship which formerly existed between the Indians and the conquerors, though it has been weakened among the higher classes by reason of their alliances with the Spaniards.

Apart from the weekly visits of intimate friends, the women of Cuzco hardly go from home at all, where some occupy themselves with needlework, others with the preparation of sherbets and sweetmeats, mixing with their various labours any amount of harmless gossip, for which the text is supplied by their *chinas*, *caméristes*, or chambermaids, who collect their information out of doors. To assemble any number of the fair sex nothing less will suffice than a grand fête, an official ball on Shrove Tuesday, the solemn entry of a bishop, the installation of a new préfet, or the nomination of a president. Except on these rare occasions, the women voluntarily seclude themselves, and keep their doors shut. It is only the stranger who commands the watchword, and can visit them freely at any hour of the day. But the stranger enjoys so many privileges among the fair sex of Peru! He is that *rara avis* of which Juvenal speaks, to whom every young lady presents some little delicacy upon a trap, of which she persuades him to eat with sweet words, in the hope of snaring him and shutting him up in a cage.

Along with their natural timidity and grace, the women of Cuzco have preserved the old national costume of the time of the viceroys, still used at Lima, where it serves to cover the amiable weaknesses of the sex rather than the woman herself: but this costume, which is gradually disappearing from the capital of the Pacific, to the delight of

the unhappy husbands whose torment it has been for these two centuries, is far from being worn by the women of Cuzco in the *no-fashion* and *desinvoltura* of the fair Limanians. Its picturesque character in the City of the Kings degenerates to the grotesque in the City of the Incas. A woman of Cuzco, muffled up in that folded tonnelet, shortened and fringed, called a *saya angosta* or a *pollera apresiliada*, resembles somewhat, seen behind, a huge scarabæus, to which, however, some one has added antennæ.

This garment, worn by the majority of the women of Cuzco—from those of the mercantile class to the comfortable artisans' wives—is repudiated by the women of the aris-

CHAMBERMAIDS (CAMÉRISTES) OF CUZCO.

tocracy, who dress themselves *à la française*, but with modifications and additions in the taste of the country. There still flourish in all their past splendour the tunics *à la grecque*, the robes *à la Vierge* and *à la Sévigné*, the spencers and the scarfs as they were worn by the fair Parisians in 1820. The long drooping feathers which made a woman's head-dress appear like that of a herald-at-arms, and the tall indented combs *à la giraffe*, which remind one of the tower-crowned Cybele, are also perpetuated with touching fidelity. This respect for sumptuary traditions, which is common to the women of Cuzco, and which for pretenders to their hand should be of good augury, as evincing their singular constancy, is, however, destroyed or weakened by two strange customs. The first, in honour with the women of the *bourgeoisie*, is that of washing their hair with stagnant urine, and greasing it with mutton-fat in place of pomade.[1] The second of the customs referred to consists in covering their faces with those ointments and cosmetic plasters which were once used by the Assyrians and Medes, and which queen Jezebel

[1] The ammonia contained in this liquid prevents, so say those that use it, the contraction and drying up of the root-bulbs of the hair, and consequently the falling off of the hair. Whether true or not, it is remarkable that baldness is unknown among these aborigines; on the contrary, they have luxuriant hair which they preserve perfectly black to advanced age.

employed with success, if we may believe the indiscreet revelation of her daughter Athaliah. Only, the ladies of Cuzco, instead of using it like the queen of Judah,

Pour réparer des ans l'irréparable outrage,

employ it simply to hide the colour of their skin, and to give them the fine rosy hue of our buxom European lasses. Among these ladies there are some with natures

A LADY OF CUZCO GOING TO CHURCH.

superior to artifice, and who, disdaining the use of white-lead and vermilion—thinking that well done that God has done—content themselves with varnishing their faces with the white of egg, to which they add a few drops of eau-de-Cologne. This innocent glaze, like certain cosmetics puffed by tradesmen, *clears the complexion, softens the skin, prevents wrinkles from appearing, and effaces or conceals the old ones*—in short, gives to the face the appearance of a freshly silvered looking-glass.

As my readers, and above all my lady readers, may be surprised to see me so well up in these little secrets of the toilet, which they hardly acknowledge even to themselves, and take great pains to conceal from others, I must confess, though neither a perfumer, nor even a manufacturer of Macassar oil and *pâte d'amandes*, that I have sometimes, in amiable condescension to the weakness of the sex, left graver studies, to prepare with my own hands, with such materials as flake-white, ochre, carmine, and some kind of essence, a pomade, the fresh colour of which might rival that of the nymphs of Rubens. With what bouquets of flowers, what sweet words and sweet smiles, to say nothing of boxes of sweetmeats, have I not been repaid for this little condescension! On the other hand, what angry explosions have I not provoked, what abuse have I not received from the

A WOMAN OF CUZCO—CLASS OF TRADESMEN.

woman to whom I have, *par ordre*, refused a similar kindness, in order that she might not compete with a rival, and have the chance of surpassing her in loveliness! Sweet memories—winged sylphs who have fluttered for a moment over this virgin page, urging my pen till it bends and sputters, notwithstanding the hardness of its metallic nib—away with you! vanish, never to return! Graver subjects claim our attention. After this sweet *soupçon* of homage to the weaker sex, we have to speak of the fathers and husbands, brothers and cousins, who constitute the stronger.

We cannot say that the Cusqueños are graceful and retiring, like the women of the country, but we can assure the reader they are touchy and mistrustful. In the measure that the one, when the ice is once broken, show themselves sympathetic with the stranger, the other manifest their repugnance to encourage similar relations with him. That repugnance has a little the character of moroseness, and very much of pride in their own attainments. The physical and moral superiority of the European offends their vanity, and when it happens that they are compelled to recognize it in public, it is with a reserve which betrays at once how much it costs them to do so.

Wanting the exterior advantages which distinguish the men of Arequipa, the Cusqueños endeavour to compensate the niggardliness of nature by the advantages of instruction. They are all ardent students of theology, philosophy, common-law, statute-law, and the civil and ecclesiastical codes. The natural sciences, living and dead languages, the belles-lettres, and other esthetic studies, they regard as unworthy of a manly education, and banish them from the programme of their studies, as the divine Plato banished from his republic the makers of sonnets and dithyrambs. The effect of the serious education they receive is to increase the imposing gravity of their carriage. A learned Cusqueño, wrapped in his cloak, walks the street with the majesty of a doge going to wed the Adriatic. The subtle definitions with which he has stuffed his brain enable him to choose his career either in the magistracy or at the bar. Sometimes he

A LIONESS OF CUZCO.

devotes himself to instruction, but instances of this kind are rare. Generally he prefers the rostrum to the professorial chair. He knows that the advocate has the world at his foot. In Peru we have seen men who rival Cicero at the bar transformed at once into generals of brigade, and, passing on to the rank of field-marshal, seat themselves at last on the president's throne. Such examples of success account for the prodigious number of barristers found in the old capital. It is true most of them die without pleading a cause, the reason being that causes are as rare at Cuzco as the appearance of comets. These barristers, however, console themselves by strumming the guitar, stringing quatrains, and agitating against the government, or perhaps in growing a few potatoes or maize and lucerne in some kind of *chacara*.

The scientific establishments of Cuzco enjoy a well-deserved reputation in every part of the Sierra comprised between the 15th and 18th degrees of latitude. Its university, *Abbas Beati Antonii*, founded in 1592, has a chancellor, a rector, a vice-rector, a director of the studies, a secretary, three professors, a treasurer, two mace-bearers, and a pongo, who fills the office of porter. The subjects taught are theology, canon-law, and a little logic.

The College of Sciences and Arts, founded or rather reconstituted in 1825 by Bolivar, bore in the eighteenth century the name of San Francisco de Borja, which succeeded to that of the College of the Sun. Simon Bolivar wished to make it a focus of light not unworthy of the luminary under whose patronage it had been placed. But the smallness

A CUSQUEÑO SAVANT.

of the revenues devoted to the support of this college did not permit the liberator to realize his vast designs. Nevertheless, the programme of the studies is sufficiently liberal to satisfy the demands of the paterfamilias of Cuzco. Religion, the Castillian and Latin tongues, philosophy and orthology, are all taught; and, in addition to these subjects, the scholars receive parenthetical lessons in politeness and courtesy.

An institution for young girls, which bears the name of *Las Educandas del Cuzco*, is renowned for fifty miles round. Every year the pupils sustain before an enthusiastic public and delighted parents brilliant examinations on the catechism, arithmetic, and

dressmaking. The sum devoted by the government to this interesting school is £16 sterling. To keep in remembrance the benefactor and the benefit received, the girls a clothed in the Peruvian colours, consisting of a white frock and a scarlet cloak.

Printing, which has existed in China from time immemorial, and in Europe since t

PROFESSORS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABBAS BEATI ANTONII

middle of the fifteenth century, was not introduced into C viceroy La Serna that the City of the Sun is indebted fo Lima by the arrival of the patriot troops, La Serna fl a flying press, by the aid of which he circulated on the proclamations and manifestoes. When the royalists tately from Cuzco, leaving behind him his press, of selves by right of conquest. From 1824 to the printed, one after another, six octavo journals

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AT SACSAHUAMAN.

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grimage takes place on the "Day of the Dead."
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arms jugs of chicha. Once in the Cemetery they
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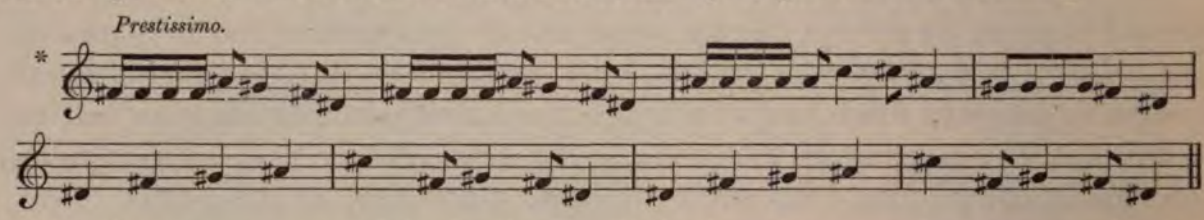
n out of the ground, and which they suppose to be

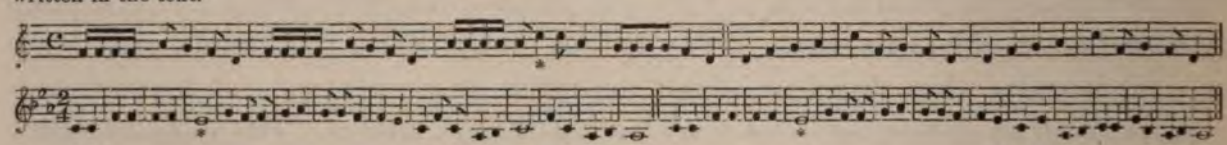
the *zapateo*, from the verb *zapatear* (to strike with the shoe), is the final round of the ball, the grand closing "flare-up." All the dancers exert themselves to the utmost, scorning to break off till, from fatigue and breathlessness, their knees give way under them. This local dance is reproduced in the following notation. Out of the five or six movements of the *zapateo* which are ringing in our ears while we write, we have seized upon this, as we would on a troublesome fly to get rid of its buzzing.



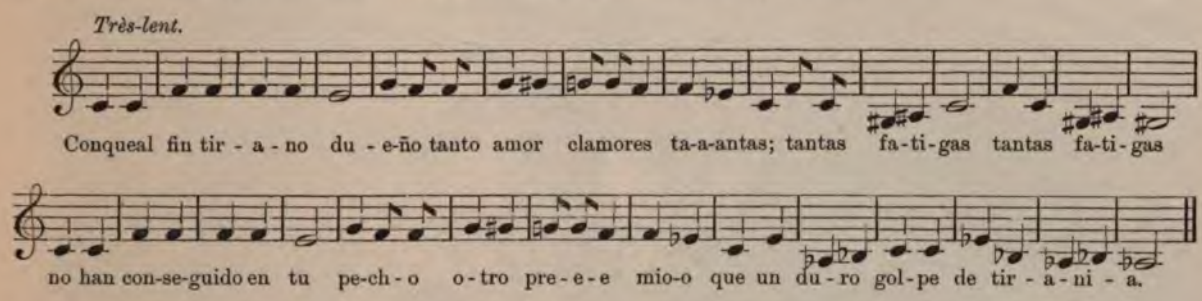
To these amusements of the family are allied other pleasures of a temperate kind, in which music and a little brandy make all the cost. A dozen or fifteen persons meet in an upper room. A man or woman distinguished in the company for a clear ringing voice and for skill in lengthening out the notes, sits on a sofa, the place of honour, and receives from the hands of the mistress of the house a guitar, decorated with a cockade of blue or pink ribbon, like the shank of a dressed ham trimmed with a bit of curled paper. While the musician is tuning the guitar, and practising all the little fopperies which are the usual prelude to a musical *morceau*, the auditors are settling themselves down, so as not to miss the slightest gesture of the singer, or the least note or word of the *yaravi*, which is the great air, I may say the only one, honoured at these musical réunions. The first note and the first syllable escapes at last from the throat of the performer; a profound and admiring silence—Milton would have called it a ravished silence—hushes the company. One might suppose the angel of melody had descended amongst them, and had inspired them with a feeling of rapt enthusiasm. Their necks are stretched, and their eyes expanded. Every ear, every mouth is open, as they seem to devour the singer with hungry looks, and to hang upon his lips in a blessed rapture. Excited by the sympathy of his audience, the singer gives full swing to his powers; the timbre is more and more intensified; the burden of the air is indefinitely prolonged, until, in a climacteric spasm of melody, he throws his head back and only the whites of his eyes are seen. This innocent artifice of the performer and immobility of *pose* in the audience may be sustained for an hour or more, according to the number of *coplas* in the *yaravi*. It is hardly necessary to state that after every couplet the artiste and the guests alike refresh themselves with little glasses of eau-de-vie.

Thinking that some of my fair readers may have a fancy for trying over, upon a modern piano, one of these ancient songs, the first conception of which dates from the

* Divested of all accidental notes, this tune and that on page 253 appear to be in the modes of the 2d and 4th of the scale (Dorian and Lydian). These modes are quite common in Scottish music, and are characteristic of all old national airs. The tunes are here given in simpler form,—the notes marked * have probably been erroneously written in the text.



time of the Inca Loqui Yupanqui, I subjoin a *copla* from the most celebrated of the ten or a dozen *yaravis* of which the Cusquinian répertoire boasts.



After these pleasures of the dance and music which the two sexes share in common, we must not forget to mention the bacchic pilgrimage which the women of the lower

A POPULAR PIC-NIC AT SACSAHUAMAN.

class make every year to the Cemetery, and the rompish "outing" or picnic of the smaller bourgeoisie to Sacsahuaman. This pilgrimage takes place on the "Day of the Dead." From eight in the morning, the approaches to the Panthéon are obstructed by a crowd of native women carrying in their arms jugs of chicha. Once in the Cemetery they collect in the common fosse the heads, thigh-bones, and ribs of skeletons, the wreck of the dead, which have been thrown out of the ground, and which they suppose to be

those of their relations, friends, or acquaintances. They select and assort these bones,

LILIACEÆ OF SACSAHUAMAN:—AMARYLLIS AUREA—CRINUM URCEOLATUM—PANCRATIUM RECURVATUM.

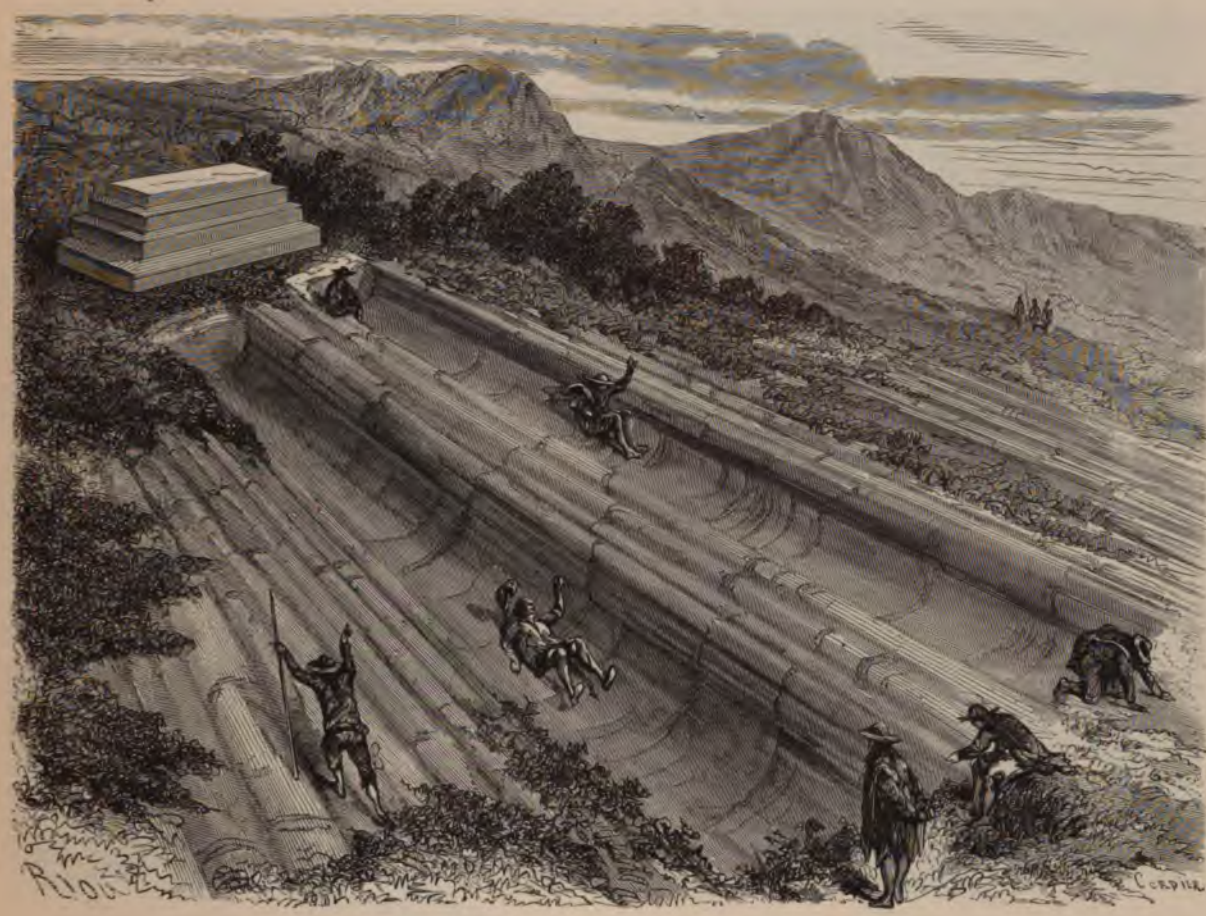
arrange them in little heaps, and one after another set up the most plaintive wailings

CURIOSITIES OF SACSAHUAMAN—THE CHINGANA.

over them, tell them the gossip of the quarter, and the news of the year; how the wife

PERFORMANCE OF A TRAGEDY BY THE STUDENTS IN THE COURT OF THE COLLEGE OF SAN BERNARDO AT CUZCO.

of Juan has left her husband to follow, in the character of *rabona* (vivandière) a soldier on the march; how Pedro's sow has had a litter of eight pigs, one of which has five feet; how, in fine, José is gone into the hot valleys to work at the coca-gathering. They mix this childish babble with tears, sobs, and draûghts of chicha, taking care every time they drink to water with the local beer the bones of the dear departed whom they apostrophize, to the end that they may still enjoy in the other world a lingering odour



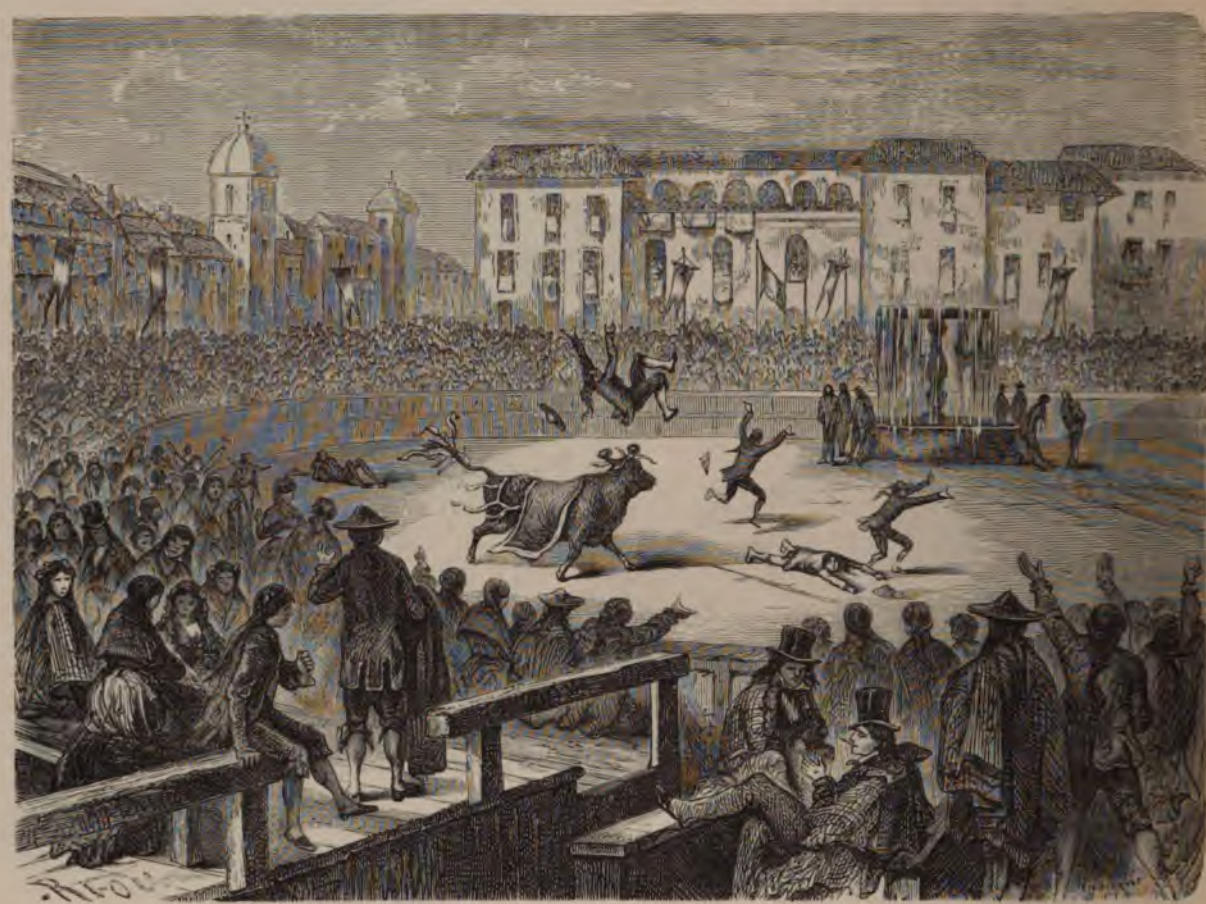
CURIOSITIES OF SACSAHUAMAN—THE SLIDE.

of the sweet liquor of which they emptied so many jugfuls in this. As this business goes on the whole day, it is sure to happen by nightfall that the mourners are all thoroughly drunk, and return to their homes tumbling against the walls and howling at the full stretch of their lungs.

The outing at Sacsahuaman, which takes place on Whitsunday, is an al-fresco orgie under the shadow of the walls of the fortress built by the Incas. Men and women, furnished with provisions solid and liquid, climb, on foot or on horseback, the abrupt slope which leads to the summit of the eminence. Arrived on the platform which crowns it, each party selects a site, spreads on the grass their provisions and bottles, and then fall to eating and drinking, singing and dancing, or collecting the charming flowers of the neighbourhood, the *Scillæ* and *Amaryllidæ*, of the genera *Crinum* and *Pancratium*, which bloom every year in nature's greenhouses. When the sun has dis-

appeared behind the three crosses on the hill, the drunken mob takes the road back to the village, rolling about, stumbling, and supporting one another as well as they can, and all the time accompanied by laughter, and shouts, and songs sufficient to awake the dead. In the cathedral square the throng breaks up, and each party accompanies one of its members to continue at home the orgie commenced in the open air.

The spectacle of the annual processions, which are viewed by the ladies in full



A BULL-FIGHT AT CUZCO.

dress from the height of their balconies, must also be reckoned among the pleasures of Cuzco. As for public rejoicings, they are so rare that it is hardly necessary to mention them. The two great solemnities which we witnessed during our stay were the grand entry of a bishop surrounded by a brilliant staff of priests and monks, and the nomination of a president, on which latter occasion the citizens of Cuzco went to considerable expense. The programme of the rejoicings was spread over three days. On the first day a mass was celebrated by way of thanksgiving, and a fine display of fireworks made in the court of the cathedral exactly at noon. On the second day the pupils of the College of San Bernardo performed a tragedy entitled *Antony and Cleopatra*. The ladies of the city, previously invited by notes printed on white and pink satin, lent the adornment of their presence to the representation. A student of theology, whose skin was dark enough for the character, but who was less appropriately dressed in a

white robe with six flounces, his hair in corkscrews surmounted with a plume of feathers, took the part of the beautiful queen of Alexandria. One of his companions, with a great beard, a cocked hat and feather, a black dress-coat, and booted like a riding-master, played Antony. This tragedy, in a single act and in octo-syllabic lines, was a tremendous success.

The entertainment of the third day was a scuffle with tame bulls, *corrida de toros*

EVOLUTIONS OF SOLDIERS IN THE CIRCUS OF THE PLAZA DU CABILDO AT CUZCO.

mansos. The Plaza du Cabildo, where the water-carriers are accustomed to fill their pitchers at all hours of the day, and spend the time in idle gossip, had been transformed into a circus, and surrounded with six rows of ascending seats. From the hour of noon till four o'clock a dozen bulls, whose horns had been cut and mounted with guards, to prevent accident, as the programme said—the art of bull-fighting being still in its infancy at Cuzco—were let loose in the arena, where they tumbled over the *chulos* (jesters or clowns of the circus), clothed in white and green satin. As four o'clock struck, a detachment of some thirty soldiers in a gray uniform and white calico hats (*bonnets de police*) entered the circus to the sound of martial music, and drew up in the centre. After a short rest, only disturbed by the word of command, *carry arms* and *present arms,* they commenced spinning round like tee-totums, crossing each other, mixing with each other, and winding in and out with remarkable nicety, while their hands were con-

tinually occupied in taking from their cartouche-boxes, as if they were cartouches, handfuls of the petals of flowers which they dropped on the ground. This choregraphic rather than strategic evolution ended, these defenders of their country saluted politely the assembled multitude and retreated backwards. The public then discovered written upon the yellow sand of the arena in capital letters made of flowers, and a couple of yards long, these three words—VIVA EL PERU! A thunder of applause, which made the seats of the circus tremble, saluted this fine achievement à la Robert Houdin.

In the absence of real pleasures, Cuzco has amusing scenes and curious episodes at every street corner to attract the idle, and interest the observers of local manners. Besides the street altars of the Fête-Dieu, and the symbolical masquerades, the sworn

A PONGO OR WATER-CARRIER OF CUZCO.

"slaughterers" of the police, and the verification on the spot of the number of dogs killed by them every Monday morning, there are the numerous little trades and industries carried on out of doors. In this category are the sellers of *chicharrones*, fag-ends of salt pork prepared in fat; the sellers of bread and butter, or bread and lard, a class habitually found squatting against the pillar of an arcade or under an arched gateway; the milk-women seated on the steps of the Jesuit church, where they await their customers in the attitude of the Sphinx, taking an occasional draught of milk out of the jug itself from which they help their customers; and the meat-sellers of the great square, whose stall is a simple cloth spread on the ground, and held down by four stones, on which cutlets, beefsteaks, and fillets, torn rather than cut from the carcass, provoke the appetites of the lovers of a roast or a *pot-au-feu*. In general the rags of these tradespeople, and their wares too, are revoltingly filthy.

Among other individualities of this kind I well remember an Indian girl some twelve or thirteen years of age, with brown skin and dishevelled hair, clad in mere cobwebs of various colours, and mounted on long shanks of legs, by the help of which

she traversed all parts of the city, and repulsed like a young colt the attacks made upon her by the street-boys of her own age. She regularly passed my house about two o'clock in the afternoon, carrying in her right hand, on an iron tray, two ices, the one *blanche à la crême*, the other *rose au carmin*. With her left hand, which was left free, she foraged in her blowsy hair, and from time to time carried her fingers to her mouth. Puzzled by these gestures, always the same, one day, when for the hundredth time she

SCENE AT THE CARNIVAL—THE AGUE OR TERTIAN FEVER CARICATURED.

had offered me her ices, which for the hundredth time I declined, I asked her what it was she was eating. "*Un piojito, señor*" (a little louse, monsieur), she replied with a frank smile.

The symbolic masquerades, which number with the gaieties of Cuzco, form two very distinct series; one set of them only appearing with the saturnalia of the Carnival, and disappearing afterwards like birds of passage. Such are the *chucchu* (ague), the *chunchos* (savages), and the *dansante* (dancer). The first named is an Indian of middle age, wearing a battered straw hat, a sheet by way of a cloak, and carrying a medicinal mallow. Two merry youngsters, grotesquely dressed, accompany him in his promenade through the city, the one carrying a chair, the other an enormous syringe. At every hundred steps this symbolic personage, whom the supposed fever causes to tremble like a leaf in the wind, stops and salutes the passers-by; then kneeling upon

the chair and dropping the sheet, he repeats with the help of his syringe-bearer, the familiar scene indicated by Molière in his *Malade Imaginaire.*

THE CHUNCHOS—WILD MEN.

The *chunchos* are great dark-skinned fellows, with floating hair, dressed in their ordinary manner, but wearing immense conical hats made of osier, and covered with

THE DANCER.

feathers of macaws and perroquets. They play the part of savages in the streets during the three days of the festival, drinking and shouting their hardest.

The dancer wears a straw-hat, round which are hung little bells and rattles. His

dress is a fringed spencer of faded velvet, and a petticoat, or rather a framework of osier, ornamented with silver plates. He goes from house to house, dancing a *zapateo* of his

THE HUYFALLA, OR MAN-BIRD.

own composition to the tinkling accompaniment of slips of copper which rattle as he moves. Under the régime of the viceroys, this dancer enjoyed similar privileges to those

THE HUAMANGUINO, OR DANCING BUFFOON.

which the old pagan times accorded to the river-god Scamander. A girl about to be married, went, on the eve of her nuptials, to have the most mysterious of her duties as a wife explained by him. These consultations were not gratuitous. The maiden,

besides surrendering herself to her adviser, presented him with a fat chicken, a dozen of eggs, a bladder of butter, or any other little *cadeau*. Happy dancer! Now that his privileges of grand seigneur are abolished, the maidens of the country turn their back upon him, and freely sell to others what in old times they gave him gratuitously.

Besides these profane masquerades, there are sacred exhibitions, the actors in which accompany the processions, frisk about before the litters of the Virgin and the saints; apostrophize noisily the holy images; nay, put out their tongues and shake their fist at them. Of this sort are the *huyfallas*, or men-birds, whose wings are formed of two strips of calico, and who turn about, or throw themselves forward with their heads bent till they almost touch the ground, in imitation of flying, at the same time uttering a cry like hawks.

TARUCA AND TARUCACHA (DEER AND BUCK).

With the huyfallas must be classed the *Huamanguinos*, inhabitants of the ancient Huamanga (now Ayacucho). From the time of the Incas that province had the privilege of providing Cuzco with dwarfs, buffoons, actors, and mountebanks, destined for the entertainment of the court. Now that the Incas have disappeared, the Huamanguinos, fallen from their estate, follow the fairs as common clowns, or figure in the annual processions. Their customary performance is a kind of Pyrrhic dance, which they perform to the clinking noise made by the two blades of a pair of scissors, one suspended from their thumb, the other from their forefinger, which they use as castanets. Some of them play juggling tricks with daggers and balls, pierce their tongue with needles, or, like Mutius Scévola, hold their hand over a brazier to the astonishment of the gaping crowd.

The huyfallas and Huamanguinos are escorted by *tarucas* and *tarucachas* (deer and bucks), young fellows disguised in the skins of the animals whose name they take. All these strange and wildly accoutred revellers leap, gambol, grimace, and yell to the utmost extent of their ability in the midst of the processions, or opposite the

temporary street altars, the arrangement and decoration of which are due to the corporation of fruiterers. These altars consist of a long table, covered with a cloth ornamented with stars of tinsel; a sort of reredos is formed with an elliptic framework of osier, decorated with mirrors and ostrich-eggs; besides which, old two-globed piastres and silver reals, having holes made in them for the purpose, are hung up by threads. Altogether they present a singular mixture of objects of art and industry, and specimens taken from all the three kingdoms of nature. Sometimes macaws and monkeys mount guard at the opposite ends of the erection.

The *sastres* or tailors, and the *pasamaneros* or lace-makers, work in the open air. The former seated in oriental fashion on wooden benches, the latter standing behind one another, manipulating the thread, make a picture of *genre*, perfect in composition and sufficiently picturesque in its character of vagabondage. The lace-makers are even more négligé in their costume, as they go about without shoes, and with their dirty shirts hanging out behind through the holes in their trousers. Standing before a box of spools perched upon two trestles, they pass the whole day weaving backwards loops or ribbons, and making their bobbins fly with various-coloured silks. There is nothing more curious and laughable than to see these *industriels* surprised by a storm of rain. Suddenly stopping work, they break their threads, mingle their woofs, bundle their bobbins together, and rush with frightened cries towards the box, which they carry under shelter of a gateway. When the storm is over they replace the box on its trestles, the ragged operators resume their position in line, and the bobbins begin twirling again.

The weekly massacre of dogs by four sworn slaughterers, commissioned by the police, the ædileship, or the highway board—I know not what to call it—constitutes a spectacle at once grotesque and pitiful. At Cuzco, as at Valparaiso, dogs wander about the city in numerous troops, to prevent the too great multiplication of which these slaughterers make the round of the city at an early hour every Monday morning. Two of them, holding the two ends of a rope, walk along by the houses on either side of the street, their companions following, armed with bludgeons or knobbed sticks. Every dog that happens to be passing through the street at that fatal moment is unmercifully thrown into the air by means of the rope, and then bludgeoned. Between eleven and twelve o'clock these victims, of all sizes and colours, are laid side by side in the square of the Cabildo, where a verifier appointed for the purpose comes to count them. The artists of Cuzco are permitted, by leave of the verifier, to cut off the hair from the bodies before they are dragged into the square. They make their pencils of it.

As this weekly massacre has been going on for many years, the instinct of the dogs, developed to an unusual degree by the danger which menaces them every Monday, has all the appearance of reason. A singular agitation is apparent in the various troops on the morning of the fatal day; they walk slowly and cautiously, with their eyes fixed, their ears pricked up, and their noses in the wind. On perceiving a suspicious group they stop, and should two or three individuals wrapped in ponchos appear at the end of a street, they scamper off at full speed. The confidence of the poor wretches returns again on Tuesday morning, and during all the rest of the week they are so forgetful

of the proscription which hangs over them that it is necessary to use one's cane or foot to make them move from the middle of the road, where they are in the habit of sleeping.

I remarked, when commencing this enumeration of the pleasures presented at Cuzco, that the city possesses nothing whatever in the character of a theatre or assembly-room. But it has just occurred to me that it boasts of a *cancha de gallos*, a little circus

THE DOG-DESTROYERS OF CUZCO.

of about thirty feet in circumference, where cock-fighting is practised with birds properly trained and equipped with steel spurs. All these cocks are in name and genealogy thorough-bred. Every Sunday, from three till six o'clock, a public, greedy for the cruel sport, crowd round the door of the cancha, the entrance price of which is a silver real. The proprietors of the birds excite them by voice and gesture to combat to the death, and considerable sums are staked upon their valour, the lookers-on betting as at a game of *high-and-low* or *écarté*. Umpires appointed for the purpose decide on doubtful strokes, and any difficulties that arise between the parties to the sport. It often happens, in spite of the conciliatory intervention of these judges, that players of perverse temper or bad taste come to blows, to the great delight of the spectators, whose semi-barbarous tastes are even more gratified by a gladiatorial combat than a cock-fight.

This brief account of the *cancha de gallos* leads us to speak of the state of the fine arts at Cuzco; but as the transition to such a subject may appear a little sudden to the reader, he must understand that the most celebrated painter in the city in our time had his studio and his dwelling next door to the cancha above referred to. This artist, whom we frequently visited, and whom we surnamed the *Raphael of the Cancha*—a name which we believe he still bears in the circle of our friends—will serve as the link to unite the preceding observations with those which are to follow.

The churches and convents which the conquerors built in the two Americas remained for a long time without pictures, because the Spanish school of painting, which was one

THE VERIFIER COUNTING THE DOGS KILLED AT CUZCO.

day to present the world with so many *chefs-d'œuvre*, was still dormant in its original limbo. It was not till the reigns of Philip III. and his successors down to Charles IV. that the canvases of Morales, Ribeira (Spagnoletto), Zurbarn, Velasquez, Alonzo Cano, Murillo, and their various pupils, were carried into the New World with the works of the Flemish school.

The sight of these pictures awoke in some of the indigenes a taste for painting. Gifted with that faculty of imitation possessed in so high a degree by the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, and which makes them soil or tear a picture if the original which they copy has by chance a stain or a hole in it, these children of the country set to work, and in time arrived at such perfection, that, favoured by the obscurity of the churches, travellers have been so deceived as to mistake for unknown originals the copies which had no other merit than that of a servile fidelity. These pretended originals, when exposed to full daylight, and relieved of the dirt which covers them, instantly betray to a practised eye their plebeian origin, as certain hands, when the gloves are pulled off, show the callosities and marks of hard labour.

Subsequently, for want of original works—which had become the objects of private

speculation—the artists of Cuzco had to derive their inspiration from the copies made by their predecessors. A few engravings which have from time to time fallen into their hands have completed that artistic education which for a century past has made no advance. To speak to living artists of anatomy and osteology, of studies from the round, and the anatomical or living model, of linear or aerial perspective, would be to talk in a language incomprehensible to them, and expose the interlocutor to a bad compliment. This absolute defect of the first notions of art interdicts all original creation, and obliges the artists of Cuzco to resort to existing canvases, and take from them the various details which they form into a fresh whole. Hence that constraint, that crude-

COCK-FIGHTING AT CUZCO.

ness, and that want of animation, which instantly strike one at the first sight of their works. Every figure in their pictures, made up of bits, seems as if it had been cut out with a punch and pasted on the canvas. There is no back-ground or foreground, no breath of air, no movement in these wretched silhouettes, which are notwithstanding recommended to attention by their often fresh and charming colours, the result of traditional rules.

Fine old works, we have remarked, are extremely rare in the churches and convents of Cuzco. Nevertheless, one may sometimes find in an obscure corner, where it is covered with dust and spiders' webs, an artistic gem, which its possessors never refuse to sell if the proposal is whispered in their ears, and the price offered is sufficient. A single fact, which may be related in a few lines, will tell more on this subject than many pages of assertion.

A friend with whom I was conversing one day about the pictures in the churches and convents of Cuzco, asked me to which of these works I would give the preference. I mentioned a picture some two feet square, representing the Flight into Egypt, having discovered it under a staircase in the convent of La Recoleta, where, like a burning

lamp, it seemed to light up the gloom. My friend, curious to verify the fact, accompanied me to the place indicated, where I pointed out the *chef-d'œuvre* in question, the glowing colour of which, no less than the strange and luxurious accoutrement of the figures, seemed to proclaim it the work of Rubens, or of some artist of his school. My friend looked at this picture for a long time, called it *bonito* (pretty), and went out without saying anything. Some days later, on calling upon him, the first thing I saw was this precious canvas which he had cut out of the frame, but so awkwardly, that the naked feet of the Virgin were left in the margin. To think that a man whom I called my friend could be guilty of so unworthy an action, brought the blood to my face, and I was on the point of refusing to shake hands with him. A few words, however, sufficed to prove his innocence. A monk of the Recoleta to whom he had offered, through an old beguine accustomed to this sort of thing, an ounce of gold (86 francs 40 cents.) in exchange for the unknown Rubens, had not hesitated to charge his conscience with this sacrilegious theft. At the same time, fearing to be surprised by one of the brothers, and to have a bone to pick with the prior, he had cut out the canvas secretly, and this with such precipitation as to cut through the ankles of the Virgin. A month afterwards, going to smoke a cigar in the place which had been despoiled of this artistic gem, I saw the old frame with the margin of the canvas, on which the rosy feet of the Virgin-mother seemed to protest energetically against the cruel amputation to which they had been subjected by a simoniacal monk.

Political revolutions, domestic troubles, and, more than these, the serious temperament of the Cusqueños, devoted to the study of theology and canon-law, combine to depress the fine arts, whose muse at Cuzco walks a-foot, when, upon that classic soil, she ought to be winged. The churches and convents, filled with paintings, have no commissions to bestow on modern artists, and the need for economizing compels families to follow the example of the religious communities. The two or three painters of whom the city boasts would run the risk of starvation if the merchants and conductors of *tropas,* whom business brings to the city, did not commission subjects upon which, when returned home, they realized large profits. These commissions consist of dozens of Stations of the Cross, Good Shepherds with or without sheep, *Virgins au Raisin, à la Chaise, au Poisson,* copied from engravings; saints, male and female, of all kinds, either as busts or full-length figures, and with or without hands. Each of these canvases is paid for, be it understood, according to its size and the more or less skill which the subject demands. Some are not more than four reals (say two shillings), others may be as much as two pounds. When once the merchant has given his commission, and has settled with the artist when the work is to be ready, he pays him something on account, and departs with perfect confidence in his good faith. It is seldom indeed that the good faith of the artist fails him, but his customer is absent, and may not return for six months—and "out of sight, out of mind." Other work comes in, and other money is taken on account. In fine, the artist forgets so entirely the merchant and his commission, that nothing is done. Hence arise recriminations without end on the part of the patron, and excuses without number on the part of the artist, who at length, when threatened with a good thrashing, applies himself to the work.

As "artists' repositories" are unknown in the country, the painter is left to his own resources to procure the articles necessary for his work. Ochres and other earths he finds in the ravines near the city; a few colours in powder he may get from the apothecary near the Convent of Mercy; the *pulpero*, or grocer, will supply him with oil and essence; incense in powder serves for dryers; bones half-burned supply him with bitumen, and the smoke of his candle with black. As for pencils, as we have already incidentally stated, the hair of the dogs killed every week enables him to renew them at little expense. For his canvases he is contented with English calico at 6*d.* or 7*d.* a yard; this he prepares himself and stretches, not on a frame, but a board with the aid of six or eight nails; for a pallet he is satisfied with a fragment of a plate, or a bit of a broken square of glass.

The reader must not do us the honour of attributing to our imagination the invention of these details. Every item is from observation in the artists' studios, where often, while smiling at their various preparations, we have wondered at the good result they obtained.

One of these artists, the same whom, by reason of his talent, we have surnamed the "Raphael of the Cancha," honoured us with his special confidence. Although he well knew that in our leisure moments we dabbled in colours like himself, he did not hesitate to reveal to us the little secrets of his art, knowing that we were morally incapable of using or abusing them to take away his trade. The gift of a few bad lithographs had opened wide for us the door of his atelier, where we often went to see him paint. That atelier, the rent of which amounted to five francs a month, was below the level of the ground. The descent was by three steps, which limped like one of Martial's distichs. A light à la Rembrandt flashed in the interior. The ground was invisible under a litter of vegetable pickings, among which fowls and guinea-pigs disputed with each other for every nibble they could get. A dog, whose framework was plainly visible under his skin, slept by the side of the artist. A black cat without a tail or ears, like a Japanese idol, purred upon his shoulder while he painted, subject to the harassing abuse of his wife, a thick-set and chubby-headed native woman, whose face was purple with erysipelas, and who divided her time between trying to make the pot boil and annoying her husband.

The favourite theme of this dreadful Fornarina was to reproach our poor Raphael with his idleness and his drunkenness. To hear her talk, he passed whole weeks without doing the least work with his ten fingers, and the little that he at last earned he was sure to spend in drink. The artist disdained to reply to these shameful imputations. Dipping his pencils in the pomade-pots, for which he was indebted to the munificence of the ladies of the city, and which served him for saucers, he continued his work. When his patience was exhausted he filled a bowl with chicha, emptied it at a draught, and having dried his lips with his sleeve, courageously resumed his work as if to give the lie to the allegations of his horrible wife. Poor Raphael! If his head now rests in the common fosse provided for the low-class Indians and artists of Cuzco, may the remembrance of thousands of *chefs-d'œuvre* which he has painted upon calico make the dreams of his last sleep pleasant!

What we have said of the painters of Cuzco is applicable to its statuaries, whose first models were the images sent by the kings of Spain to adorn the churches and convents. These artists have a manner of their own of *working* which deserves to be explained. In the first place they are all very far from being rich. Most of them may even be called poor, since their naked toes are seen protruding through the holes in their shoes, or their shirt hanging out from their tattered inexpressibles when the

THE ATELIER OR STUDIO OF THE RAPHAEL OF THE CANCHA.

wind blows aside the rag of fustian which serves for a cloak. Their studio is a low chamber of the most unpretending appearance. A board laid on a couple of trestles serves as a table or bench. On the wall are hung plaster-masks of all sizes, arms, legs, feet, hands, and busts of all dimensions. These members are provided with pegs which serve to fix them to the bodies. A quarter of an hour's work suffices for the artist to fit together all the pieces of a "Christ," a "Virgin," or any kind of saint. The clothing and draperies of these images are fragments of stuff joined together with a liquid plaster, which hardens while drying. The art of moulding the clay, of sketching the first conception of their thought, is utterly unknown to these statuaries. It is not always, indeed, that they have any thought to sketch, and plastic clay is not found in the environs of Cuzco. Their work is simply to adapt the ready-made limbs to the ready-made bodies, of which their predecessors have left them the moulds. If any

difficulty of design presents itself, if any detail is demanded which is not to be found in the collection prepared beforehand, the artist provides it on the spot by cutting to the pattern a piece of plaster as a sculptor in wood would carve a block of oak.

These statuaries have to avail themselves of colour as well as form, because no customer would tolerate a "Christ" or a "Virgin" entirely white, were it even of Carrara marble. With the help of white-lead, ochre, vermilion, and carmine, they prepare a colour, more or less brilliant, which they spread and equalize with the finger of an old kid-glove, which serves them in place of a badger. It then remains to fix the glass eyes in the face—for these images have eyes, and sometimes teeth and hair, like the "Virgin of Belen" and the "Christ of Earthquakes," two images venerated at Cuzco. To make the eyes they have a metal sauce-pan, or rather a frying-pan, pierced with a score of holes of various sizes, over the most suitable of which they place fragments of window-glass, cut to the shape of the eyes, and then set the pan over a fire. When the heat has softened the glass sufficiently, the operator takes a rounding tool, and pressing each piece of glass into the hole gives it a convex form. He then, by means of colours, depicts the pupil and the globe of the eye in the concavity, and this object, inserted in the eyeholes of the images, gives to their faces that life-like and radiant look which astonishes the stranger.

The chisels, files, polishers, and other artistic tools used by these indigenous statuaries, are the bones of sheep or poultry, old worn-out blades of penknives or table-knives, old nails, old brushes, and old gloves. Their ingenuity, stimulated by wretchedness, makes fish of all that comes to their net. Rubbish of every kind, that is contemptuously thrown aside in European cities, is collected by them with the greatest care, washed, cleaned, scrubbed, and serves for years to make those beautiful images which on the great festal days they drape with sumptuous garments and precious stones, to carry through the streets.

The most celebrated of the annual processions of Cuzco is that of the *Señor de los Temblores* or "Christ of Earthquakes," which takes place on the afternoon of Easter-Monday. Two days beforehand children are sent to despoil of their flowers the shrubs of *ñuccho* (*Salvia splendens*), of which they obtain basketfuls. The street-altars to be erected and dressed in the cathedral square set in movement the corporation of fruiterers, upon whom this business exclusively devolves. The houses before which the procession has to pass display the hangings of velvet with golden fringe or other rich stuffs, and handsome carpets which, during all the rest of the year, remain shut up in their wardrobes. The important day at length arrives. From an early hour the *camaretos* (small howitzers) awake with their thunders the echoes of the city. Petards, squibs, rockets hiss on every side, notwithstanding that their luminous trajectories are lost in the light of the sun. The people in their Sunday attire flock into the streets or fill the balconies. Floods of chicha, wine, and brandy have been running since the first vigil to celebrate the end of Holy Week and the grand day of the Resurrection. At four o'clock precisely a triple salvo of howitzers makes the place tremble; churches and convents strike up a joyous *carillon;* all the bells of the Cathedral, from the thorough-bass, called the *madre abadesa* (the mother abbess), to the silver *esquilon* of the Chapel of

Triumph, are rung at once in a volley of sound. Ten thousand excited and howling Indians fill the square, while the windows are crowded with the curious of both sexes waving their handkerchiefs. All three entrances of the Cathedral have their folding-

A SCULPTOR OF CUZCO.

doors thrown wide open, allowing the dark interior of the nave to be visible, in which, shining like glowworms, are the lights of a thousand wax-candles. At this moment a religious shiver runs through the multitude. All necks are stretched, all eyes are turned towards the central gate, from which the procession is beginning to issue, preceded by crosses of gold, which are carried by vergers with collarettes, and great silver candelabra, which the brown-skinned acolytes in white clothing carry with their two hands.

The first image that appears, standing on a litter carried by eight men, is that of

San Blas, from whom a quarter of the city derives its name. The crowd salutes it with acclamations and prolonged clapping of hands. The costume of the holy bishop consists of a black velvet coat descending to the knees, with puffed sleeves embroidered with gold. Flesh-coloured small-clothes define his legs, a large quilled ruff encircles his neck and covers his shoulders. His head-dress is a sort of university hat (*béret*) of black velvet, with white plumes. His feet are cased in red buskins; in his right hand, covered with a gauntlet of varnished leather, he carries his breviary, a quarto book with gilt edges. An angel with spread wings is perched upon a spiral spring behind the saint, whom he shades from the sun with a pink silk parasol. At every jolt of the litter the mobility of the angel's support causes his sunshade to sway gently up and down.

San Blas is immediately followed by San Benito, whom the crowd receives coldly, under the pretence that the reverend abbé was descended in a direct line from Ham the son of Noah. The image in fact is of a jet black, like the cloth of its cassock, and this, with its great white eyes and blubber lips of a reddish violet colour, give it a sufficiently repulsive aspect.

To San Benito succeeds San Cristoval. The hermit Christ-bearer supports himself by holding an up-rooted palm, which bends to and fro under him like a reed. He is clothed in a white robe embroidered with golden stars, and relieved with poppies. He has purple fillets in his hair like an Assyrian king; moustaches of great length and ferocity, and a long-pointed beard like that of King Charles.

San Cristoval is followed by San José, the husband of Mary. The lonely carpenter is dressed in the robe of a Carmelite pilgrim. He carries a framed saw in one hand, and in the other a knobbed stick, with which he supports himself. The only profane decoration which disfigures this severe costume is a peacock's feather stuck in his felt-hat.

Behind San José comes the image of the Virgin of Belen, or Bethlehem, standing on a litter carried by sixteen men, who seem to stagger under the burden. In fact, this litter is made of heavy huarango wood covered with silver plates, and surmounted with massive chandeliers of the same metal, in which are lighted candles of sweet-smelling wax. The mother of the Saviour is radiant with beauty; never statuary modelled the oval of a face with more consummate perfection; never Chinese painter traced two arches of ebony more delicately than the eyebrows of this image, the ideal colour of which is freshened up by a bright copal varnish which sparkles in the sun. As for her costume, the queen of saints and angels is dressed in a style which can only be described as ravishing. Her petticoat, of blue and white brocade, worked with gold, has panniers more than six yards round; a stomacher of silver lace adorns the front of the corsage, the voluminous sleeves of which allow to escape from their *bouillonné* (bordering) of Venetian lace naked arms whiter than those of Here—may we be pardoned the profane comparison—and these arms, circled with rich bracelets, are terminated by patrician hands whose fingers are covered with rings. In one of her hands she holds a scapulary embroidered with gold and precious stones; in the other she flutters a costly fan. The head-dress of the Virgin harmonizes with the elegance of her apparel. Her soft blonde hair is slightly curled, and has a touch of powder. Her crown is a diadem of fabulous

value. Two costly pearls are suspended from her ears, and a collar of rubies sparkles on her neck—that swan-like neck which is encircled by an immense ruff of guipure lace, mixed with threads of gold. So placed in the centre of that funnel of lace the head of the Mother of God looks like the pistil of some strange flower.

The distinctive feature of Mary's face is the extreme mobility of her glass eyes, which a concealed wheel or spring causes to roll in their orbits with frightful rapidity. The stranger is terrified a little at first by the perpetual movement of these divine eyes, but on hearing the remarks of the crowd, "*Que ojos lindos y que dulce mirar!*" (What beautiful eyes, what a sweet look!) he soon begins to share in the general infatuation.

On leaving the church the bearers of the images are arranged in the following order: San Blas, San Benito, San Cristoval, to the left of the grand entrance; the Virgin and St. Joseph to the right. In this position all wait the arrival of the "Man-God," the "Christ of Earthquakes," who is always a little late in order to excite the religious fervour of the faithful. These arrangements are made beforehand by an ecclesiastical programme which assigns to the bearers of the images not only the hierarchic place which they are to occupy in the procession, but the various evolutions they are to make on leaving the Cathedral and returning to it.

Very soon a white-looking form begins to be visible in the penumbra of the grand nave; a religious tremor runs through the multitude; the men lift their hats or caps, and the women devoutly cross themselves. The Virgin, leaving the company of St. Joseph, advances in front of all the saints, in order that she may be the first to salute, on leaving the church, her beloved Son. The "Christ of Earthquakes" at last appears in the great doorway. A tremendous cry resounds in the great square; the balconies of the houses tremble upon their worm-eaten beams, and hats and handkerchiefs are waved before the revered effigy.

The "*Man-God*" is extended upon the infamous cross, become by his death the symbol of redemption. As faithful narrators we feel ourselves compelled to describe minutely the features of this image, and if any irreverent expression escapes us, unaccustomed as we are to the phrases it is necessary to employ, the fault is in the inflexibility of the French language, and not in our orthodoxy, which, thank God, is sufficiently sound to bear the test of councils, and defy the fire of the stake, if councils and stakes still existed.

Since Charles V. sent from Cadiz by a galley this venerated image, no profane pencil has retouched its primitive colour. Time, dust, the smoke of incense and of tapers, and the irreverence of the flies, have combined to change its once brilliant colour into a kind of violet red. The blood with which it was literally sprinkled from head to foot has acquired by age the tint of bitumen, so that the skin of the crucified Saviour looks like that of a panther. From the sculptor's point of view it is a block of oak scarcely hewn into shape, a barbarous and almost hideous form, reminding one both of the Hindoo idol and the classic *écorché*. This Christ, in place of the traditional drapery, wears a petticoat of English lace fastened round its hips by a ribbon, and descending half-way down its legs. The thorns of the three-spined acacia which form its crown are imitated in precious stones of fabulous value. The nails which fasten the image to the

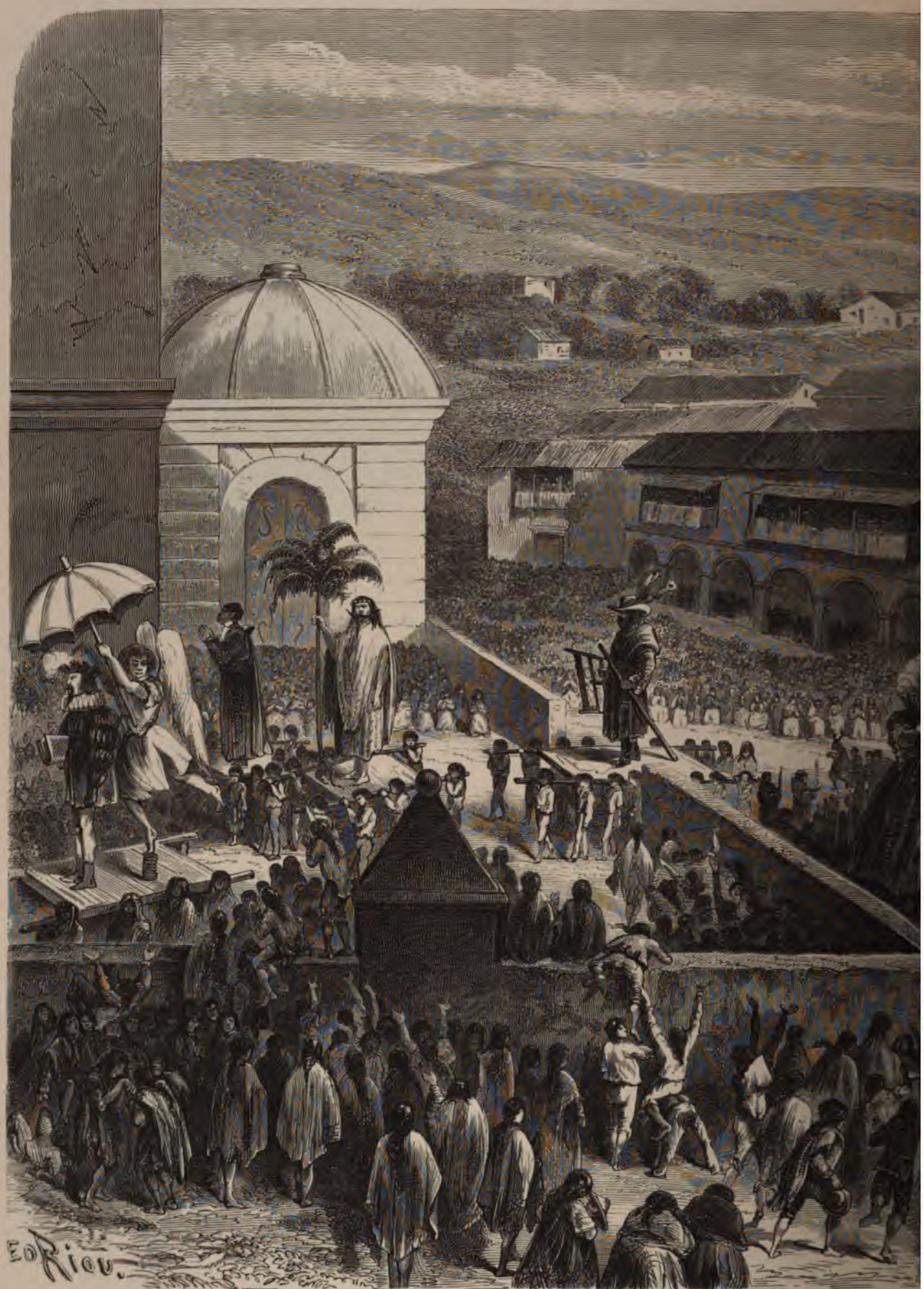
cross are emeralds from Panama three inches long, and the lips of the wound made in the side by the spear of Longinus are defined by balass-rubies larger than gray peas. The hair, which is lifted and blown by the wind, is black and of extraordinary length. Before adorning the head of the Redeemer it embellished for a long time that of a sinful girl, who died prematurely from the effect of the wild orgies in which she indulged. The father of this Magdalene, an officer of police whom I knew, but refrain from naming, himself cut the hair from his dead daughter and sent it as a gift to the chapter of the Cathedral, as much to redeem the faults of the poor girl and open for her the gates of heaven, as to replace the old hair of the "Christ of Earthquakes," which the worms, who respect nothing, had ignominiously eaten away in patches.

This Christ, the sight of which inspired a sentiment of repulsion and almost of terror, was carried on a litter of silver by thirty cholos without shoes, with disordered hair, and their clothes in rags. It was surrounded by a great number of burning wax-lights. Invisible springs or wheels communicated a nervous movement to all its limbs, and made them continually tremble. It bears by metonymy the name of *Señor de los Temblores,* and protects the faithful on the occurrence of earthquakes.

Its exit from the Cathedral is the signal of the departure of the procession. The bearers of the images defile in succession. Every five minutes the men who bear the litter of the Virgin stop and face about, that the Holy Mother may assure herself that her well-beloved Son has not abandoned her. Following the Christ of Earthquakes, comes the dais of the holy sacrament surrounded by the ecclesiastical notabilities and the civil and military authorities of Cuzco. The four orders of monks—blue, white, black, and gray—form a double hedge to the cortége, and close the march. A swarm of beguines, like birds of night, press upon the steps of the monks. A sea of people roll in upon the procession behind the beguines, to the great disgust of the latter, who turn round with an irritated air, and interrupt their chant of *Pange lingua gloriosi,* to treat those of their troublesome followers who press too close upon them with such epithets as *fils de chien* and *masque du diable!*

As often as the procession skirts the walls of a house and passes near a balcony, basketfuls of the petals of the *ñuccho* are emptied upon the Lord of Earthquakes, covering his shoulders with a purple stream. The *buffoons,* the *dancers,* the *deer,* and other masqueraders, previously described, who have been to refresh themselves in the neighbouring cabarets, reappear, and play their antics round the sacred litters, shaking their fists at the images and questioning or apostrophizing them with hideous grimaces. As the procession advances into the interior of the city the enthusiasm increases, and, spreading through the masses, reacts upon the most indifferent spirits. The sight of this "Christ," trembling like one just come out of icy water, draws cries from the beholders which are heard above the normal diapason. Hoarse with shouting, the voices of the crowd would soon die in their throats if brandy were not at hand to sharpen its ring. Among the Indians of both sexes, who snatch from each others' hands the jug or the bottle, it seems to be a trial of strength who can shout the longest and hardest whilst shaking their fists at the pious effigy.

Soon this crowd, unable to control the religious and bacchic frenzy which possesses



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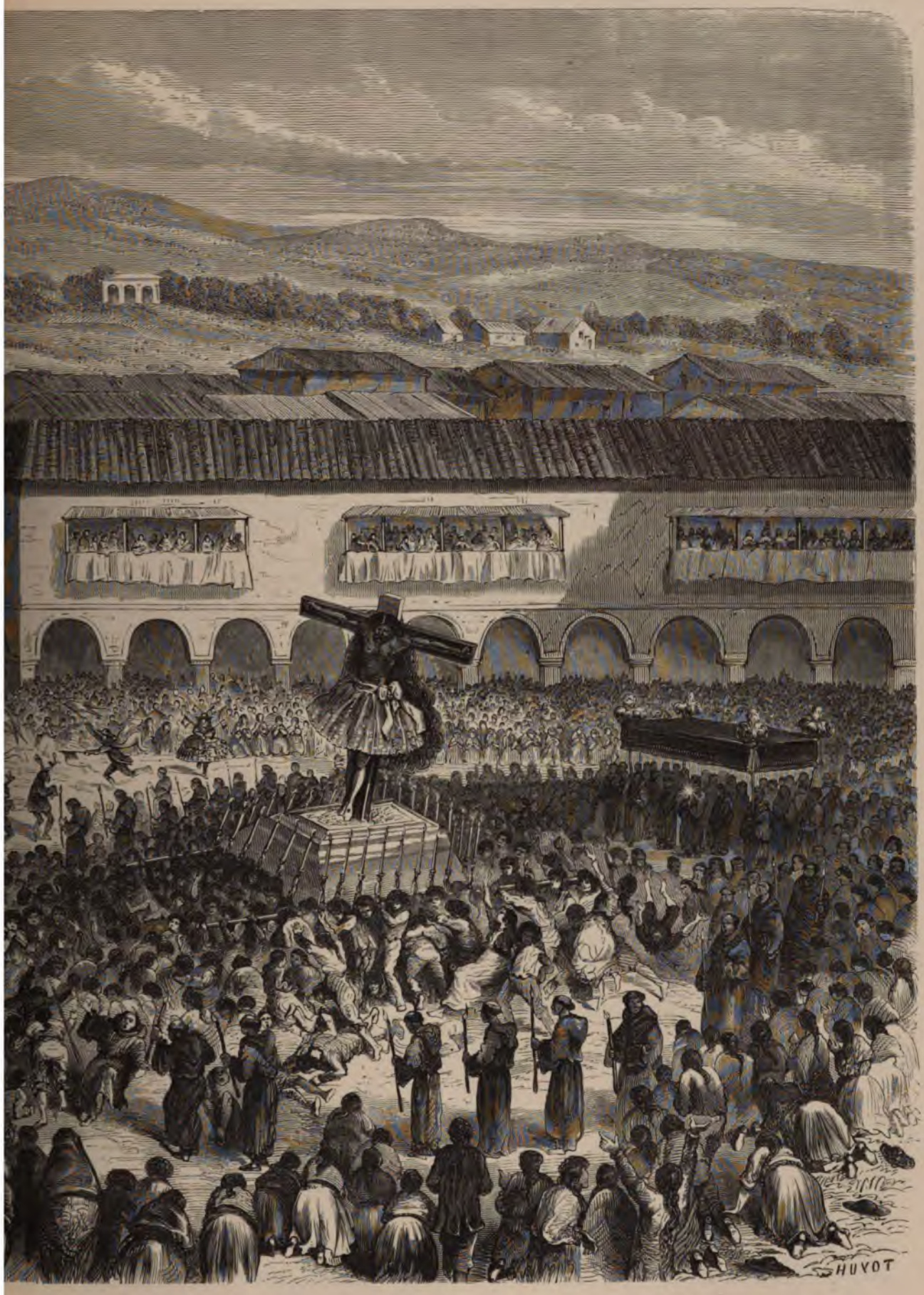


IQUAKES AT CUZCO.

it, rushes as one man upon the bearers of the litter of Christ, who bend under their burden. They seize them in their arms, grapple them by their hair, tear their clothes and shirts to rags, every one in his turn wanting to bear the litter, or only to touch the wood, believing that simple contact with it will earn for the sinner a remission of ten years of sin. But the Indians charged with this precious burden, having no doubt sins enough to expiate, repulse energetically the proffered assistance, and ward off the attacks made upon them by blows with the open hand or the fist, and even by kicks and bites. All this cannot be expected to go on for long without something serious resulting. The partial fight soon resolves into a general struggle, and furious blows are exchanged as the crowd sways to and fro, mingled with which are heard howls of pain and imprecations of rage.

In this conflict, which the indigenous spectators both lay and religious find perfectly apropos to the occasion, and which astonishes not a little the stranger, the image of the crucified Redeemer rolls and pitches like a ship in a tempestuous sea, and often totters on its litter though it never falls, supported as it is on every side by the surging mass of human heads and shoulders. It is a saying here—that as the Lord of Earthquakes *mueve mucho nunca cae* (is much shaken but never falls), so heresies disturb without overthrowing the foundation-stone of Christianity.

While the Indians and cholos dispute for the honour of bearing the litter, their women throw into the face of Christ handfuls of the flowers of the *ñuccho*, which they collect again from under the feet of the combatants at the risk of being crushed. These blossoms of the sage, sanctified by contact with the "Man-God," and done up in paper bags, are afterwards used in infusions, and possess, say these thrifty housewives, the sudorific properties of borage and elder (*Sambucus nigra*). The procession, retarded at every step by incidents of this kind, takes two hours to traverse the Great Square, the Calle de San Juan de Dios, the Square of San Francisco, and the Calle du Marquis —an ordinary ten minutes' walk.

At six o'clock the sacred litters have returned into the square of the Cathedral. The gates, which had been closed during the march of the procession, are opened again to the ringing of bells and explosions of howitzers. San Blas, San Benito, San Cristoval, and San José disappear in the gloom of the interior, and the gates of the church are closed upon them. There the Virgin and the Christ remain face to face, and the bearers of the two images perform a pantomime, the subject of which is a question of precedence between the Holy Mother and her Divine Son. The question is which of the two shall yield the *pas* to the other. After repeated hesitations and demonstrations, the Virgin decides to go in first. Arrived under the porch she is in the act of turning round to assure herself that Christ is following, when the gate of the church, which had opened to give her passage, suddenly closes behind her and she is separated from her Son. The representation of the religious drama must be carried out to the end. After the *epitasis* and the *catastasis*, comes the indispensable catastrophe.

The Christ of Earthquakes is alone outside the gates of the Cathedral, surrounded with 10,000 Indians, who question him in the local idiom. "*Where are you going?*" they cry to him from every side; "*stay with us; do not leave thy children!*" The bearers

of the litter cause the image to move from left to right, and *vice versa*, by way of replying to the faithful; the answer to these exclamations is understood to be in the negative. "*Ingrate! a God without bowels!*" the crowd again exclaims, weeping hot tears. "*You mean then to leave us till next year?*" The image of Christ makes an affirmative sign. "*Ah well, go then!*" roars with one voice the immense multitude. The central gate is half opened, the bearers of the image seem as if they would slip in, but the crowd presses upon them, and again the door is shut. After some minutes passed in this strange contest, both leaves of the grand entrance are folded back and the litter of Christ is borne into the church as by a tumultuous billow of human heads. The despair of the crowd then breaks out in a final crescendo: the women utter piercing cries and tear their hair; the men howl and tear their clothes; the children, frightened by the grief of their parents, cry pitiably; and the dogs take part in the fray by furiously barking.

Ten minutes later these noisy demonstrations of grief are extinguished in one immense roar of laughter. Fires are kindled in front of the Cathedral; chicha and brandy run in streams; guitars strike up, dances are organized, and when Aurora, with her rosy fingers, opens the gates of the East, she finds our good Indians lying dead drunk among their extinguished fires and empty bottles. The fête of the *Señor de los Temblores* is ended.

As our review of ancient and modern Cuzco is ended also, we will at once mount the mule which our Indian guide has brought and harnessed while the reader has been amusing himself with these strange scenes, and leaving behind us the old capital of the Incas, never to return, set off in a north-easterly direction, cross for the last time the chain of the Andes, descend their eastern slopes, and enter upon the unknown country we have proposed to visit.

VILLAGE OF MARA.

FIFTH STAGE.

CUZCO TO ECHARATI.

A few words about the road which leads from Cuzco to the Pampas of Anta.—Proof that a confidential servant may be at the same time a rogue, a gourmand, and an impostor.—The clouds of heaven.—Day-dreams of the traveller on arriving at Mara.—Intervention of Ahriman and Ormuzd apropos of a cake of chocolate.—The duty of forgiving and forgetting offences.—The goddess of Pintobamba.—Souvenirs and silhouettes.—The ravine of Occobamba.—Here lies a noble heart.—Bird's-eye view of the ruins of Ollantay-Tampu.—The record and the tragedy.—The traveller who had counted on dessert with his dinner gets nothing but dry bread.—Pass (port or natural road) of the Cordillera of Occobamba.—Poetic monologue interrupted by a thunder-clap.—Philosophic reveries in a shady path.—Arrival at Occobamba.—The traveller invokes the aid of Justice, represented by an alcalde.—Judgment and execution done on José Benito.—To what lengths will go a mother's love.—Description of a fountain.—A shoulder of mutton.—The author is compelled to make his own soup.—The alcalde and his two better halves.—Essay upon local topography.—A dinner at Mayoc.—The bill to pay.—What it costs to talk about marriage with widows of a certain age.—Idyl in imitation of Theocritus.—Métarie and chickens at Unupampa.—*Hacienda de los Camotes*, or Farm of Sweet Potatoes.—Etymology not always common sense.—Something that recals Baucis and Philemon of classical memory.—*Sta, viator!*—Hospitality of a storekeeper.—Portrait in pastel of a grand lady.—The hacienda of Tian-Tian and its major-duomo.—Dissertation upon the *Theobroma Cacao*.—Ornithology.—For want of a clean shirt the author bids adieu to the illusions he had cherished.—Varied aspects of the landscape.—Exploring too curiously the centre of a flower, the author's nose is seized by a pair of pincers.—The hacienda of La Chouette.—The *Hibiscus mutabilis*.—Conversation through the laths of a venetian-blind.—The forsaken

one.—A flower which is white in the morning, red at noon, and purple in the evening.—*Sor Maria de los Angeles.*—The means by which a man may be compelled to keep a secret.—Biography and physiology of four young girls.—The traveller sups *en famille* with the governor of Chaco.—At Echarati.

THE road from Cuzco to the valleys of Lares and Occobamba passes diagonally through the city and climbs the heights, while it traverses the quarter of Santa Ana, which is écheloned upon a steep slope. This quarter, a broad and long street of sordid huts and beer-houses, is entrenched between the mountains of Sapi and Picchu, each having its special title to celebrity. From the flanks of the first runs a mountain stream, the Huatanay, which serves as the main sewer to the city; on the plateau which crowns the second, on a spot which is now marked by three wooden crosses, the trunk and bowels of the cacique Tupac Amaru, who was dismembered by a decree of the supreme court in the great square of Cuzco, were burned by the hangman on the 18th May, 1781.

After a glance to the right at the source of the Huatanay, and a tear on the left to the memory of the unhappy cacique, the traveller continues his route. Arrived at the summit, he turns again to view in its *ensemble* the panorama of Cuzco, and perhaps to seek among the houses of the city a known dwelling, in order to salute it with a last adieu. Then, having paid this tribute to curiosity, to art, to affection, or it matters not to what sentiment may fill the heart at this supreme moment, he climbs the last gradient of the steep mountain, and finds himself in the plain known as the Pampas of Anta.

This plain, of about 60 miles in circumference, is elevated about 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. Its soil, formed of sand and vegetable mould, and carpeted with short grass, is furrowed in some places with deep ruts, and divided in others by ravines and swamps; clumps of *Evolvulus* and purple sage, the thorny *Œnothera*, and a few *Synanthereæ* enamel with rare flowers this dull landscape, from which life and movement appear to be banished. No bird wings the air, no insect chirrups in the grass; the whole landscape seems dead or asleep, and over it the vast cupola of heaven sometimes spreads a luminous blue, but more often an ashen-gray vault, flecked with sombre clouds.

Nine o'clock was sounding from all the clocks of the city when I entered upon this Pampas of Anta. A mozo followed me at a distance, in the double character of a domestic and a guide, as far at least as the limit where civilization ends and barbarism commences. He had been picked up on the loose by my hostess, who had wished me to leave to her the care of seeking for this pearl in a dunghill. I say *dunghill*, because these hired mozos are in general nothing better than rogues who pass their time in gambling in the cabarets, unless by chance they are employed in something worse!

The physique of the one selected for me was far from resembling that assemblage of thirty perfections so complacently enumerated by the Persian poet. He was either old or prematurely aged. He had a flattened nose, an immense mouth, and a face as full of holes as a skimmer, from the small-pox; while his colour, naturally pale, looked livid in contrast with his black, greasy, and shining hair. Such a face, as the reader may judge, was far from attractive; but the moral perfections of the individual guaranteed by my landlady might be expected to efface very soon the disagreeable impression made upon

me by his personal appearance. To believe the good lady, her protégé possessed innumerable qualities, and many little *talents de société*, which made him a most desirable companion for a traveller like myself.

As he had only been in my service since the previous evening, and very few words had yet passed between us, it occurred to me on entering the Pampas of Anta that I would make myself better acquainted with him. To my questions about his name, his family, and the place of his birth, he replied that his name was José Benito, that he had never known the authors of his being, and that he knew not in what village of Peru he first saw the light; *au reste*, all this had not prevented him from growing and getting on without any one's help, and reaching the age of forty, without feeling the burden of his years. This complete absence of moral antecedents and certificates of good character in the man who was to be my travelling companion, and to share in my future joys and sorrows, surprised me a little, I confess, but did not shock me half as much as might have been expected. I said to myself, after reflection, that one might be a mere outcast, owe his very existence to public charity, have no shirt, no fire, no corner to lie down in, and, notwithstanding all that, have one's heart in the right place, and hold one's head high, thanks to the influence of some kindly star that ruled at one's birth.

I know not if the mozo had divined the thoughts which his confidence awakened, and if he interpreted them to his disadvantage; but observing that I kept silence, he asked if I repented having taken him into my service.

"On the contrary, I am quite charmed," I replied.

And to prove what I said, I pretended that the fresh air of the heights had given me an appetite, and I should not be sorry to break a crust, and wash it down with half a glass of wine. This I meant as a decent pretext for sharing my bread with the fellow, and drinking a sociable glass with him. In travelling, the brotherly love recommended in the gospel is more than a virtue, it is a necessity. José Benito, in his character of domestic, understood what he had to do, and untying the bag of provisions which I had given into his charge, presented it to me. I put my hand in, expecting to find, with the bread of Oropesa, provided by my hostess, some sticks of chocolate which I had expressly requested her to put up. I found the bread, but no chocolate.

"The old idiot!" I exclaimed.

"Has not monsieur found what he wanted?" demanded the mozo.

"No," I said, "I begged my landlady to give me a supply of chocolate, and she has forgotten it."

"It's always the way with women; it is very tiresome for monsieur, though, that he should have to eat his bread dry."

"Ah, well! I shall dine all the better for it at Urubamba," I rejoined.

In fine, I divided the larded bread, and gave half of it to my guide. The grateful manner in which he thanked me for so simple a thing gave me a good impression of his character. As a proof of his good manners, he fell behind again, in order, said he, that the master and the servant might not seem to be eating out of the same dish.

"This fellow is perfectly well bred," I thought.

Five minutes afterwards, having finished my bread, I pulled rein, and turned round

to ask for something to drink, when I saw the mozo in the act of nibbling something long and brown, which he whisked out of sight on seeing with what a fixed look I regarded him. Quick as he was, however, I had time enough to recognize in what he was eating a stick of chocolate.

"This is strange," I said, *sotto voce*, "I wonder if it is at his expense or mine that he is regaling himself."

Seeing me halt, the mozo understood that I had need of his services, and hastened up.

"Give me a flask of Madeira out of the saddle-bag," I said.

He immediately handed me what I asked for. The lightness of the flask, into which I was certain I had emptied a whole bottle of wine, caused me to hold it up to the light, when I saw that it was half-empty.

"José Benito," I thought, "must have drunk my wine as well as eaten my chocolate."

This doubt, or rather certainty, caused me to change countenance in such a way that the mozo observed it.

"Has monsieur forgotten something again?" he asked me with an air of solicitude.

The impudence of the vagabond disgusted me.

"I had forgotten to tell you when we started," I replied, "that I had filled this flask with wine, and although I have not tasted a drop, it is already half-empty."

"Does monsieur believe me capable of meddling with his provisions? It would be extremely painful to me if he could think so."

"This flask, however, could not have emptied itself. I recollect having corked it with great care."

No doubt I had stupidly furnished the mozo with the means of rebutting my argument; he turned and turned again in his saddle, and feeling the woollen saddle-cloth, said:—

"On the contrary, monsieur must have corked it very badly, for my saddle-cloth is quite wet." And as he said so, he put his hands to his nose to smell an imaginary odour. For my part I felt the bags, through which the liquid must have run before it could have wet the saddle-cloth, and they were perfectly dry. I returned the flask to José without putting it to my lips; its contents were not now to my taste.

"Decidedly," I said to myself, "this fellow is a thief, a liar, and a gourmand, three vices which I might tolerate perhaps in a domestic, but which I detest in a travelling companion, whom I calculated on making my friend."

Thereupon I urged on my mule, and taking deep draughts of the fresh air, I watched the rounded clouds which flew across the sky before a north-east wind. It is in some degree with me a monomania, but at the same time a great resource to watch the clouds on critical occasions. If the study does not always console me for the mischances of life, it helps me to forget them for a moment, and by exalting my imagination, softens my heart. Ah! if all the clouds that have long since returned to the sea, the lakes, and the rivers, could take a body and a voice, and relate the troubles I have confided to them in the course of my life, what a fine treatise on psychology might be written on their evidence!

The Pampas of Anta, which it was necessary to cross from north-east to south-east to reach Urubamba, present absolutely nothing to interest the traveller if he is merely a botanist, a geologist, or a collector of insects; but should he possess, in only a small degree, the delicate fibre, the tender heart, and the kindling imagination of the day-dreamer, he may people this cheerless solitude with the most fantastic and charming creations. I will not, however, dwell on the thoughts which occupied me during the three hours spent in crossing this desert, until the moment when the village of Mara appeared at the end of the perspective.

Mara, which we passed on our left without stopping, is a village containing about two hundred cabins; it has no resources except the salt-pits in the neighbourhood, which the inhabitants work as well as they can, but without raising themselves above a condition of extreme poverty. Their huts are built of mud, and thatched with stubble or branches covered with clay by way of cement, and looking at a distance like mole-hills. No vegetation clothes the soil; water fit to drink is unknown; and from June to October, the period of winter in the Cordillera, frightful tempests rage every day around this wretched hamlet, where the blackest spleen seems to have taken up her abode.

From Mara to the extremity of the plateau of Anta, where it faces Urubamba, is rather less than three miles. The locality itself has nothing to arrest the traveller's attention; but the horizon even here displays some curious and magnificent scenes. Beyond the Pampas, carpeted by short grass, rises tier above tier an amphitheatre of mountains, falling back in stages, and crowned, as with a diadem, by the serrated ridge of snowy peaks. Three white-headed giants, the Illahuaman, the Malaga, and the Salcantay, proudly overlook, from a height of some thousand feet, this part of the Sierra of Huilcanota.

On reaching the end of the plateau, which terminates in an abrupt talus, I looked out upon the immense landscape commanded by this spot. Couched between the foot of the wall, of which I occupied the summit, and the amphitheatre of mountains which rose before me, lay the valley of Urubamba, extending on my right into the bluish haze of the perspective, losing itself on my left in the gorges of Silcay, and comprising about sixty miles of cultivated country, through which the river Huilcamayo,[1] now troubled and white with foam, now calm and of a limpid blueness, ran its sinuous course. On the long and narrow carpet of this valley, where nature had lavished every shade of green, three villages were discoverable, half-concealed by the bosky foliage of *pisonias*,[2] *sallows*, and *chilcas*.[3] These villages were Urquillos with its seigneurial hacienda, Huayllabamba with its square tower, and Yucay with its little houses dotted on the hill-side. In their rear lay Urubamba, which its two-arched bridge, its church isolated in the midst of a plaza, and its ghost of a fountain, pro-

[1] This river, called the Huilcamayo in the locality where it rises, on the Raya plateau, has borne successively the names of the river of Quiquijana, Urcos, Calca, and Yucay, before reaching Urubamba. There it takes the name of that city, which it again exchanges, some leagues further on, for that of the river of Silcay, under which name it enters the valley of Santa Ana.

[2] *Erythrina Pisonia.*

[3] *Vernonia serratuloides.*

claimed the chief place of the province to any one who was ignorant of the fact that Urubamba has been dignified by the qualification *Benemerita* (well-deserving), and that this qualification, conferred on it in 1839 by a decision of the congress of Huancayo, and equivalent to a title of nobility, has raised the town to the rank of a metropolis.

Around these villages, situated at a mile or two the one from the other, are grouped many small houses, whose walls, whitened with lime and glistening with cactus-gum, shine in the sun as if they were varnished. With their red tiles and their blue or green shutters, these pretty cottages, surrounded with trees, shrubs, and flowers, resemble at a distance the toy cottages and trees of children. Their whole *ensemble*, clean, spruce, and sparkling, stands clearly out from the dark and velvety green of the cerros, which ascend from stage to stage, like a gigantic staircase, to the limit of eternal snows.

Quitting my post of observation, I began the descent of the winding road which leads from the Pampas of Anta to the bank of the river. This road, rough-hewn at first by some volcanic commotion, was subsequently enlarged and fashioned by the Children of the Sun, who, from the period of Manco to that of Huayna Capac, that is to say, for a period of 500 years, had used the valley which extends between Caycay and Silcay as a pleasure resort, where they spent their fine summer days. For these indefatigable pioneers, who could make a road 1500 miles long across the Andes, or cut through sixty miles of granite to get a little pure water, the construction of this spiral road was but child's play. It took me two hours to descend by it.

Arrived in the valley, I crossed the bridge, and found myself on the right bank of the Huilcamayo, in an open space surrounded with cottages, somewhat dilapidated, whose doors and windows were all fast shut. A solution of continuity purposely contrived between these deserted dwellings permitted the road from Yucay and Huayllabamba to make a junction with that of Urubamba, and facilitated communication between that city and the villages. Two sign-posts which stood facing one another, and which were inscribed, the one on the right *Via del Sur*, the one on the left *Via del Norte*, left no room for doubt in this respect.

As I halted to take a last look at places so dear to me, and which I was never more to revisit, José Benito came up and waited a few steps off until I should be pleased to proceed. Involuntarily my eyes were fixed upon him; the poor wretch looked so contrite, so profoundly humiliated, that I could no longer harden my heart against him. "That man," I said to myself, "most certainly repents of the wicked action he has committed, and if I may judge from his countenance his soul is a prey to remorse. If I should forgive him now?" "Take care," whispered my bad angel; "the fellow's a knave, and his face is nothing but a mask; he has betrayed thy confidence once, and will betray it again." "José Benito repents from the bottom of his heart," softly murmured the voice of my guardian angel; "God forgives those who repent—wilt thou do less than God? I know that the majority of thy fellow-creatures are guided by other rules, but do not imitate them; forgive as thou hopest to be forgiven; thy own heart will feel the lighter, and thy spirit be at peace with itself."

"Decidedly," I thought, "my good angel reasons well; let me grant him absolution for his fault, that my Madeira wine and chocolate may not weigh upon his conscience." I called José Benito.

"Henceforth," I said to him, "when you have a fancy for my provisions, instead of eating them alone, tell me frankly, and we will share them together."

In a burst of grateful enthusiasm the mozo took my hand, which he kissed and kissed again, calling me his little father (*taytachay*). As he was some ten or twelve years older than myself, his gratitude seemed to me too expressive, and I withdrew my hand which he had continued to hold in his.

We remounted our mules and trotted side by side like old friends. Both knowing the road to Urubamba, we turned our backs on the *Via del Sur,* and followed without hesitation the *Via del Norte,* which abutted on a long avenue of those pyramidal sallows which we find in all the alamedas or public promenades of South America. These trees, magnificently grown, form two rows like a wall of verdure, impenetrable to the rays of the sun. Between the serried trunks of those on the left, I could see, as through a grating, the serpentine windings of the Huilcamayo, whose course was parallel to the road we were following, and could take in at the same time all the details of its two shores. At the end of the avenue a whitened wall, blazing with sunlight, showed where the promenade ended and the city commenced. I cannot remember having seen in any city of the New World a *paseo* which, for the threefold advantage of shade, quiet, and freshness, could be compared with that of Urubamba.

On leaving this avenue, in which no living creature had been visible, except a few crested sparrows flying from branch to branch, I entered the city, and went to knock at the door of the sub-prefect. This functionary had been long known to me, and the family of his wife, no less than his wife herself, honoured me with their especial friendship. Both families resided at Cuzco, and only visited Urubamba during one month of the year. Our intimacy made it a duty to visit them as I passed, and say good-by. At the moment when I called, the sub-prefect, dressed all in white like a West Indian planter, was feeding his watch-dogs with his own hands. On perceiving me he left his occupation, assisted me to dismount, and after giving me a warm welcome, drew me into the salon and presented me to his wife, the Señora Julia. That lady, whom her numerous adorers called the *Diosa de Pintobamba,* from a coca-farm which she possessed in the valley of Santa Ana, was a woman of remarkable beauty. The pure oval of her face, its delicate and perfect lines, her magnificent hair, her carriage at once proud, gracious, and rhythmical, recalling that of Venus in the groves of Carthage, by which Pius Æneas recognized his divine mother, all perfectly justified the surname of *goddess* which her admirers had given to Donna Julia, without consulting, let it be said, her *débonnaire* husband, who, like our constitutional kings, reigned but did not govern.

She received me with a smiling air, and in the frankest manner shook my hand in the English fashion, and motioned me to a seat near the sofa, where she herself sat down in the attitude of Guerin's Dido. A marmoset with which she played reminded me to a certain point of the young Ascanius which that painter has introduced into his composition. Some townsfolk from Urubamba and friends from Cuzco were

telling her the news of the day. The conversation became general, we spoke of everything and something besides. Then a *merienda* (luncheon), composed of slices of bread, with bits of cheese, fruits, sweets, and liqueurs, was served, at the end of which I took up my hat, and spoke of resuming my journey; but they snatched my hat out of my hands, and drowned my voice with their outcries. The sub-prefect swore that he would cut my mules' ears off if I did not promise to pass the evening and the night under his roof. A beseeching look which I addressed to the Señora Julia found her inflexible.

"You will not go this evening," she said to me, with that imperious little air which beautiful women accustomed to see every one submit to them know how to assume.

"And why not?" I asked, in a tone which dissimulated my real feeling.

"Because it is my wish that you should stay."

"Nothing sweeter could be said to me," I replied, gallantly.

At the moment when I uttered to Donna Julia this rose-water insipidity, of which I may here avow I had not thought one treacherous word, the caricature of Gavarni, which has for its title *Ce qu'on dit et ce qu'on pense,* came into my mind. Certainly if the goddess of Pintobamba could have read my heart she would have been shocked by the thought which the words only concealed at the moment when I flattered her with this little madrigal. But happily as well as unhappily for the human race, it is always the dupe of appearances.

The time passed merrily; fruits and sweets were eaten in such profusion, that when the dinner-hour arrived the company went to table without an appetite. Towards evening the ladies of Urubamba, showily dressed, dropped in on the arms of their cavaliers. After the customary compliments, and exchange of healths between the guests of the day and the new-comers, two guitarists, hired for the evening, posted themselves in a corner, and the ball was opened by one of those local waltzes in which the couples first set to partners, then strike hands, turn back to back and set again, recalling by their curious evolutions those automatons of painted wood which we see twirling about in Italian organs. To this waltz succeeded the characteristic dances of the coast and the sierra; and as the "divine bottle" was kept going, and toasts continued to be drank all the evening, the enthusiasm of the company by midnight exploded in bursts like thunder.

Intending to depart at daybreak, I went to take leave of the Señora Julia and excuse myself for retiring when the mirth of the company was at its highest. I begged her to be my apologist to her husband, whom one of those indispositions which rendered necessary a little sleep and a few cups of light tea had compelled to quit the room. I concluded with a formal promise that I would write my news to the goddess of Pintobamba, if permitted by Heaven to arrive safe and sound at the end of my journey. Then as I saluted her and still held her hand, she called her confidential maid.

"Is the chamber of Don Pablo ready?" she asked.

"Si, Señora."

"Have you given to his servant the boxes of preserves for the journey."

"Si, Señora."

"That is well," she said, rising, "it is the duty of a hostess to see for herself that the guest whom God has given her for a few hours wants nothing." She took my arm and we left the salon.

According to the Spanish custom the sleeping chambers of the house, situated on the ground-floor, occupied the three sides of a large inner court which had been transformed into a garden. Clumps of flowers, which bloomed marvellously in the climate

URUBAMBA, THE "WELL-DESERVING" CITY.

of Urubamba, white lilies and tuberoses, with Spanish daturas and jasmines, saturated the atmosphere with their intoxicating perfume. The moon, round and full, rose at this instant behind the snowy peak of the Illahuaman. One-half of the heavens was in darkness and spangled with stars. Over the other half was spread a soft and greenish light. The scene was one which spoke to the soul as the sweet perfume of the flowers to the sense. The Señora sighed.

"What a beautiful night!" she said, "I will pray God that you may have the same during the whole course of your journey. And now adieu, Don Pablo, the best wishes of friends you leave behind will accompany you in unknown scenes."

She quitted me to join her friends. The chola who had followed us showed me to my chamber, and, wishing me a good night's rest, departed. The wish of the girl was fulfilled, for I fell asleep almost as soon as I laid my head on the pillow.

At daybreak José Benito came to awake me, and announced that our mules, ready saddled, were waiting in the street. I dressed myself in haste, and an instant after we were trotting down the Calle du Commerce, all the houses of which were still shut.

What memories I carried away with me! This town, and its valley still buried in sleep, and but dimly lighted by the first rays of the sun, had for a long time occupied a large place in my heart and my spirit. Sweet episodes were awakened to life in my memory by the morning light, and sung in my heart like a choir of birds. I passed in review before my eyes, with that clearness of vision which men possess at certain times, the faces of those whom I had loved or known during my various sojourns in this valley. Each of its villages, from Caycay to Silcay, recalled a pleasure or a sorrow, a sweet or a sad emotion. At this hour, I said to myself, my old canon of Taray was wont to open the shutter of his bedroom, and show his head at the window. While giving an eye to his beloved flowers, he looked out in his large-lettered breviary the saint and the prayer for the day, and commenced his devotions. Worthy man! I shall never help him again to strike his carnations, and never again train the creepers round his arbour. At a bound I passed in thought from Taray to Huayllabamba, to the sister of the curé—a good woman, rather a grumbler, perhaps, and a little peevish, who passed her time in feeding tarins and choclopoccochos, which she sold to fanciers when those little birds, grown larger, were able to feed themselves. I had been one of her customers, once even it chanced that I had to send from Cuzco a great cage full of these tame birds, to which I had added an enormous bunch of Spanish jasmine. To prevent my flowers suffering from the heat of the day, the Indian who carried them started on his journey in the evening, and travelled during the night. Like the Myosotis (scorpion-grass) of Caramanchel gathered by Ruy-Blas for Marie of Neubourg, my jasmine was calculated to evoke in the sensitive soul a sweet remembrance of her absent country. Now, the bouquet is but dust, and the soul has returned to God who gave it.

From Huayllabamba I descended in imagination to Yucay by green slopes and sandy footpaths, until I seated myself in idea under the verandah of my friend Dr. T——, who had always welcomed me with open arms and a smile on his lips. Although he was a native of Logroña, in Old Castile, he called me his compatriot from affection for France, which he knew and spoke of with admiration. While we chatted about art, and science, and the future, in the meanwhile enjoying the landscape, his three children played around us, and mingled their joyous laughter with the reflections, often sad, which the good doctor made upon life. Perhaps he had a presentiment of his approaching end. He died a death without a name, far from his family, and without any suspicion of his state having reached them. During his agony, which lasted three days and three nights, I never quitted his pillow, and performed for him the humblest offices. Unable to speak—for he had bitten through his tongue—he tried to express his gratitude to me by his looks, and by the pressure of his hand. I closed his eyes, and with my own hands wrapped him in his winding-sheet. While bidding him adieu in this world, I have cherished the hope of finding him again in another and better one.

At some bow-shots from the hill of Yucay and the house of the doctor there stands a chartreuse, half-hidden by the dense foliage of trees festooned with climbing plants.

A neglected garden, knee-deep in grass, its apple-trees and peach-trees covered with moss, adds to the mysterious sadness of this dwelling, where, for three weeks, I had lived alone, botanizing in the daytime and writing at night, receiving no one and seeing no human face but that of the old woman, an Indian, who prepared my daily meals. What retreat so charming as that Thebaid to hide from the eyes of all a first love or a last grief! As for me, I had but peopled it with my dreams.

As we reached the extremity of the Calle du Commerce, the principal, or, I may say, the only street of Urubamba, I tried to make out among the houses, painted a yellow straw or yellowish pink colour, the residence of an honest woman named Lina Gregoria Tupayachi, where I had once dined in company with a Spaniard named Pedro Diaz. It would have given me much pleasure to have seen again my old hostess, who had treated me like a prince, allowing me to eat my full of the peaches in her garden, and giving my mule a good feed besides, and all for the sum of thirty-six sous (eighteen pence). Phœnix of inn-keepers! why was not thy gate open when I passed it for the second time? how happy I should have been to offer thee the homage due to thy sex, and to regale myself, after an interval of five years, with a second luncheon, to which the sharp air of the morning and the poetical charm of memory would have given additional value. But as I have said, it was early morning; the *well-deserving* city had not yet opened the shutters of its many-coloured houses, and Lina Gregoria Tupayachi, at the instant when my thought brushed her with its wing, was still asleep, buried up to the nose in bed-clothes.

I vowed, however, to have my revenge at Occabamba. Near the ravine of that name lived Pedro Diaz, whom I had accidentally encountered at Urubamba in the peach season, one day when I was famishing, and knew not where I could get anything to eat. That good fellow, taking pity on my distress, had conducted me to his friend Donna Lina, and had decided, after some formal objections, to be my *vis-à-vis* at table, and share the repast prepared for me. In order to acquit himself of the debt of gratitude which he imagined he had contracted, he insisted on being my companion as far as Ollantay-Tampu, the end of my journey. On the way, as we passed his house, he had invited me to enter and rest a little while. There, between two little glasses of *eau-de-vie*, offered with cordiality, he had initiated me into the secrets of his past, and the commercial transactions of his present, life. Good Pedro Diaz, what a heart of gold was hidden under his rude exterior!

As I approached Occabamba, all the incidents of our meeting and our journey together returned as vividly as if they had happened the day before. Here I had lighted a cigar; there I had stopped to collect a plant, or make a sketch; further on I had written under the dictation of my companion some detail of local manners.

During an hour's march through the uncultivated lands and fields of rushes which stretch between Urubamba and Occobamba, I was so absorbed in the memories of the past that I scarcely replied by a monosyllable to the friendly advances of José Benito. The mozo, finding his attempts at conversation useless, ended by dropping behind, and leaving me to my retrospective meditations. We soon found ourselves in sight of the ravine of Occobamba.

This ravine is a great notch or cleft, produced by some cataclysm, in the western flank of the Cordillera of Huilcanota. It serves as a bed to the torrents of melted snow which hurl themselves down from the peak of Malaga, and for a road to the muleteers and llama herdsmen who go from Cuzco to the valley of Occobamba, situated on the east of the same Cordillera. The wild accessories of this site are in harmony with the troubled and icy waters which furrow the mountain. Blocks of freestone and granite, detached from the mass of the Andes by volcanic action, are scattered on every side. Some arrested in their fall hang threateningly some hundreds of yards above the road, seeming to the traveller as if they might any moment topple over and be his destruction. The decomposition of the mineral, the detritus of lichen and mosses, and the dust borne by the winds, had in the lapse of time filled the crevices and fissures of these blocks with the vegetable mould in which a few Liliaceæ and grasses had taken root. On lower levels clumps of *maguey*[1] displayed their sword-like leaves by the side of innumerable *mullis*[2], whose gray stems, blotched with yellow patches, twined in and out among the stones like monstrous boa-constrictors.

At the distance of a gun-shot from the ravine, a shelf of reddish coloured rocks on the right of the road serving as a landmark, fixed definitively my recollections of the topography of the site. The little house of Pedro Diaz should certainly be behind these rocks, near two enormous blocks, between which I recollected having looked with wonder on the foaming torrent. The sight of its liquid gauze, which the sun had gloriously interlaced with bands of gold, combined in striking contrast with shades of blue, had struck me as a remarkable effect of light, and I had preserved it in a corner of my memory to be reproduced at need.

I found the little house where I looked for it, and the thread of smoke ascending from its roof showed me that it was still inhabited. I called, "Pedro Diaz!" But there was no response. I called a second time. Then a ragged native woman came out of the house, and looked at me with astonishment. Aware that the Spaniard had neither a pongo nor other servant at the period of my acquaintance with him, I thought his affairs had prospered, or that, tired of the isolation in which he lived, he had decided to take a housekeeper.

"Is your master at home?" I asked of this woman.

"I have no other master but God," she replied.

"This, however, is the house of a Spaniard named Pedro Diaz?"

"He has been gone this two years."

"Gone! where is he gone to?"

"Not far from here; look there!" said the woman, pointing to a little heap of stones surmounted with a wooden cross, on which hung some withered flowers, a few steps from the house.

At a glance I recognized one of those tumuli under which the indigene buries all that is mortal of his fellow-creatures. Still I doubted.

"Look you," said I to the woman, "the man I am asking for is the sport Pedro Diaz, an old bearded Spaniard, who lived here alone for ten years."

[1] *Agave americana*, the American aloe.

[2] *Piper americanus*, a plant of the pepper family.

THE RAVINE OF OCCOBAMBA.

"I understand," she said; "you mean the *runalorocuna*[1] or the *mochiganguero*,[2] as we called him; a settler who made bracelets and head-dresses of parrots' feathers, which he hired out to our peons on fête-days. It was Juan, my husband, who dug the grave for him, and I helped him to bury the poor body."

"And after that you took possession of the Spaniard's house, and perhaps of the money he had saved?"

"Oh! as for the money," said the woman, "Juan spent that with his companions without so much as buying me a new petticoat."

A LLAMA DRIVER.

"What have you done with the Spaniard's parrots? At any rate you let them fly?"

"How silly!" said the woman, with an idiotic smile; "as they were fat and in good condition, we cooked and ate them."

"Let us go!" I said to José Benito, who appeared to be amused with these details; "I have nothing more to do here."

Our route now led along the bed of the ravine, which took a serpentine course over the mountain, and we commenced the ascent among the loose stones, which, as the feet of our mules displaced them, rolled down behind us with a clatter that was a little alarming. The road becoming more and more steep, more and more tortuous, soon grew so narrow that we were obliged to proceed in line. Naturally, I let my guide lead. The ascent was monotonous in the extreme, as the steep sides of the ravine entirely concealed the landscape. Every turn we made only opened before us a perspective of a few steps. The sun, which just now stood perpendicularly over this stony trench, produced a temperature like that of the Senegambia. Our mules began to breathe with such difficulty that we were compelled to throw the bridle upon their necks and let them

[1] Literally, *the man with the parrots.*

[2] From *mochiganga*, masquerade; *mochiganguero*, a maker or arranger of masquerades.

choose their own pace. No mule having only his own pleasure to consult in the matter would go many steps, and ours had not forgotten this traditional custom of their family. For two hours we crawled up the mountain at a crab's pace, streaming with perspiration. A few whiffs of fresh air warned us that we were approaching the end of our troubles, and soon afterwards we set foot on a softly undulating plain, carpeted with short stubbly grass. My first thought was to turn round in order to estimate the height of this

SWING-BRIDGE CONSTRUCTED OF OSIERS BETWEEN URUBAMBA AND OLLANTAY-TAMPU.

Alpine summit, but from south to west, and from west to north, I could see nothing but a line of perpendicular cerros, which I recognized after some examination as the rear-buttresses of the Pampas of Anta which we had crossed that evening.

The path we first took to cross this desert plateau was a caravan-route leading north-north-east. After a time the inclination to the north of this plateau became so sensible that I could distinguish below on my left the rounded summits and the green flanks of mountains. The further we advanced the wider grew the landscape and the more distinctly the details stood out from the mass. In the midst of a confused intersection of wooded slopes, the white-washed walls of farm-houses surrounded with orchards began to be visible. The silvery thread of a river meandered through this landscape, and was lost on the horizon in a luminous haze. I recognized the river of Urubamba. Not knowing exactly where we were, I had recourse to my guide, who

told me that we were on the heights of Ollantay-Tampu. We soon reached the northern extremity of the plateau, from which point, in the bottom of an immense circus surrounded with the rough sides and sharpened summits of the mountain-buttresses, we discovered the modern village of Ollantay, the ruins of Tampu, and the ancient quarries. A torrent of melted snow which fell foaming from the heights gave animation and variety to the landscape, now inundated with sunlight, and rolled on its noisy course

MUD-FORTRESS ON THE LEFT BANK OF THE HUILCAMAYO-URUBAMBA.

to the river, whose limpid calm made a striking contrast with the impetuosity of its affluent.

On my first visit to Ollantay-Tampu, in company with the late Pedro Diaz, I had seen from below, like the generality of visitors, the site which I now viewed from above in the fashion of the vultures and eagles. The situation was so new, and the point of view so original, that I felt a wish to profit by the one and reproduce the other. Alighting from my mule I took my album and note-book, and seated myself on the edge of the plateau. There, while pointing my chalks and possessing myself by observation and thought of the scenes spread below me, I begged José Benito to take our provisions from the bags and spread them on the grass, so that when my task was ended I might have nothing to do but face about and enjoy my dinner.

The landscape spread before me embraced an extent of some forty or fifty miles, com-

prising the gorges of Silcay, the heights of Habaspampa, the haciendas of Tarontay, Runura, Chilca, Tancac, Piri, and Pachar, as far as Urubamba. From north to south a line of mountains with gentle slopes bounded the horizon; their foot bathed by the river. As this panorama was too vast to be reproduced in its entirety, and as the work of nature was of less importance at this moment than the work of man, I turned from the landscape and its varied beauties, to occupy myself with the architectonic or ethnologic details which it might present. While thus occupied I mused on the fate of poor Pedro Diaz, and how he had destroyed my archæologic illusions on the subject of the pretended antique city of Ollantay, which upon the faith of a geographical treatise I had come a long distance to seek.

I recalled, as if it had been but yesterday, the strange *bouleversement* of all my ideas, when my companion, spelling out the text and comparing it with the things themselves on the spot, had demonstrated beyond all doubt that what I, in my ingenuous enthusiasm, had supposed to be polygons, columns, pyramidions, vaults, and caves, were nothing more than the débris and other relics of the quarries worked by the Indians in the time of the *Gentilidad*. From the complete disillusion which I had experienced that day had resulted this, for me, axiomatic truth: that it is always imprudent to believe a savant on his word; above all when your savant goes to bed at night an entomologist and collector of insects, and rises in the morning an archæologist and an ethnographist, and what is still more, when he is hungering after celebrity.

When I had realized the good and bad in the general aspect of the Cerros of Ollantay, the cavities and the architectural mockeries left by the quarrymen of old, and made a sketch of the mud-fortress on the river side, I completed my work by a view of the modern village and of the ruins of the ancient fortified tampu. Like the relics of ancient grandeur in the old world, this tampu had no doubt its historical memories. We know, in fact, that Doctor Antonio Valdez has written a tragedy in the Quichua language founded on an incident which occurred here some years before the discovery of America, and the original record of which has been handed down to our time by the Peruvian quipos. The tragedy is nothing to the reader. Its historical date, 1463, recalls the splendour of Tupac Yupanqui, eleventh son of the Sun, and first-born in the descent of Capac-Ayllu-Panaca. The death of his father had put this sovereign in possession of the vast empire of the Incas, which at that time extended from the river Rapel (Chili) to the boundary of the kingdom of Lican, now the republic of the Equator. Married to his sister Mama-Chimpu-Ocllu, Tupac had by his wife and his numerous concubines 291 children, among whom were thirty-four legitimate sons, who lived at his court awaiting the time when the crown should fall, by right of inheritance, to the eldest of them. This eldest, named Huayna-Capac, was one day to become the father of the rival princes Huascar and Atahualpa, the first assassinated by order of his brother, the second strangled by the executioner.

At this period the city of Cuzco, while preserving the general character impressed upon it by Manco-Capac, its founder, in 1042, had been embellished with several edifices during the successive reigns of nine Incas, the last of whom, the same who restored the Temple of the Sun, had surrounded the city with a loopholed wall.

ANCIENT QUARRIES AND TAMPU OF OLLANTAY.

Reverting in imagination to those old times, and climbing the hill of Sacsahuaman, which the reigning Inca has crowned with a fortress (a singular work, in the form of three half-moons, with battlements retreating one behind the other, and which decreased in extent as they approached the summit of the eminence), we see at a glance the buildings of the sacred city, and the details of their construction. From east to west flows a broad and brattling stream, which divides the city into two parts, which

VILLAGE OF OLLANTAY-TAMPU.

take their names from the inequality of the ground. The first, called Hanan, or the higher city, is under the protection of the chief of the state, and is inhabited by the poorer sort of people; the second, called Hurin, or the lower city, is presided over by the empress, and there reside the great dignitaries, and consequently there are also the principal edifices.

Chief among these in the north-east is the palace of Manco-Capac, built like an acropolis on the summit of the Cerro of Totocachi. Its shape is that of an oblong square. Its sloping walls, constructed in the fashion which the Greeks called isodomon, are about 20 feet high, and one of its principal façades is opposite the Acllhuaci, or house of the Virgins of the Sun (from which, however, it is separated by the whole breadth of the city). On the left of this edifice stands the palace of Sinchiroca; on its right, that of Mayta-Capac. The only openings in either of them are eight doors,

with inclined jambs in the Egyptian fashion, and four *huecos*, or square niches, resembling windows.

By the walls of the palace of Mayta-Capac runs the Huatanay, a torrent which descends from the height of the Quebrada of Sapi, and into which flows all the filth of the city. Three bridges thrown over this torrent serve for communication between the edifices on its left bank and the Temple of the Sun on its right, in the midst of the Plain of the Thorn (Iscay-Pampa).

This temple, some 200 feet or more square,—with its quadrangular cloister, and its several annexes sacred to the moon, the stars, the thunder, and the rainbow, its little court decorated with fine fountains or lavatories, with its caryatides in relief more Hindoo than Egyptian in style, the palace of the Villacumu or grand pontiff, adjoining its walls, the residences of the priests and of the 3000 attendants attached to the worship of the god,—this temple, I say, with its courts, its twelve monoliths serving as gnomons, its aviaries and its menageries of ferocious animals, its well-filled store-houses and its celebrated garden, presents such a conglomeration of buildings that it may be called a city within a city. Opposite its principal front, surrounded by a wall about the height of a man, is an open space (*rond-point*) dedicated to Venus or Coyllur Chasca, the star with the streaming hair—so named from its rays; four streets, or rather galleries separated by walls so high that they intercept the heat and light, but allow the wind to go sighing mournfully between them, debouch on the grand square of the city, which serves as the place of rejoicings at the epoch of the equinoctial festivals Raymi and Citua. This open place, some 800 feet square, is surrounded on all sides by a granite wall, pierced with 200 loopholes; while eight stone pillars, four large and four small connected by chains of gold, mark the centre.

Such is the *coup-d'œil* presented by the lower city Hurin, placed as we have said under the protection of the coya or empress. The higher city, Hanan, although under the supervision of the chief of the state, is nothing but an agglomeration of sordid huts with mud-built walls and roofs of stubble similar to the ranchos of the present day. At some distance from these huts two buildings stand proudly apart, as if to shun contact with the vulgar herd. One of them is the palace of the Inca Huiracocha, situated between that of Manco-Capac and the House of the Virgins. The other is that of Pachacutec, his son and successor, built on the flank of the hill of Amahuaro, whose summit is crowned by a menagerie of tigers which Yupanqui, the father of the reigning Inca, has caused to be constructed.

Around the architectural parallelogram which we have hastily sketched extend the public and private properties, consisting of patches of beans, batatas, quinoa,[1] and maize. These growing crops, though weak and sickly-looking, enliven a little the neighbourhood of the sacred city, to which its granite palace, roofed with stubble, and its heavy earthen-coloured walls, impart an aspect far from attractive. Beyond the plantations a circular amphitheatre of lofty mountains with gently sloping sides and rounded summits, their flanks clothed with a reddish-brown grass, bounds the horizon on every side. Thus situated in the bottom of a funnel, of which it occupies the centre, the City

[1] *Chenopodium Quinoa.*

of the Sun thoroughly justifies the epithet of *Ccozcco* (navel) which its founder gave to it.

If among my readers there are any who wish to have an idea of the royal state of an Inca in the year of grace 1463, I can in some degree satisfy their curiosity. Seated on a chair of state covered with gold and precious stones, Tupac-Yupanqui wears a tunic of alpaca wool as white as snow, with a border of many colours. This article of apparel is woven in the form of a sac, with an opening for the head and two openings at the sides for the arms. On the front of his golden head-dress or mitre is engraved the figure of Inti-Churi, the god-sun. A fringe of wool, of a dull-red colour, falling over the forehead beneath this curious diadem, and two bandelettes hanging down to the shoulder, form quite a frame round the emperor's face. He wears golden sandals ornamented with red feathers above the ankles. From his left shoulder hangs a striped mantle of vicuna's wool. From a cord worn saltier-wise is suspended his *chuspa* or coca-bag, and the *champpi* or sceptre of sovereignty is held in his right hand. I should have said that the throne is constructed to be borne on a litter, at the corners of which are four golden rods to which curtains can be attached.

But it is time to resume my narrative, which this vision of a long vanished age has interrupted. Turning to see if José Benito had set within my reach the luncheon, of which I felt myself greatly in need, I observed my mozo quietly seated at a little distance, cutting the bark from a piece of wood.

"How about my lunch?" I asked him.

He rose and took out of the provision-bag a little stale loaf and brought it to me, with a box of preserves. As I began eating the bread I opened the box, expecting to find those preserved fruits, in the preparation of which the housewives of Cuzco so greatly excel. Instead of this expected treat, I found nothing but their cores, their pips, and their stalks, half-drowned in a sea of syrup. Without thinking any evil, I said to the mozo:—

"This box is empty, give me another."

"There is not another," he replied.

"What, not another? Is that all that was given to you for me at Urubamba?"

"That is all that madame the sub-prefect gave me for monsieur."

I looked steadily at José Benito, trying to read his thoughts. Evidently the vagabond was lying again, and mocking me, notwithstanding that his countenance expressed the most touching innocence and candour. Certainly the Sigñora Julia would not have given him in the name of provisions for my journey a nearly empty box of preserves. The goddess of Pintobamba was too much of a lady to act in that way.

The result of these reflections, which passed through my brain in much less time than I have taken to write them, was that I had to deal in José Benito with one of those innately vicious and absolutely incorrigible natures upon which reasoning and good advice leave no more trace than a drop of water on a duck's back. I did not now raise my eyes to heaven to confide to its clouds the new deception of which I was the victim; but, to escape from the temptation of laying heavy hands upon the worthless fellow, whose coolness exasperated me, I rose up quickly, shut my album,

which I put into my valise, and thrusting my bread into my pocket, I re-mounted my mule and ordered the mozo to go on first.

"Monsieur speaks very harshly," he said with a gentle sigh; "is it because he suspects me to-day of having eaten his preserves, as he suspected me yesterday of eating his chocolate and drinking his wine?"

"There, shut up!" I said to this vulgar Tartuffe; "go on before me and show me the way, and until we get to Occabamba dare not to say another word; the sound of your voice is an outrage, and more than my nerves can bear."

"Am I so unhappy!" he murmured, as he pushed on his mule some steps in advance.

Seeing nothing but the back of the vagabond instead of his horrid countenance my wrath gradually abated. My little loaf, which I took from my pocket and finished to the last mite, in appeasing my hunger restored its wonted calm to my spirit. No doubt the stomach has an occult influence on our secret deliberations. I was now able to reflect upon the situation and come to a rational conclusion. To provide for my journey the goddess of Pintobamba had given the fellow a dozen boxes of preserves. Each of these boxes weighed nearly three pounds, and in the short space of five hours, since noon, it was impossible that the stomach of José Benito, had it been more elastic than that of a boa-constrictor, and greedier than that of an ostrich, could have swallowed up thirty-six pounds of preserved fruits. The wretch must have hidden them on the road, perhaps in the hole of a rock or under some shrub, in order to pick them up on his return, to sell them at Cuzco or regale his friends and acquaintances. Fortunately I was bound by no contract to the rascal, and at the first opportunity could send him adrift.

My mind being made up, I turned my thoughts to the surrounding landscape, the aspect of which was very far from being cheerful. On our departing from the place where I had made a sketch of Ollantay-Tampu, we had headed east-north-east, and to cross the plateau had taken a road which led us to the pass (*port*). In the country every place is called a pass (*puncu*), by which it is possible to pass from the western side of the Andes to the eastern. These passes—roads, traced by nature—are of rare occurrence, each valley of the east only possessing one of them, so that there is no alternative route.

The almost straight line that we were following rose higher and higher for about two hours, at the end of which time we reached the superior limit of the plateau, inclined, as I have said, from east to north. We then began to cross a winding road traced by the feet of baggage mules and horses, across a region of low hills. The ground was carpeted with a short and thick-set grass, the colour of which, a greenish blonde, harmonized wonderfully well with the blue of the sky. The complete solitude, the profound silence, gave to this mountainous region a grand and almost solemn character; and looking along its level, at first almost flat, then gradually rising towards the east, I discovered the pass of the Cordillera, whose snowy summits dominated the landscape on my right and left. The region of hills terminated in a kind of broad causeway, the end of which was lost in a thick mist, through which there were

occasional flashes of lightning, accompanied by the distant rumbling of responsive thunder.

As we drew near these Alpine fogs, which I compared poetically to the smoking vapours of Avernus, or of Stymphalus, I observed that José Benito, who had kept some paces in advance, checked the pace of the mule, as if to give me time to come up with him. As I did so, he said furtively—

"Although monsieur has forbidden me to speak to him," at the same time touch-

ASCENT OF HABASPAMPA, ON THE ROAD TO THE PASS IN THE CORDILLERA OF OCCOBAMBA.

ing his hat, "I believe it my duty to inform him that we are approaching the pass of the Cordillera of Occobamba."

"And then?" I said, pretending to look elsewhere.

"Having passed the *puncu*," continued the mozo, "we shall have to go three miles to reach Lacay, and a mile or two further to Sayllaplaya."

"Well, and then?"

"The village of Occobamba is then twelve miles distant. As monsieur's guide, I thought it my duty to give him this information."

"Thank you," I said, dryly.

Thereupon, pulling the bridle of my mule, and forcing the animal to stop, I made the mozo understand that it was my intention to maintain henceforth between him

and me a distance at the least respectful. He guessed my thought, and went on with a heavy sigh, which he supposed ought to excite my pity.

For a moment, when he had passed on, I could not help smiling; but immediately afterwards I said to myself, "Impudent canaille! telling me his duty as my guide, while he robs me, leaves me without a bit to eat, and lies with unparalleled effrontery! Make your mind easy, my friend," I added, "when we get to Occobamba I'll take care to remind you of your duty!"

This incident having passed, I resumed my observations. To the broad causeway which we were ascending succeeded a deep road, a sort of groove cut in the carboniferous sandstone of the mountain. The mist growing thicker as we proceeded, crept over the soil and seemed to hook itself on to the roughnesses of the rocks like a spider's web, until at length it completely obscured the sky. The depth of the dismal perspective, which assumed a brownish tint, was continually lighted up by ghastly electric flashes, accompanied by mutterings of thunder more and more distinct, more and more threatening, in an almost supernatural manner. One might have supposed the scene to be laid in one of those early geological epochs when our globe, a prey to the convulsions of the igneous matter in fusion in its bosom, was suffering the prelude, in darkness and mystery, to some painful birth. Every moment I expected to see this curtain of foreboding vapour rent from top to bottom, and some strange formation revealed to me. "What a loss," I said to myself, "that the old Ghibelin, who saw so many things with the eye of the dreamer, had not seen with the eye of reality this pass of the Cordillera of Occobamba! What a magnificent use he would have made of such a site; what supernatural episodes he would have introduced! For never was the portico of hell so sublimely pictured to the imagination of an apocalyptic poet—never was a scene so well calculated to represent the dark and terrible road which must needs lead to the realm of shadows and of horrors without a name!"

> "*Through me you pass* into the city of woe;
> *Through me you pass* into eternal pain;
> *Through me among* the people lost for aye!"

I tremblingly hummed, in an air in the minor key which I improvised at the moment, and in which the first syllables of each line of the *terza rima* returned in equal time, like the mournful sounds of an alarm-bell. As I tried to hit upon a musical phrase which should express the *Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' intrate* (All hope abandon, ye who enter here!), a flash of lightning, like a flaming sword, dazzled my eyes, and was instantly followed by a clap of thunder so loud, so terrifying, so immeasurably magnified by the echoes of the Cordillera, that I sprang up in my saddle and fell with my face on the ears of my mule. This frightful explosion was instantly greeted, at only a few steps' distance, by bursts of laughter and noisy exclamations, which so terrified the Muse, who was at that moment whispering in my ear, that the celestial goddess, snatching up in haste her flute, her hautbois, her musical score, and other attributes which the painters have given to her, spread her golden wings and fled to heaven, leaving me upon the earth utterly astounded, and a little puzzled to

PASS IN THE CORDILLERA OF OCCOBAMBA.

know what brute beasts they were who could talk and laugh in that fashion with one of the most sublime pages in the sublime book of nature just opened before them.

These—brutes—were simply a company of poor Indians of both sexes, who, like myself, were crossing the Cordillera to the valley of Occobamba. They saluted me

INDIANS ON A JOURNEY.

as I passed near them, the men carrying upon their shoulder the hoe and spade used by labourers, the women loaded with the apparatus of the cuisine. On this pyramid of chattels the children were seated astride. These unfortunates had abandoned, *par ordre,* their village, their houses, their respective labours, and were going to gather, for the benefit and satisfaction of others, sweet-potatoes, coca, manioc, and cacao, undergoing misery, hunger, and sickness, and perhaps, after all, leaving their bones in the valley . . . "more damned souls who bid adieu to hope!" I thought, seeing the poor helots disappear in the fog.

Some minutes afterwards I passed on my left two heaps, evidently fashioned by the hand of man, of the bones of animals, oxen, horses, mules, sheep, llamas, which had perished of hunger, thirst, or exhaustion in reaching these heights. This melancholy monument marked the actual commencement of the pass. I pushed through

FARMHOUSE OF LACAY, VALLEY OF OCCOBAMBA.

resolutely, like one of Ariosto's knights, and found myself on the other side of the Andes. The density of the fog had increased. The gaping void before me made me feel icy cold. My fingers were numbed, and my teeth began to chatter. To the inconvenience of being unable to distinguish two steps in advance was added the difficulty of the road, strewn with large rolled stones, and altogether so rough and steep that my mule converted her front-legs into buttresses to prevent her from falling. Sometimes a stone that she displaced rolled noisily to the bottom of the mountain, and caused a tremor something like fear. All about me was dripping with wet; my

clothes, soaked by the cold fog, were three times as heavy as they should have been, and my hair felt as if it was pasted to my face. This march, groping towards the unknown, lasted three-quarters of an hour. Then, in the measure that I approached the base of the mountain, its slope lengthened, while the fog became whiter, and more and more diaphanous. Suddenly we emerged from it, and I was able to look around me. A soil the colour of yellow ochre, sickly looking grass, a few stunted shrubs and thickets—right and left, high mountains with bare summits—presented themselves as specimens of the valley scenery. I confess that my first impressions were much to its disadvantage.

Some three miles from the pass I discovered, backed by the flanks of a cerro, the farm of Lacay, which José Benito had mentioned. This poor-looking place, built

FARMSTEAD OF SAYLLAPLAYA.

of lath and plaster, and roofed with stubble, consisted of two separate cabins. The mozo, who preceded me, called out two or three times to rouse the inhabitants of the farm, but as no one appeared, I inferred that it was deserted, notwithstanding that the gate in its fence was wide open.

Sayllaplaya, which we reached in about an hour, compensated a little for the bareness of the landscape through which we had passed in our descent from the mountain. The lands, finely varied, the cerros which the vegetation crowned with green velvet, the lower hills gently undulating, and sometimes wooded from base to summit, gave to this region an aspect, if not tropical, at least cheerful and suggestive of abundance. The farmhouse of Sayllaplaya was situated on a green sward cut perpendicularly on the side adjoining the road, and surrounded by fine clumps of trees. At the distance at which I was I could not be certain of their character, but I fancied from the latitude and locality that they were Erythrinæ, or coral-trees, which bear splendid scarlet blossoms, and thorny sand-box trees (*Hura crepitans*). A group of

bananas, with broad satin-like leaves, showed above the roof of the farmhouse, and completed its rural decoration.

If flowers, of which the rose is the prototype, are short-lived, as the poets have assured us from time immemorial, the leaf of the banana, of which poets have said

DEFILE OF THE VALLEY OF OCCOBAMBA.

nothing, is still more fragile. There is no other leaf, simple or compound, so delicate and so ephemeral. At first, while rolled up, it insensibly increases in breadth and length, and then some fine day, when its full growth has been attained, it unrolls in the sunlight its large and shining frond, which is waved about and filled by the wind as if it were a sail, until its margin is rent into a thousand shreds. The leaf of the banana has often reminded me of those tender and delicate natures which cannot be exposed to the shock of human passions without being completely crushed, and their hearts made to bleed through a thousand pores.

While philosophizing on this subject, because for the moment I had nothing better to do, I followed my guide along a path which terminated the ochry slope on which stood the farmstead of Sayllaplaya, which appeared to be uninhabited, like its neighbour the farm of Lacay. This path, which one might have taken for some enormous wheel-rut, was bounded by sloping lands covered with shrubs and plants, and strewn with large stones, greened with age. The entire aspect presented one of those inextricable entanglements of objects which only the skilful hand of nature could so dispose, and which supplies the artist with a motive of study, and the thinker with a subject for his meditations. In that charming entanglement, so ravishing to the eye, masses of stone seemed to weigh upon the vegetation, and the sarmentaceous plants to strike their claws into the rock. The shrub tried to stifle the creeping vegetation in its hard pastures; the lianes invaded it from above, and in the struggle for life the two species seemed to seize hold of and bite one another, like two furious aspics. A sort of raging avidity, a savage aggressiveness, and a singular obstinacy of resistance, were the pervading characteristics of the scene. Every living thing seemed to throw itself into the struggle for air, and light, and foot-hold, as if a sense of desperation urged it to exert its powers of extension to the utmost. The very path itself, rebelling against a straight course, seemed to witness, by its multiplied twistings and twinings, to this irrepressible need of development and self-assertion impressed by nature on the locality.

Nearly half an hour had passed since we commenced the descent of this path, and the half light in which it rejoiced, added to the monotonous repetitions of the same things, would have sent me to sleep on the back of my mule if the scene had not suddenly changed. The path opened upon a great circular space, strewn with erratic blocks, mingled with dwarf shrubs and great bushy clumps. At the end of the perspective, at the foot of two cerros, wooded at their base, but with bare summits, appeared some thirty miserable-looking cottages.

"Occobamba!" cried my guide, turning round and pointing to the village.

Instead of replying, I spurred on my mule. In a quarter of an hour we were on the spot.

A woman whom I found squatted by a pool of water, in which she was washing her rags, and of whom I asked where the alcalde lived, showed me a cottage standing a little apart, towards which I immediately went. The autocrat of Occobamba, whom I recognized by his comparatively clean shirt of tocuyo, was seated at the door of his house mending his sandals with a bit of leather, of which he had taken the exact measure from the soles of his feet.

"God be with you!" I said.

"God be with you!" he replied.

Having exchanged this salutation, and seeing that the alcalde, a little surprised by my appearance, was all eyes and ears, I asked him if he could find a man who, on condition of being paid, would serve me as a guide to Echarati.

"But Echarati is in the valley of Santa Ana, and we are in that of Occobamba," he judiciously observed.

"That is true," I said, "but you know, or you do not know perhaps, that every

road leads to Rome; and while turning to the right would lead me to the valley of Lares, by going to the left I should arrive at Santa Ana. My business at present leads me to the latter place, and you will much oblige by furnishing me with a guide."

"Nothing is easier."

"That is not all," I rejoined. "I have had for two days a mozo as my servant and guide to this place, and who is now close at hand. This mozo I wish to send back again to Cuzco, but as, with all his faults, he is strongly attached to me, and would perhaps follow me further in spite of all I could say, I am under the necessity

VILLAGE OF OCCOBAMBA.

of requesting your interference, so that you may compel him to return if necessary. This piastre will indemnify you for any trouble it may cause you."

"*Virgen santissima!*" exclaimed the alcalde, pocketing the piastre. "Where is the fellow of whom you complain? let me see him. I will put him in prison; give him the whip or the stick . . . whichever you please."

"That is unnecessary; simply send him back, and let me have a man to take his place."

"Come then; but in truth you are too good, Hueracocha. It will cost me nothing to give the rascal a little correction, and it will be the best way of proving my gratitude."

As I turned back, accompanied by the alcalde, whose smiling face had suddenly assumed an angry look, in harmony with the functions he was about to fulfil, we found ourselves face to face with José Benito, who had dismounted and was holding his mule by the bridle. On perceiving the political chief of Occobamba, whom he recognized, notwithstanding the somewhat neglected look of his person and apparel, as a thief would discover a detective under any disguise, the mozo lost countenance, and dropped his eyes.

"That is the man," I said simply.

"Advance, thief, brigand, assassin!" the alcalde thought it his duty to exclaim.

José Benito, turning as green as an olive, and trembling in all his limbs, obeyed the commands of the terrible functionary.

"How is it, you impudent vagabond, you scoundrel, that you have dared to affront so good a master as he whom you have accompanied here? Answer, you dog!"

Fearing, from the oratorical pomp of this opening, that the discourse of the alcalde might last longer than my patience—

AN ALCALDE ON A JOURNEY.

"Allow me to settle this little affair," I said, giving my guide a cuff on the ear. "José Benito," I continued, addressing the mozo, "from this moment you cease to be in my service. I have no need to give you my reasons for this determination; you know them as well as I do. Take these fifteen francs, which you were to have for guiding me as far as Echarati. Return to Cuzco, and try to become an honest man."

The mozo advanced with feigned or real humility, put the silver which I proffered him in his pocket; but, instead of leaving, held on to the crupper of my mule, as if he were about to faint. His manner indicated such abasement, the look with which he regarded me was so profoundly sad, that feeling my courage fail, I turned my head and said to the alcalde,

"Send him away at once."

"Double scoundrel!" cried the village potentate in a furious voice, "must I skin you alive?"

At this menace the mozo bounded to his feet, and recovering his presence of mind and the use of his limbs, fled like a deer through the bushes, in which he was lost to view.

When the poor devil had disappeared, I felt some remorse at thus abandoning him

more than sixty miles from Cuzco, and, above all, obliging him to cross the Cordillera on foot, a journey which he had made comfortably that morning seated on a mule. But the alcalde having seriously assured me that a rascal like my guide, with fifteen francs in his pocket, would have nothing to complain of, I left José Benito to his fate, trusting that, after all, Mercury, his honoured patron, would see him safe home.

It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, and considering that I could not pursue my journey further that day, I accepted the hospitality offered by the alcalde, and after having charged him to turn my two mules into a corral, and see to their forage, I went for a ramble in the village. Most of the men were absent, only the women remaining in the huts, where they were engaged in preparing the evening repast

A FOUNTAIN AT OCCOBAMBA.

of boiled maize. A touching scene caused me to stop before one of these dwellings. A young woman, seated on the ground, held captive between her knees two children of from three to four years of age, on whom she lavished her caresses. Every now and then her hand was busy in the unkempt hair of the innocents, seeming to seek for some invisible object, which, when found, she put in her mouth.

Continuing my inspection of the locality, I discovered at the base of one of the cerros, and resembling, with its granite jambs joined by a lintel, a Celtic trilithon, the most charming fountain that a painter of *genre* could desire for the foreground of his picture. The water fell from above, noiselessly, like a veil of gauze, into a kind of basin, from the dark recess of which the rays of the setting sun were reflected like a thousand needles of gold. The overflow of this basin rippled away over mossy stones, and formed in the middle of the road a crystalline thread of water, at which the birds of the air and the village dogs were glad to quench their thirst. Blackberries, fuchias, and a species of misletoe (*Loranthaceæ*) clustered on the flank of the cerro, and formed a framework of foliage and flowers to this fountain; immediately around which

grew tangled masses of water-plants, *Sagittaria*, *Hydrocotyles*, and hart's-tongue ferns (*Scolopendrium*), with their dark-green and shining leaves. After a mental invocation to the guardian naïad of this reservoir, I took a draught of its limpid stream; and seeing nothing more that appeared to be worth writing about or sketching, I returned with slow steps to the house of my host the alcalde.

I found him busy washing a bit of mutton of a bluish tint, from which he was removing with great care certain oblong moving bodies. After having manipulated this bit of tainted meat, and smelled at it several times, he tendered it to me that I might scent it in my turn. I drew back.

"It smells a little," he said, "but the stench will be removed by cooking; besides I will take care to put plenty of onions and balm and pimento in the chupé."

"And who is this chupé for?" I asked.

"Why, for you," he said; "it's your supper that I am preparing."

"Thank you," I replied sharply; "I would rather sup on memory than taste that horror; haven't you anything else to offer me?"

He had no other meat, but with half a pumpkin and a few sweet-potatoes and yucca roots,[1] the cooking of which I attended to myself, I succeeded in making an excellent soup, of which I was generous enough to invite him to partake.

While we were eating and gossiping together, I did not conceal from him my astonishment at not having seen under his roof either a wife, a housekeeper, or a female domestic of any kind, who might have scattered a few flowers in his path of life, and sewn up the rents in his pantaloons.

"I have had two lawful wives," he said with a sigh, "and neither is left me."

"Both dead!" I exclaimed.

"Alas!" he sighed.

"Tell me your history, then, my good fellow. It is sometimes well for a man to open his heart to a friend, and you cannot doubt that I am one, after I have divided with thee in such a fraternal manner my pumpkin-soup and my potatoes."

"It is soon told," he said: "my first wife had a taste for strong drink. As she was drunk from morning till night, and wasted her time with other women of the village, I thought a good beating would correct her of the fault; but she was obstinate, and having drunk more than usual one day, I gave her such a knock-down blow that she never got up again."

"The devil! No doubt drunkenness is a sad fault, but if we were to kill all who get drunk, more than three-fourths of the human race would be exterminated. However, the mischief is done; think no more about it. And how did you lose your second wife?"

"One of my neighbours made love to her, and the wretched woman encouraged him. Often I have beaten her and reasoned with her on the subject, but neither beating nor reasoning was of the slightest avail. She was one of those mulish natures who would

[1] These *yuccas* or *yucca roots*, are a species of Jatropha—the *J. Manihot*, from which the negroes obtain their manioc or magnioc, better known as the *cassava* of the West Indies, and the *tapioca* of Brazil. The roots are not wholesome until they have been kept some time.—Tr.

rather be killed on the spot than submit. When she returned home one day, after having been absent ever since the morning, and forgotten to leave me anything to eat, I threw a jug at her head and it knocked out one of her eyes. This was a small thing in comparison with the injuries and insults she had heaped upon me, yet she bore such malice that she disappeared the next day, taking with her all her clothes, since which time I have never set eyes on her."

"A blind woman is easy enough to discover even in a crowd; you are sure to find her again if you try."

"Find her? God forbid! Two trials of the married state are enough. Who knows but a third wife, if I should take one, would play me some scurvy trick? No, no, it is better for me to remain as I am; for one drop of honey that a woman brings into a house she gives you a whole bottleful of gall.'

I was silent from politeness; the opinion of my host might be erroneous, but I would not dispute it; all opinions are free.

After a few moments of silence, which I employed in smoking a cigarette, seeing that the alcalde had followed my example and seemed to be absorbed in memories of the past, I roused him by speaking of the guide he had promised to find for me. He went out in search of one.

Left alone, I took the resinous torch which served for a light and inspected minutely the interior of the hut. To the repulsive squalor which characterizes in Peru the cottages of all indigenes, was added that *tohu-bohu* which the household of a bachelor usually presents in all places alike. With the assistance of a fork and a wooden rake, which I discovered in a corner, I cleared a space several feet square, which I covered with the rug and the skins of my two saddles. I had just finished my preparations when the alcalde returned, accompanied by a man of middle age, decently dressed, and with a physiognomy sufficiently pleasing.

As I examined him from head to foot before beginning the negotiation—

"You may place entire confidence in Miguel," said the alcalde; "he is an honest, active, and industrious fellow, and knows every corner and turn in the three valleys of Lares, Occobamba, and Santa Ana."

If my host's words were to be trusted such a man was a treasure, but the evil thought suggested itself that the alcalde might be playing a cunning part, and providing me with a guide who would share with him the price agreed on for the journey. I had long enough been familiar with such arrangements between the public functionaries and their agents. Fearing to be duped and burdened with a guide without the necessary information, I commenced a regular examination of the man's pretensions.

"Since you know the country so well," I said, "be so good as to tell me in what part of the valley of Lares this village of Occobamba is situated?"

"By continuing across the cerros without turning to the right or the left you will arrive at the village of Quillca."

"And on the Santa Ana side?"

"You would find yourself just between Yanamanchi and Pabellon-Pata.

"My intention is to continue as far as its last inhabited estancia, along the valley

of Occobamba, with which I am not yet acquainted, and from thence I propose to cross into the valley of Santa Ana. How many estancias shall I find on the way?"

"Seven after leaving this village."

"And the distance?"

"Seventy-five miles as far as the hacienda of la Lechuza; that will be two days' journey."

"Is that the point at which we shall cross into Santa Ana?"

"Yes; there is no inhabited place beyond la Lechuza, and you would be obliged to pass the night in the open air. On quitting la Lechuza we ascend the heights which separate Santa Ana from Occobamba, and descend in the course of the river of Alcusama to the village of Chaco."

"Decidedly," I thought, "the alcalde is right; this man is a veritable walking geography."

"Early to-morrow," I said to the Indian, giving him two reals by way of *llapa* or earnest, which drew from him many thanks and obeisances.

When he had retired, as my host and I seemed to have nothing more to say to each other, we turned in to our several resting-places. I know not whether the sleep of my companion was troubled by the apparition of his two wives, but mine was as calm and profound as that of the just, and I woke early in the morning without having changed my posture.

Faithful to his engagement my guide was at the door. The alcalde went for the mules and saddled with his own hands that which I rode, while Miguel harnessed the beast which, after having served José Benito, he was himself to use. I took leave of my host, and left the place with his warmest wishes for my future happiness.

Soon the sun rose above the chain of the cerros which formed the southern boundary of the valley. The clumps of trees and bushes on the escarpments, illuminated by his earliest rays, formed, with the irregularities of the lands, still steeped in a bluish shadow, contrasts that were ideally perfect in grace and freshness. Between two of the wooded mountains the river of Occobamba descended from the heights shining like silver. Its murmur, mingled with those confused sounds which the day brings with it in plain or forest, and which rise like the morning-hymn of the creation to the Creator, fell pleasantly on the ear, and awoke a thousand sweet visions, a thousand winged thoughts, which it is impossible to reproduce either with pen or pencil. In the presence of these splendid tableaux of Nature the true poet is he who feels most and says the least.

After travelling for some time through a locality either altogether barren, or only enlivened by a stunted vegetation, we approached the river, which ran, or rather rolled, noisily in a north-easterly direction, over a pebbly bed. We crossed the stream where we struck it, with the water up to the girths of our mules, although a bridge was visible a short distance in advance. My guide, when I asked him why he preferred this way to the other, replied, that the wooden piles of the bridge were more than half-rotten, and that we could not cross it without the risk of its giving way under us. I thanked Miguel for the interest which he took in our two noble selves; a fall of

fifteen feet, in the midst of a rapid current encumbered with stones, might have had its picturesque side, but would certainly have proved a little dangerous.

The country we were traversing had no roads or visible footpaths; but we followed the course of the river, keeping along the bank, or otherwise, according to the nature of the ground. The vegetation, almost non-existent on the left shore, or side of Santa Ana, presented nothing very remarkable on the right, or that of Lares. In travelling, however, it is necessary to be contented with what God gives you; and I accepted thankfully the few lank vegetables, stunted bushes, and starved shrubs, which defiled successively before me.

Miguel, to whom I confessed the cravings of my stomach, and who, by reason of his appetite or his sympathy, experienced exactly the same sensation, told me we should be able to recruit our forces at Mayoc, where the proprietor of the farm-house, a young widow without children, was well known to him.

The sight of this farmhouse, where we arrived about eleven o'clock, did not excite in me any large amount of artistic enthusiasm, but it doubled my hunger. When the mistress of the house, a fat, matronly-looking woman, simply clad in a chemise and a woollen petticoat, appeared on the threshold, I thought of securing her good graces by asking, with a smile, about her health, and if she had slept well the previous night. Such questions from a man whom she had never seen before, took her a little by surprise and made her smile, and as people who begin by smiling soon get to understand one another, my guide had scarcely made her acquainted with our needs when the good woman set cheerfully to work to satisfy them.

Very soon, squatted by a fire which I fed with sticks, I heard, with an emotion difficult to express in words, the noise made by the earthen pot, in which three guinea-pigs and a proportionate supply of vegetables rolled over one another in the midst of the eddies of foam formed by the boiling of the water. Oh, poetry of the stomach, though not of an ethereal nature, thou art not less enchanting, and thy delights are in no degree less enjoyable, than those of the spirit! Sometimes, while I write, the remembrance of the many occasions when my hunger was satisfied in the desert, returns in idea, and gives me, with the return of youth, sudden accesses of appetite! I feel myself free, proud, ardent, enthusiastic, and disposed to eat, without cooking them even, the stumps of cabbages. But these sudden emotions of the stomach and imagination are of short duration, and I fall back upon myself, recalled by the irrepressible law of things to the sentiment of a sad reality.

The guinea-pig soup, which our hostess soon served, made a more substantial meal than my pumpkin-soup of the evening before. While partaking of it, and looking at the good woman who busied herself about us, an idea came into my head which I communicated to Miguel, and which made him roar with laughter. Fearing that the widow, whose eyes were fixed upon us, would think I had made some improper remark, I requested him to explain the cause to her, which he did, still laughing.

Hardly had the worthy woman realized the idea that I thought she would suit extremely well the alcalde of Occobamba, than her countenance, so cheerful till that moment, suddenly assumed an expression of wrath mixed with disdain.

"I am not so anxious to dispose of myself," said she, "as to marry a monster, an excommunicated wretch, who killed his first wife and disfigured his second."

"All the more reason that he should become the slave of his third," I suggested adroitly; "that man, my good woman, knows that he has much to be forgiven, and you will be as an angel of mercy to him."

"I am not an angel," she replied, dryly; "the angels are in heaven with the bon Dieu!"

FARMSTEAD OF MAYOC IN THE VALLEY OF OCCOBAMBA.

I thought it prudent to end this conversation and pay more attention to my dinner. Whether my proposal had wounded her as a woman, or whether it had recalled with bitterness that the state of widowhood is not, as St. Francis of Sales pretends, the happiest condition of human nature, her manner had become as disagreeable as at our entrance it had been the reverse. "The devil," I thought, "always punishes us for our good thoughts when he does not chastise us for our good actions." I finished my dinner, and asked our hostess how much was to pay.

"Two piastres," she replied, holding out her hand, and at the same time turning away her head.

I gave her the sum demanded, which represented six times the value of my dinner, and added mentally: "Paul Marcoy, my friend, you are no better than an idiot; a man should never talk to a strange widow about getting married!"

The shade of vexation which this incident had occasioned me was soon forgotten *en route.* Turning our backs on the hill of Mayoc, we passed under the cover of an oasis, the freshness of which, heightened by the neighbourhood of the river, was all the more appreciable, as the satisfaction of my stomach enhanced, for me, the warmth and brightness of the day. Across this oasis, formed by clumps of bamboos (*Bambusaceæ*), locust-trees (*Robinia*), and climbing plants, serpentined one of those roads which we love to follow by moonlight, dreaming of what we long for, or enjoying what we possess. The place was like a copy of one of the pictures of Theocritus or Virgil, redolent of idyllic odour, which it was a delight to breathe. It is true there was no such shepherd as Thyrsis, no such shepherdess as Amaryllis, no Corydon and Alexis conversing in dactyls and spondees. The violet and the narcissus were both wanting, and we might have sought in vain for the shade of an amaranth; but the short grass enamelled with flowers, the rocks carpeted with moss, the little stream running noiselessly over its sandy bed, combined to produce the happiest inspirations. No nightingale sang in this solitude, yet it was vocal with the sweet symphony of the birds of the country, whose ravishing appogiaturas and trills interlaced with the most delicious melody the sustained bass of the river rolling over its stony bed. The forest which stretched far away in the distance was at once an aviary and an orchestra. For an instant I entertained the idea of making a sketch of this scene; but what pencil, what colour, could have translated that murmur, that freshness, that harmony, that veil of poesy, in a word, which like the *ventus textilis* of Petronius, enveloped the scene as in an atmosphere of gauze! I shut up my sketch-book with the feeling that this landscape was one of those sweet souvenirs which one can but preserve in memory, as one keeps a subtle perfume in a sealed bottle.

While our route continued through this pleasant woodland, I imagined myself travelling in a dream, and, to complete the illusion, I went on with my eyes half-shut, allowing the details to melt in the masses, and contenting myself with the impression made on my hearing by the singing of the birds. Whether it was that the invisible orchestra soothed my spirit like a lullaby, or the half light and freshness of the air invited to repose, I began to feel drowsy, and at last actually slept. One false step of my mule roused me suddenly to consciousness, and, opening my eyes, I could not avoid an expression of astonishment. The scene had totally changed its aspect; the trees had disappeared, the birds had taken wing, and great sandy spaces, covered with the latest deposits of the river, alternated with stretches of yellow grass and masses of rock half-buried in the ground. These changes of scene are frequent in the valleys of Lares, Occobamba, and Santa Ana. They are caused by the direction of the valleys, which take a course parallel to the Cordillera, instead of suddenly diverging, like the valleys of the east, comprised between Paucartampu and the Yungas of Bolivia. We were nearly an hour traversing this region, which, by its barrenness, recalled the punas of the Cordillera; as, by the purity of its sky and the brightness of the sun, it reminded me of the gorges on the Pacific coast. By-and-by the sudden falling away of the ground indicated an approaching change in the landscape, and the renewal of vegetation was announced by the occurrence of *lantanas* with viscous

leaves, and *mimosas*, whose little ball-like flowers, of a pale rose colour, gave out a penetrating odour like patchouli.

As we crossed the last group of hills, which formed, as it were, the north-north-eastern limit of the desert, we saw before us, in a luminous perspective, a conical peak, half-clothed with vegetation; its dark-green tint standing out admirably against the ultramarine of the heavens. My guide, of whom I asked the name of this hill, told me it was called the "Cuesta" of Unupampa, and at the same time showed me, on our right, half-hidden in the trees, a small house, which also bore the name of Unupampa.

The farmstead of Unupampa, shaded by coral-trees (*Erythrinæ centenariæ*), was

THE CUESTA OR PEAK OF UNUPAMPA.

shut and silent when we passed; only some black fowls with red combs, which clucked and scrimmaged in the scrub, gave a little animation to the neighbourhood. I regretted their owner was not at hand, as I would have bought one of him, and hung it by the legs to my saddle-bow, in order to wring its neck and make soup of it in the evening. But Miguel having assured me that the hacienda of Uchu, where our day's journey would terminate, abounded in poultry, I left the chickens of Unupampa undisturbed, and contented myself with taking a sketch of the farmhouse to which they belonged.

Once more our course was directed towards the river, which we crossed at a shallow spot (*passerelle*), of which a water-colour painter would have made a capital picture. Nothing was wanting to its perfection; old palings greened and twisted, strongly marked contrasts of shade and light, chickweed and *Confervæ* like thick grass, tufts of herbaceous and aquatic plants (*Plantaginaceæ* and *Aroideæ*), displaying, in the thread of water, their shining leaves, which were incessantly fretted and tossed about or submerged by the current.

When we had gained the left bank of the river, Miguel thought it his duty to tell me that the sun was no longer in the zenith, and that there were still twenty-four miles to Uchu. This was as much as to say that, instead of gaping at the rooks, or amusing myself by collecting pebbles and flowers, I had better push on my mule, to escape being surprised by nightfall. His advice, indirect as it was, appeared to me judicious, and it was felt the less irksome to follow, considering that this part of the valley presented nothing that was particularly worthy of attention. We continued at a good pace until we reached the hacienda of los Camotes (*Convolvulus Batatas*), where, on the faith of its name, I expected to find some growing crops of these sweet-potatoes, the *regular* corolla of which is of a violet tint, so deliciously soft to the eye, and the tubers

THE FARMSTEAD OF UNUPAMPA.

so sweet to the taste. What I saw, however, from the top of a little hill, was a mud-built house, composed of two high-roofed gables, thatched with stubble and connected by a verandah. A small garden, planted with onions, cabbages, and pumpkins, adjoined the farmhouse, and completed its ill-looking physiognomy. With a look of disdain I passed on.

A hundred steps further it occurred to me to ask Miguel how it came to pass that the hacienda of los Camotes should have acquired such a name as "sweet-potatoes."

"Perhaps it is because they breed a great many sheep," he replied.

I might have laughed at such an absurd answer, but continued to look serious, in order not to vex my guide.

We were three hours going from Camotes to Tiocuna (*uncle's cradle*). On reaching the latter point our mules, a little jaded, breathed and snuffled so heavily that we halted a moment to let them rest. I took advantage of the pause to reconnoitre the site. The farmhouse consisted of two distinct parts: the one dismantled, its roof off and its timbers hanging in ruins; the other intact, provided with a door and a window,

and covered with a roof of stubble, nearly new. There was nothing picturesque in this contrast of the old and the new, nor was the situation of such a character as to improve it in that respect. A steep cerro, with a few bushes clinging to it here and there, a misshapen guava-tree leaning over the house, were its principal features. The wretched appearance of the place was only enhanced by the presence of its proprietors, a decrepit old man and old woman, with dark skins and ghastly contours,

HACIENDA OF LOS CAMOTES (SWEET-POTATOES).

conjugally seated side by side on a wooden bench, as if to revivify, in the warm sunshine, their blood, frozen by age. I thought of Philemon and Baucis of mythologic renown; but as I was not Jupiter to test their hospitality, I contented myself with waving an adieu with my hand, and, remounting my beast, was soon far from "uncle's cradle," without deigning to inquire how it obtained such a singular name.

Hitherto I had found so little reason to congratulate myself on my idea of visiting Occobamba, that, as we trotted along, though I said nothing to Miguel, whose vanity as an autochthon would have been wounded by the remark, I compared myself to the dog in the fable, who lost the substance in grasping at the shadow. Had I travelled by known routes I should have found my journey a perpetual succession of pleasing scenes. The natural curiosities which I had formerly admired in the neighbouring valleys—those beautiful plants, those charming flowers, those brilliant birds—marvels

of creation which invite observation, awake enthusiasm, and seem at every step to cry from the depths of the forests where they are hidden, *Sta viator!*—all these wonders were still to be found in their old haunts. Why had I not entertained the idea of seeing them once again for the last time? "Cursed valley of Occobamba!" I said to myself, by way of conclusion; "cursed thirst for the Unknown! Man here below, believing it possible to satisfy thee, only experiments to his loss. Since Eve tasted of the fatal apple, that mad desire which urges the creature to cross the boundary of the real, and seek what never can be realized, how many unhappy mortals whose ambitious

THE FARM OF TIOCUNA (UNCLE'S CRADLE).

flight tended heavenwards have been seen, like Icarus, the wax of their wings melted, to fall heavily upon the earth!"

This psychological theme, which I have here summed up in a few lines, but which my unoccupied thoughts had developed at suitable length, and embellished with the proper rhetorical flourishes, occupied the time which we took to accomplish the journey from Tiocuna to Uchu. When we arrived there the sun had set.

Evening began to close in. The sky was magnificent. Before us lay the valley, half-hidden from view by a curtain of violet vapours. Behind us the bare heads of the cerros and the skeletons of trees seemed to be traced in black on a ground of orange-purple. An ineffable calm reigned around. If my famished stomach had not drawn me remorselessly earthwards, it was a scene which might have raised my spirit to God in ecstacy, or humbled me at his footstool in prayer.

Uchu, which my guide had called a hacienda, appeared, in the last gleams of daylight, to be nothing but a modest chacara. Perhaps the assurance of my guide that it abounded in poultry disposed me to regard the place favourably, perhaps the situation was really agreeable, but my sympathies were caught by it at first sight.

We were received, when unbooted, by a woman wearing a shepherdess's hat, orna-

mented with red ribbons, and clothed in a petticoat of white dimity, which I thought jarred a little with her critical age, her fulness of figure, bordering on obesity, and her already gray hairs. My guide, by saluting her with courtesy, and joining to her first name, Manuela, the titles of *Señora Donna*, gave me to understand that I had no ordinary person to deal with. The manner in which the unknown invited us to enter her house completed my conviction of her superiority. As the room into which we entered was quite dark, the first care of Señora Donna Manuela was to light a candle, when I discovered a square table or counter provided with scales, and stands fur-

A GROCER'S STORE AT UCHU.

nished with round-bellied bottles, decanters, bottles with labels, and other objects. This lady, I said to myself, is a *pulpera*, or grocer, and as such her cellar and her larder ought to be well provisioned. I was not mistaken as to her quality. After the usual exchanges of politeness with my guide, she began to talk of the hardness of the times and the badness of trade. The inhabitants of the neighbouring estancias continued, indeed, to buy trifles of her; but for articles of the first necessity and of daily consumption, such as brandy, chocolate, and pimento, they resorted to the valleys of Lares and Santa Ana, where they bought them cheaper. If this had not been the case, her trade would have been a very profitable one. To this point I had heard nothing but the ordinary commercial grumbling common to grocers of both sexes all the world over, and I listened to her laments without feeling particularly moved by them; but when the Señora Donna Manuela added, with a sigh which seemed to come from the depths of her capacious bosom, that the badness of trade had reduced her store of provisions to what was barely necessary to sustain life, I felt a vague apprehension of coming evil. This apprehension became a certainty when Miguel, having asked if she could oblige us with food and lodging, received for reply that she could let us have her shop to sleep in, but as for food she had nothing left but some *chuño*

(frozen potatoes) and a few heads of maize. What was to be done in such a case? One could but offer to God this new cross, and accept with seeming gratitude the chuño and maize of our hostess, and that is what I did.

An hour after this conversation, Donna Manuela, who had taken off her pretentious accoutrements to make our supper, served up on a low table a plate of her boiled chuño, and a few heads of maize roasted in the embers. What a repast for a man who since the morning had been flattering himself, on the faith of his guide, that he would be able to sup at Uchu on a nice plump fowl! As, after all, this disappointment was not Miguel's fault, I abstained from expressing my discontent. Our meagre repast finished, Donna Manuela offered us, by way of dessert, a glass of curaçao of her own making, a simple tafia without sugar, in which were steeped some slices of orange. After having drank with us, she retired into another apartment, and then Miguel prepared our couches with our saddle-cloths. Notwithstanding the fatigue of a long day's journey, and the need of rest, I could only sleep on condition of keeping one eye always open. As soon as the candle was extinguished a battalion of rats invaded the shop, searching everywhere for provisions, which were not to be found. I heard them trotting on the counter, climbing up the stands, and, furious at finding nothing they could gnaw, jolting about among the bottles and glasses. The night that I passed in watching against the attacks of these savages, whom I compared to the vampires which haunt deserted castles, was everyway worthy of the supper which had preceded it.

In the morning, after having settled our accounts with Donna Manuela, and drank the stirrup-cup in cavalier fashion, we turned our backs on her abode. Miguel, judging from my swollen eyes and my entire prostration, that the hospitality of Uchu had been too much for me, tried to re-animate my lost courage by the perspective of a good lodging and a good supper at the hacienda of la Lechuza (Chouette), where our day's journey was to end. As I appeared only half-convinced, the man hastened to add that the proprietress of the hacienda in question was not a grocer like Donna Manuela, but a grand lady, *una alta señora,* who for four years had lived in the valley of Occobamba in entire seclusion. All that any one knew of her history was that she was born at Lima, from which city she had come to establish herself in the hacienda of la Chouette, which she had inherited from one of her parents. It was her custom to remain shut up during the day, and only to go out during the night, when, too, she was always veiled.

My guide's story sounded like a fable, but his manner continuing serious, it was impossible not to feel there was some truth in it. Without replying, I mused upon its singular purport. I had formerly had opportunities of studying the women of Lima in their homes. I had long known the changing tastes, the flighty humour, the fantastic caprices of these charming indigenes—tastes, humours, and caprices in which they resemble humming-birds, flying from flower to flower, without fixing on any, sucking their honey with the same avidity, and rending them with their beaks with the same indifference. What a singular exception to the rule, then, was the unknown inhabitant of la Lechuza, who, belonging, according to my guide, to the aristocracy of the City of Kings, had fled, to avoid the world, into an obscure corner

of the valley of Occobamba, where she neither received nor saw any one! Such a mystery piqued my curiosity, and I felt such a desire to penetrate it, that we had journeyed three miles from Uchu before I noticed that we had crossed the river, and instead of following its left shore, as we had done after leaving Unupampa, we were now on the right.

The country which separates the grocery-store of Uchu from the hacienda of Tian-Tian, where we arrived between eleven and twelve o'clock, presents, like the neighbouring valleys of Lares and Santa Ana, under the same parallel, barren spaces alternating with umbrageous oases, which recall the dualism of classic and romantic art. Here, it is the stone and the aridness which predominate; there, it is vegetation, shade, and freshness. This perpetual contrast, which, it might be supposed, was pleasant to the eye and agreeable to the spirit, became in fact dreadfully fatiguing. At the end of every league it was like a box on the ear given by prose to poetry, or a pair of scissors applied to the wings of enthusiasm.

On entering the court of Tian-Tian, where we were received by a major-domo—the proprietor of this hacienda living at Calca, and only visiting his domain once a year—my first care was to inquire of this individual if it were possible, in consideration of my paying for it, to get something to eat. He replied that nothing would have been easier if, for the moment, the larder of the hacienda had not been in a pitiable condition.

"In our valley," he said, "we kill an ox every Sunday, and each buys a portion of it, which portion, you understand, lasts as long as it will—three, or perhaps four, days, according to the number in family and the measure of their appetites. Generally, when Thursday arrives there is nothing left to eat but the bones. Now you have come on a Friday, and even our bones are gnawed and picked clean; nevertheless, if you like to wait till Sunday you will have a capital dinner of butcher's meat."

"Wait two days without eating!" I exclaimed with indignation.

"No, no!" he said, laughing, "I don't mean that you are to eat nothing for two days. I only said that if you like to wait till Sunday you can have a dinner of fresh meat."

"Have you, then, something else to offer me?"

"I have some chuño and maize."

"That sounds ill. I supped on chuño and maize yesterday; but no matter, let me have it. Even with that one need not die of hunger."

The major-domo addressed a few words to a chola whom our colloquy had attracted to the door. The woman disappeared; and while she went to prepare my dinner, my host proposed that I should take a turn in the *cacahual* (cacao-plantation), where some detail of business required his assistance just now.

This plantation was badly kept, and even a little in disorder, a remark which I made to myself, but was careful should not be heard, knowing how the truth grates on a man's ears, more especially when he has asked your opinion. I replied, therefore, to the major-domo, who questioned me in this respect, that I had never seen, either in the valleys of Paucartampu or in that of Soconuzco, renowned for this kind of

culture, a cacahual better *managed* than his. This was exactly the contrary of what he deserved, but nothing has such a charm as a lie, and I had hardly uttered these words of praise when the face of the major-domo was lighted up with a smile. "The devilishness of human nature!" I said aside; "it is by flattering thy faults and thy

HACIENDA AND CACAO-PLANTATION OF TIAN-TIAN.

vices, rather than by using the language of truth, that one acquires thy esteem, and conciliates thy affection."

On reaching an open space in the plantation, covered with rank grasses and parasitic loranthus (a species of misletoe), I saw several women squatted on their haunches, and chattering like parrots. Each of them had a wooden mallet, with which she was breaking the ligneous capsules of the cacao, from which she took the grain and deposited it in a great osier-basket, after having despoiled it of its mucilaginous pulp. This pulp, which has an exquisite taste when two days' fermentation has added to its saccharine qualities a touch of acid, was thrown by each of the women into a tray placed by her side. The cacao-harvest, which takes place at the period when the capsules of the *Theobroma Cacao*, having come to their maturity, assume a beautiful red tint, keeps the peons afoot more than a month, each tree only giving five or six ripe fruits at the same time. It is necessary, therefore, to visit the trees every week in order to gather their products. This harvesting employs few hands, it is true, but

ıecessitates a continual surveillance, especially if the rainy season commences before is finished.

After having eaten the pulp of two or three capsules, and exchanged a friendly ɔd-day with the women, I returned to the house in company with the major-domo. ; dinner was served in an earthenware salad-bowl. I called Miguel to take his ıre; and when we had both finished, I thanked the major-domo for his boiled ıño and his kindness in showing me over the estate. Having paid this tribute politeness, I also paid him, with interest, for my dinner, and was soon far from ın-Tian.

The tian-tian, whose name has been conferred on this hacienda, is a bird of the ıily of *Conirostres*, which Latreille has described as a crow, and Buffon as a jackdaw. ıubt in this respect is the less possible, considering that the first called his subject *rvus*, and the second *Gracus*. Unhappily for the system of each of these illustrious ıithologists, the tian-tian is neither a jackdaw nor a crow, but a *pie;* a slender, icate, darling *petite-maîtresse*, having nothing in common with our frightful Euro- ın margot, which has inherited all the vices of mankind. The tian-tian pie of Peru neither impudent, nor a pilferer, nor ill-tempered, nor a gourmand, and—more portant still—does not screech. You may put it into a cage, feed it with fruits l grains, and, as a reward for the care you take of it, it is capable of whistling air, if you take the trouble to teach it.

Its size is that of a thrush, its eye is straw-coloured, and its beak a fine shining ıck. The base of the beak is surrounded with a blue, like cobalt, which extends er the head to the neck, where it terminates suddenly. The back is of a bluish ıen colour, the throat and breast are like black velvet, the belly is yellow as far the tail, which is long and cuneiform. The general appearance of the bird is tremely elegant.

The tian-tian inhabits, on the flanks of the Oriental Andes, the vegetable region own as the zone of quinquinas. Like the Peruvian cock-of-the-rock (*tunki*) he es the covert of great forests, shuns the light of day, and rarely ventures into the ıins.

While consigning these details to the note-book from which I have now extracted em, I was dreaming of the hacienda of la Chouette, where our day's journey was to l, and in spite of myself the ideal portrait of the unknown woman mingled its traits th the real portrait which I was making of the tian-tian pie. If that châtelaine, ıom my imagination endowed with a thousand charms, lived in absolute seclusion l admitted no visitor into her house, as my guide stated, it was more than probable ıt she would shut her door, and not only refuse me food and lodging, but deprive me the pleasure that I felt it would be to offer her my homage. Nothing so disposes e to gallantry as making a journey on a mule. The mere idea of the mysterious manian inspired me at this moment with chivalrous sentiments worthy of Amadis Galahad. At a sign from her I already felt myself capable of trying the ascent the highest peak in the valley, of defying one after another all the bears and jaguars the forest, and of performing over again the antique labours of Hercules.

As I passed at this moment near a limpid brook, which contributed its waters to the river, I pulled up my mule, and by means of a bit of string lowered my tin drinking-cup into the stream. My only object in so doing was to quench my thirst, but leaning over the liquid mirror in which my face was reflected, I felt suddenly—*desolé*. The thought flashed upon me how I could possibly present myself to the lady of my dreams, even if the introduction were feasible, considering that my shirt, not having been changed for four days and nights, was dirty and crumpled. This fact, so simple in appearance, was sufficient to upset my house of cards. How, in fact, could I accost a grand Limanian lady, and deposit at her feet my homage and my heart, with a shirt so rumpled, so dirty, and so covered with flea-marks? Decidedly the thing was impossible. She would only laugh in the face of such a chevalier; and as for me, I felt that I should die of shame. "Renounce, then, the brilliant *rôle* you have intended," I said to myself, "and pass simply for what you are—a poor devil of a traveller, with reason enough to be grateful for any service rendered to him."

This determination taken, I felt at peace with myself, and, without caring to ascertain whether my hair and my beard resembled candle-wicks or the hyacinthine locks of Homer's exquisites, I continued my journey. As in the part of the valley which we were leaving behind us, the scene was alternately barren and umbrageous. In places where the soil was of sufficient depth, fine trees, surrounded with clumps of creeping plants, decorated the landscape. Then, two or three miles further on, the soil thinned away, and being insufficient to nourish the roots of the larger vegetables, trees and plants disappeared as in the shifting scenes of a theatre. In their place appeared the reddish-gray backs of bare hills, and spaces altogether sandy or covered with a dry and brittle grass. These alternations of barrenness and comparative fertility succeeded each other during half the day.

After crossing one of these stony regions, I perceived, at a short distance from the river, on rising ground, one of those daturas with violet flowers, so rare in Peru, and which recalls imperfectly the *Datura Stramonium* found in certain parts of the south of France. This tree, about ten feet in height, with its cordiform and somewhat shaggy leaves, its beautiful bell-like flowers of a blackish violet hue, produced a charming effect. I drew near to consider it more at my leisure. One of its flowers hung within my reach, and turned towards the ground the orifice of its corolla; I raised it, and thrusting my nose to the bottom of its cone, I breathed voluptuously with closed eyes its odour, an ineffable mixture of benzoin and bitter almond. At the instant when I was asking myself, in a half swoon, if the perfume, that intangible and volatile part of the flower, is not its immaterial soul, a pair of nippers suddenly seized my nose and pinched it so hard, that I uttered a cry of pain and started back. Miguel, who had gone on a few steps in advance, ran up, and seeing me hold my nose with both hands, inquired what was the matter. With a gesture of fear I showed him the flower; he gathered it up, and turned it over and over on every side.

"I don't see anything," he said.

"And I have not seen anything, but I have felt something; look at my nose."

The mozo looked; there was a bloody spot, he said, on each wing of my nostrils.

As I assured him that I felt a sharp pain in the place, and feared that it had been caused by some poisonous creature, he tried to reassure me by explaining that the supposed monster might be a *cucaracha* or a *moscardon* squatted in the flower, and which I had disturbed in its sleep. The wound which this insect had given me would very soon heal on my bathing it with cold water. Happily, the remedy was close at hand. I took some water from the river, and burying my nose in my drinking-cup, resumed

THE HACIENDA OF LA LECHUZA (THE OWL).

my journey, swearing eternal hatred against the *Datura arborea* and its violet flowers.

It was past five o'clock in the afternoon when we discovered a white house, half-hidden in foliage, at the base of one of those low hillocks called *lomas*, which bordered the river.

"That is the hacienda of la Lechuza" (the owl), said Miguel.

My first care was to ask the mozo if my nose was red and showed the scar of its double wound. As he assured me that nothing of the kind was visible, I felt a little tranquillized.

Some minutes later we reached the hacienda—a little whitewashed dwelling, with shutters painted green, and in all respects scrupulously neat. The trees which shaded it were sapodillas, oranges, and genipas (*Genipa americana*).

At the noise made by our arrival two persons appeared on the threshold—a gray-haired man wearing a poncho, and a *cholita*, jauntily dressed, in whom I recognized one of those familiars who are employed by women of the world in their secret commissions. The girl had the cheeky look of Molière's Dorine; the face of the man was expressionless, but grave.

On seeing me alight he advanced, and saluting me with the mechanical politeness of a domestic in a good family, inquired what business had brought me here. I replied, purposely raising my voice, that I was a stranger on my way to Chaco, in the valley of Santa Ana; that as the day was drawing to its close, and as the hacienda of la Lechuza was the last inhabited place in the valley, I had taken the liberty to call, in the hope that its proprietor would not refuse me a night's hospitality. As the man appeared at a loss to reply, not daring, as it seemed, to take the responsibility of granting the favour I asked, the chola vanished, but returned immediately.

"You can stay, monsieur," she said.

Then speaking to her companion in a low tone, he went to assist Miguel to unsaddle our mules.

Meanwhile the soubrette had invited me to follow her into the house. I passed over the threshold into a square apartment, provided with a sofa-bed, on which was a quilted mattress and an Indian covering. There were also four chairs and a console table of rosewood, upon which was displayed in its glass niche an infant Jesus lying on a bed. The walls were decorated with four oil-paintings, covered with a dirty crust. They represented the Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, Ste. Rose the patroness of Peru, and St. Torribio de Mogrobejo, Archbishop of Lima, born in Spain 1536, died in Peru 1606, and canonized at Rome in 1727.

Before quitting me the cholita, whose equivocal smile and roguish looks were out of all harmony with the religious decoration of the apartment, and with I know not what sweet and mystic emanation which seemed to float in the air, told me that I could either rest in the *salon* or walk in the garden while she prepared my repast. I chose a promenade in the garden, and went out, leaving her to attend to her business.

Once outside, I pretended to be looking with admiration at the heavens, the horizon, and the mountains; but in reality I was trying to make out the arrangement of the house, which seemed to have five apartments besides its domestic offices. Having a vague instinct that the chamber or boudoir of the unknown must look upon the garden, I took my sketch-book to keep me in countenance, and sharpening a crayon, strolled into a private inclosure. A venetian window-blind in the midst of masses of Spanish jasmine and daturas was the first thing that attracted my observation; and beneath the blind was a stone seat. Certainly that is the apartment of the unknown, I said to myself, while pretending to give all my attention to the flower-borders which brightened up this little corner of the world, so marvellously adapted for meditation. These flowers were neither rare nor brilliant. There were sweet-peas, a species of sun-flower (*Coreopsis*), a species of primrose (*Œnothera*), some *ornithogales* (of the family of *Liliaceæ*), and some mallows. But the care with which their slender stalks were trained up and protected according to the habit of each plant proved that the

person who cultivated them possessed, besides a certain amount of horticultural knowledge, an extreme solicitude for these frail existences. A professional gardener might have done better, but a woman only could have done so well.

Turning my back on the venetian-blind, the laths of which I observed to be lowered, I walked to the end of the garden. Suddenly I uttered an exclamation of surprise. In the midst of a basket surrounded with dwarf *Scillæ* with red and green corolla, which grow in stony lands, there bloomed a beautiful specimen of the *Hibiscus mutabilis,* covered with large roses, which the length and heat of the day had caused to fade and change from pure white to a violet purple.

While admiring this delicious shrub, which bore by the side of its faded flowers numerous buds on the point of opening, I heard the laths of the venetian very gently move. Quick as thought I bent over the hibiscus, and pretended to examine more closely the structure of its quinquelobate leaves. When I was tired of my posture, or I judged that the unknown had had sufficient time to look at me, I walked slowly towards the house. As I approached, the venetian was again moved with the slight noise of a bird poising on the wing. I sat down on the stone bench, opened my album, and began to make a sketch of the garden.

While thus engaged, a crowd of ideas passed through my head. I imagined a pair of blue or black eyes to be fixed upon me; but by what responsive look could I answer two eyes which were invisible to me? Suppose I sing an *ariette de circonstance?* I suddenly said to myself; that is one way of opening a conversation. But what shall I sing? eh! pardieu, the song of the flowers; only let me try to sing it as little out of tune as possible. I began humming, *Somos hijas del fuego oculto,* . . . But most probably the reader who honours my book with a perusal, has not more than half-learned the language of Cervantes, and to save him the trouble of applying to a translator, I present him with the song in language with which he is familiar:[1]—

We are daughters of the fire that burns
To the centre of the earth;
The dew of the morning fills our urns,
And the dawn attends our birth.

We are children of the air,
And the waters claim us too;
But our proudest boast is our descent
From heaven's ethereal blue.

So frail our hold of earthly things,
Man's love but brings us death;
But heavenward then we spread our wings—
For there we first drew breath.
And in the fatherland our place resume,
By breathing out our soul in sweet perfume.

I finished the last verse of my song and my sketch of the hibiscus, which I had drawn in the midst of its red and green scillæ, like a king surrounded by his courtiers, at the same moment.

[1] The song which the author has given in the elegant language of the French Academy, we have for the same reason given in English, though it is not easy to preserve the exact measure as well as the spirit of poetry in a translation.—Tr.

"How tiresome," I said in a loud and clear voice, "not to know the Spanish name of this charming shrub. I would have written it by the side of the Latin one."

"We call it the *mudadera*," replied the voice of a woman, whose grave and slightly subdued tone was attuned to sweetness.

"*Merci*, whoever you be," I replied, suddenly raising my head.

Quick as my movement was, it was exceeded in promptitude by that of the person who spoke, for when I raised my eyes to the venetian-blind it was already closed. However, the first step is taken, I said to myself; let us see about the second.

"Pardon me," I replied, "madame or mademoiselle, for I know not how I ought to address you; but will you be so good as to tell me how it happens that this hibiscus, or *mudadera* as you call it, is growing in the valley of Occobamba? it is the first time I have seen anywhere in Peru this shrub, which I believe is originally from the East Indies."

"It is a souvenir that was left to me by a person who... is no more," said the voice, with a certain amount of hesitation.

"I can well understand then that you wish to preserve it. A souvenir is like a perfume of the beloved object, which survives it, and attaches itself to our soul as the perfume of a flower to our hands, recalling the memory of the flower when it is no more. But the valley of Occobamba is too near the Cordillera to resist its influence, and a sudden lowering of the temperature would cause this shrub, accustomed to the heat of a tropical climate, to perish."

"What is to be done then?" sighed the voice.

"Surround it with every sort of protection; preserve it from the night-air at a certain period of the year, and, if possible, from the heavy rains of winter, which cannot but be hurtful to it. If my fate, instead of condemning me to be a perpetual wanderer over the earth, had made me your neighbour, I would gladly have shared in your cares for the shrub you love. Perhaps between us we might succeed in preserving it from certain death."

"You think, then, it is sure to die?"

"All that is born here below must die, madame or mademoiselle;... excuse me if I do not give you the qualification which is your due,... but you have not done me the honour to say how I ought to designate you...."

"Call me your sister."

"My sister! ah, well, so be it. That name is to me so much the sweeter to pronounce, that it does not recall between us any tie of blood. In the intellectual order, the title of brother and sister implies the union of two souls who love one another without saying so, embrace without touching, and unite without mingling.... You are the sister of my soul,... and I feel..."

"Pardon, monsieur, if I interrupt you; but the song that you were singing, and which I heard... without intending it,... added to what you have said about the mudadera, which you have condemned to perish, prove that you occupy yourself with flowers,... that you love them;... one only speaks with enthusiasm of things that one loves..."

"I do, in fact, love flowers, dear sister, but not as they are commonly loved for the material luxury they afford, the pleasure of the eyes, or the delight of the senses; I love flowers for themselves, their mysterious nature charms and draws me powerfully. If I were a believer in metempsychosis, I should say, that before being a man, I must have lived in the bulb of an orchis, or in the onion of one of the Liliaceæ, from the irresistible sympathy which draws me towards those families of plants. Flowers possess, I know not what, of that immaterial, and, so to speak, celestial essence which is wanting to man, the pretended king of creation. In them all is softest grace and poesy; the loves of flowers are as chaste as those of the angels; their kisses but the ineffable mixture of their perfumes. They live on the air, as my song says; they are watered with the dew; their hold on the earth is but slight, and they turn incessantly towards the light which emanates from heaven. Then, how touched with humility, how sweetly grateful they show themselves, for the affection and care we lavish on them! Man returns the devotion of his fellow-man by forgetfulness, indifference, or ingratitude. The flower, on the contrary, repays in beauty, in brightness, and in perfume, every care that we take of it. You see now why I love flowers!"

"Ah!" said the unknown, as if her heart had been touched by a sharp sorrow.

Her exclamation was instantly repeated, as by an echo: I turned round. The strange voice was that of the chola, who, seeing me seated on the bench, and hearing me speak with her mysterious mistress, could not suppress that cry of surprise.

"Señor, your supper is ready," she said. As I hesitated, the voice of the unknown said in an undertone,

"Go!"

I followed the chamber-woman, and in the reception-room, on a small table, found my supper laid. Nothing was wanting; neither silver, nor glass, nor a lace-bordered serviette. For a man who for a long time past had eaten, squatted upon his heels, from wooden bowls or earthen plates, and used his five fingers for knife and fork, this poetic luxury of a table properly laid, while it added to the merit of the repast, at the same time exalted the imagination and excited the appetite threefold. Thus, it was with the appetite of a starved ogre that I attacked the *poule-au-riz* which composed the first course, and that I hastened to despatch the sweet omelette which formed the second. A cup of chocolate whipped *au molinillo* (churned), and crowned with foam, completed this princely repast, at the end of which the chola placed before me toothpicks and a finger-glass, in which were floating leaves of mint.

Having returned thanks like a man who feels all the importance of the act which he performs, I thought of returning to the garden to resume my dissertation on flowers at the point where I had broken off. The fear of being indiscreet, however, had its influence, and then the air was so pure, the sky so serene, the evening so mild, that I thought a walk and a cigar would worthily crown my supper. One cannot always talk flowers and psychology; and when we have passed thirty, all rapture is prejudicial after a good dinner. I therefore went out and strolled, where chance led, till nightfall.

When I returned the chola was on duty at the threshold of the door. On seeing me she advanced.

"My mistress wishes to speak with you," she said.

I followed her into the garden, where she left me, after having motioned with her hand to the stone seat. Hardly had I sat down when the laths of the venetian-blind were raised.

"Monsieur!" said the unknown in her fine contralto voice, "for whom the night seems to have a singular charm, I have thought that, before parting, you would not refuse to render me a small service."

"My heart, my soul, my person, are at your disposal."

"I have need only of your pencil."

"My pencil?"

"Yes; have you not told me that the mudadera will die some day or other? Well, be good enough to paint for me one of its flowers, under the various aspects that it assumes at certain hours of the day; then if I lose the original, I shall still have the copy."

I was so surprised by the request that I did not immediately reply.

"You hesitate, monsieur?" said the unknown.

"A thousand pardons, dear sister; no, I do not hesitate;... but permit me to speak to you with entire frankness. It is more than a drawing, more than a painting, that you require of me; it is a day of my time, and that time is measured out to me with such parsimony that if I travelled day and night, like Isaac Laquedem, I shall hardly reach, at the period fixed, my rendezvous on the other side of America."

"Then say no more about it."

"On the contrary," I replied, for I was moved by the tone of reproach with which the unknown addressed me, "forget the words which escaped me, and which were dictated by an imperious necessity. To-morrow, during the day, I will paint the flowers of your hibiscus, since such is your desire. But, in return, will you not do one thing for me?..."

"What can I do?"

"A thing that will cost you little, and which will be of inestimable value to me. Raise the veil which conceals you; do not let me go without having seen you, that I may carry away with me the remembrance of your features with that of the generous hospitality with which you have treated me."

"What you request is impossible," said the unknown. "Except the persons who wait on me, no one will ever see my face till the day when God calls me to himself. I have made a vow which nothing in the world can induce me to break; and you may well believe, monsieur, that a woman must have had powerful motives to induce her to retire from the world, and bury herself in this solitude. These motives I may indicate to you, in order to extenuate, in some degree, the hardness of my refusal. I have loved as people can love but once in a lifetime; with that love which makes of two beings one angel, and transports them from earth to heaven. Why love like this should not be as enduring as it is impassioned, God only knows. Perhaps I have in some way failed to play my part prudently as a woman; our incomplete nature wants equilibrium; a woman either loves too much or not enough. In the first case,

the man wearies of her; in the second, she repels him. There is always danger that a woman will make a shipwreck of her life between these two rocks. But these reflections are painful and superfluous: it will suffice for you to know that on the day

A CONVERSATION THROUGH THE LATHS OF A VENETIAN-BLIND.

when I found myself abandoned by the being to whom I had sacrificed everything, my life became a burden; the world was hateful to me, and I chose in preference this solitude, where for four years I have lived absorbed in memories of the past, feeding on my own sorrow. After this confession you will understand, monsieur, that I cannot and ought not to comply with your wish, however kind and flattering may be the

motive which has dictated it. You will leave this country never to return, and my secret will be safe. The short time that you have remained here will not leave any very lasting trace in your spirit. In a few days you will probably have forgotten the hacienda of la Lechuza, and the poor woman whose life is hidden in its solitude. As for her, she will always remember the sympathy you have shown for her. Now may I count on your kind compliance with my wish?"

"To-morrow, as I said, I will with pleasure do what you require."

"God bless you, and return the kindness to you a hundred-fold. With the expression of my sincere gratitude, receive the assurance that my prayers will follow you on your journey. . . ."

"I must not hope, then, before leaving, to exchange another word with you?"

"Alas! to what purpose would it be? You know all that I have to tell you. To revert to the past were only to revive the most terrible sufferings. . . . Excuse me if I leave you, and receive anew my thanks and my last adieu."

The unknown closed the venetian-blind, and I heard her shut the window.

"Poor creature!" I said to myself, as I mentally reviewed her recital, barren of incidents, but full of sentiments and thoughts which I fully appreciated. "Thou hast suffered from that superior law which rules alike all existences, but acts in each according to its special organization. For thee, with thy lofty soul, love was an angelic dream, while for thy companion it has been nothing but a vulgar pleasure." Then rising from my seat, "It is strange," I said, "to have given to a woman the name of sister, to have been the confidant of her secret sorrow, and now to quit her for ever without having seen her face! Should I ever relate such a fact, my readers will be scarcely able to believe it."

The major-domo while waiting for me had been conversing with my guide. After showing me in the reception-room a mattress, neatly covered, which was to be my resting-place, he presented me, in the name of his lady, with a bottle of Pisco brandy,[1] twelve years old, the taste and bouquet of which he said were exquisite. From his enthusiastic and profoundly convinced manner, I judged that, as a good Limanian, he felt a particular esteem for this beverage, unknown at Occobamba, and that the sight of it reminded him of the happy time when he had drank it in bumpers in some *bodegon*[2] of the City of Kings. It would have been cruel of me to condemn the major-domo to the fate of Tantalus: I therefore uncorked the bottle, filled my drinking-cup, and presented it to him. He emptied it at a draught, and smacked his lips in sign of satisfaction. Nor was Miguel, the mute witness of this scene, forgotten, only, for reasons which the good sense of my readers will appreciate, instead of filling my goblet to the brim, as I had done for the major-domo, I gave him but half that quantity of the liquid. I then requested him to cork up the bottle and put it in my travelling-bag. He went out, accompanied by the major-domo, who seemed quite lively. Left alone

[1] This brandy, called *Italia* in the country, is made in the valleys of Pisco, Cañete, &c., near Lima, with Malaga raisins, which are called in Peru *uva de Italia*, or the grape of Italy. It may be compared for taste to old Armagnac in which orange-flowers have been infused.

[2] *Bodegon*, a low-class drinking-place.—Tr.

I took possession of my couch, which was covered with luxurious white sheets of fine texture and pleasantly perfumed, and was soon buried in that voluptuous sleep which only those can enjoy whose consciences have nothing to reproach them with.

Awaking at an early hour, I dressed myself and went out to breathe the fresh air. Day-break was already kindling in the trees; the bushes and the flowers were bathed with dew. An indefinable odour filled the atmosphere. The summits of the hills were slowly emerging from obscurity. Towards the east, in the northern extremity of the gray twilight near the boundary of the horizon, and in an atmosphere which I can only describe as an ineffable mixture of pearl-like light with sapphire blue, and sombre shadow, the morning-star shone gloriously calm, touching the mountains, plains, and woods, which were but indistinctly seen, with a serenity, a grace, and a melancholy which it is impossible to express. It was as if a heavenly eye had opened lovingly upon this beautiful and still sleeping landscape.

No one was stirring in the house. I went to the end of the garden to look again at the shrub that I had to paint. One of its flowers had opened in the sweetest manner to greet the dawn. Its milky whiteness reminded me of the cotton which the *Gossypium* allows to escape through its trilobate capsules. There was no time to lose if I meant to paint this first phase of the flower of the *Hibiscus.* I re-entered the house to select, in the largest of my albums, a spotless leaf, and to arrange my colours, which had been a little upset by the jolting of my mule. I found a plate which served me as a palette, and I had nothing more to do than to fill my drinking-cup with water.

At six o'clock I was seated in front of the wonderful shrub, and occupied in outlining my sketch. On a conventional branch, surrounded with foliage, I had traced five expanded flowers, although at the moment there was really but one. These five flowers, designed under various aspects, were meant to recall the five most striking tones of the coloured gamut which the flower of the *Hibiscus mutabilis* runs through from the hour of its birth to that of its death. After two hours' work, my branch, my foliage, and my first milk-white flower were almost finished. At ten o'clock I had painted a second flower of a pale pink colour; by mid-day my third flower, a bright pink, was in full bloom; at three o'clock the fourth, a brilliant carmine, was finished; and finally, at six, I put the last touches to the fifth flower, whose petals, already faded, and of a violet purple colour, announced their approaching death, and the rapid decomposition which was to follow.

Having completed the picture to my satisfaction, I wrote at the bottom, under the date of the day and the year, these three words, *Data fata secutus,* and gave it to the chola to carry to her mistress. She returned in a moment bringing the warmest thanks of the señora, and giving me, with the request that I would keep it for her sake, a withered stalk of the *ñuccho,* which, in the figurative language of the Quichuas, denotes a blighted life. This floral mummy, which I placed between the leaves of an album, and which survived all the vicissitudes of my journey, is still in my possession, carefully preserved in a white satin sachet, bordered with a lace of gold.

I must confess, however, that the day, occupied with the painting of a flower in

five sittings, appeared to me interminably wearisome. Nothing but the idea that I was imparting a satisfaction to the voluntary captive of la Lechuza could have restrained my impatience and enabled me to complete my task. It was, therefore, with real pleasure that I once more took possession of my couch in the evening, and with still more lively satisfaction that I saw the white walls of the hacienda of la Chouette disappear behind us in the morning.

"What insensibility of heart!" my fair reader will perhaps exclaim at this naïve avowal of my impressions.—Alas! madame or mademoiselle, you who have deigned to follow me since I left the Port of Ilay on the Pacific coast, know better than others that my time is not my own, and that every hour which I spend in a digression, though it be for charity's sake, is an irreparable loss.

When we had passed out of sight of the hacienda, Miguel, who had kept some steps behind me, rode up and pushed his mule close to mine, as if desirous of entering into conversation. I looked at him, his countenance was radiant; I saw by his eyes and his lips that he was bursting to tell me something.

"You have something to tell me?" I said, interrogatively.

"Yes, monsieur, something that I am very certain you are far from expecting. You recollect the taste of Pisco brandy that you gave the major-domo?"

"Well?"

"Your drinking-cup, though you may not know it, holds almost a *cuartillo* (almost an English pint). The moment after he had emptied it, the major-domo was as drunk as a lord.[1] In his random talk he not only told me his own history and that of the cholita, but even the adventures of his mistress."

"You know, then, who this lady is?"

"As well as if I had known her the last ten years. Her name is the Donna Inès de Vargas y Hurtado, or rather the Sor Maria de los Angeles, for she is a nun, who has broken her vows and fled from her convent to follow a man whom she loved. That man was a French physician. He lived three years with her and then abandoned her."

I felt stupified by surprise.

"This is how it happened," continued Miguel: "Sor Maria was attacked by a malady which the physicians could not heal, when they called in this Frenchman, who had recently arrived at Lima. He prescribed for her, and paid her many visits. Beyond this, no one knew that any understanding existed between them, nor what measures they took; but one day, when the body of a nun who had died the evening before was placed in the chapel to await its burial, the convent was found to be on fire. Before the fire was extinguished it had burned the refectory, and all the cells on one side, including that of the Sor Maria de los Angeles, whose half-consumed corpse was found in the ruins. It was naturally concluded that the poor girl, surprised by the fire during her sleep, had not had time to escape. It was then arranged to bury the remains at the same time as those of her late companion, but the corpse of the

[1] The French equivalent of this common expression, used by the author, is, *bleu comme un poisson*—"blue as a fish," from the colour which fish assume when saturated with wine in one mode of cooking them.—Tr.

latter had disappeared. There was an anxious investigation, in the course of which it was discovered that one of the legs of the corpse found in the cell of Sor Maria showed traces of an ulcer. This fact led to the discovery of the truth. Sor Maria, either alone, or aided by some one, had taken the body of the dead nun, placed it on her bed, set fire to the cell, and then scaled the walls of the convent by means of a rope-ladder. When the major-domo, who stuttered a little, had related these things, I thought it was only the idle chatter of a drunken man; but when I laughed at his story, he showed me a card upon which, he said, was written the name of Sor Maria's friend. I cannot read, and therefore can make nothing of it. He put it back again into the drawer of a table from which he had taken it. As we slept in the same room, I found an opportunity to get possession of the card, and as monsieur knows how to read, he can judge for himself if it is the name of one of his countrymen." As he ended speaking, Miguel handed me a card, whose yellow and soiled appearance testified that it had been kept in more than one pocket, or passed through more hands than one. This card was engraved with a name, profession, and residence as follows:—

ANDRÉ
DOCTOR-MEDICO
Calle de San-Ildefonso, 63.

The name was altogether unknown to me, but I remembered having heard at Lima of a nun being carried off by a French doctor, and the various incidents of the story, from the corpse placed on the bed to the burning of the convent, coincided exactly with what Miguel had learned from the major-domo. The good people of the country, who had told me these particulars, added, that the poor nun, after being abandoned by him she had loved, and for whom she had sacrificed her happiness in this world and her salvation in the next, had wandered from province to province, oppressed by the weight of public scorn, everywhere recognized and anathematized. There the story, as I had heard it, ended. The names of the actors in this domestic drama no one had ever been able to tell me; or rather, I had not asked for the information.

Four years had passed since this adventure, and, indeed, it had passed out of mind, when, by the merest chance, I had suddenly discovered her who was thought to be dead or an exile in foreign lands, and who, a modern Magdalene, expiated in tears and repentance a love which every one denounced as a crime. The fact that I alone was not in the secret of her retreat, troubled me. Miguel, on returning to Occobamba, would not fail to relate to his friend the alcalde the circumstances of our visit to the hacienda of la Lechuza, and what he knew of the mistress of the house would certainly be told with the rest. For his part, the alcalde would blazon abroad the story, and, passing from mouth to mouth and from village to village, it would reach Cuzco. From Cuzco it would pass to Lima, and there all the animosity and hatred of the past would be revived. I could not bear to think of such a result. Sor Maria had suffered enough already to have acquired the right of living forgotten by men, while patiently awaiting the oblivion of the tomb. But to insure for ever her incognito, it was necessary to compel Miguel to be silent and discreet by a bond stronger than interest. This bond, or this means, I thought I had discovered.

"Have you served your turn in the army?" I suddenly asked, pretending to examine again the name inscribed on the card which he had given me.

"No, indeed!" he said, "and God forbid I should have to do so; I have no fancy either for the stick or the lasso."

"To say nothing of the danger of fire-arms and sabre-cuts," I added indifferently. "Well, my good fellow, if you have no wish to be enrolled under the flag of the republic, and that before the month is out, take care to say nothing of what you have heard. I will not return this card to you for your own sake, for if the alcalde of Occobamba, or any one in the village, should see it in your possession, your business would soon be settled."

"Señor, what is it, in the name of Heaven?" exclaimed the man pale with fright.

"It is this, my friend; the French doctor whose card you have obtained from the major-domo of la Lechuza, is now the physician-in-chief of the president of the republic and his best friend, and if you speak to a single living soul about his adventure with Sor Maria, or so much as mention the name of the latter, you will find a corporal's guard at your door some fine morning, who will tie your hands behind your back and take you to Cuzco, without sparing on the way the cuts of the lasso and the blows of the stick, for which you have so little liking. I don't know what they would do with you at Cuzco, my fine fellow, but I wouldn't give a copper centime for your skin!"

"For the love of God, *señor mio,* don't speak of such things, you make me feel all over like goose's flesh. I swear that I will never tell one word of what I have heard, I swear it by the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and by the Virgin of Bethlehem, conceived without sin," said the man, making the sign of the cross on his forehead and devoutly kissing his thumb.

"If any evil comes of it, blame nobody but yourself: I have warned you," I added, by way of reflection.

Miguel made no reply, but his scared look, and the mental *bouleversement* to which he appeared a prey, convinced me that I had touched the right chord. The fear of enrolment, stronger in him than regard for his oath or the allurement of interest, was almost certain, by closing his mouth, to assure peace and oblivion, in default of happiness, to her who had lost everything upon earth, and to whom there remained no other hope, and no other support, than in God alone.

We continued to ride side by side, each occupied with his own thoughts. If mine were not very gay, those of Miguel, to judge by the sighs which escaped him from time to time, were still less so. The scenes through which we were travelling assumed, at the end of every league, a character of barren wildness, which harmonized well with our mutual humour, if it did not contribute to its gloom. We had left behind us the river and the plains which it fertilized, and were ascending, by paths which continually grew steeper, the chain of lomas which separate the valley of Occobamba from that of Santa Ana. These apophyses of the Cordillera, which grew less and less in size until they reached the plains, bore the name of *Cuchillas,* on account of their sharp summits, which resemble the edge of a knife. The flora of these regions was

similar to that of the Andean plateaux and the eastern flanks of the great mountain chain. Large trees are rare; the smaller trees and shrubs there comprise a species of caper (*Capparis*), a few laurels (*Laurinæ*), an *Actinophyllum*, and a species of *myrtle* and *Baccharis*. Among the flowers which we find here and there, figure, in the first place, a *Befaria* with dwarf roses, a few *Lysipomias*, two *Ericas*, of the genus *Vaccinium*, the one an orange yellow, the other a greenish white; an *Andromeda*, of a pale pink colour, a lovely blue *gentian*, and a purple *Berberis*.

In the degree that we ascended, the sharpness of the air, by giving tone to my fibre, increased remarkably the cravings of my stomach. Miguel informed me that our

THE VILLAGE OF CHACO.

sacks were full to bursting, and that I might dine when and where I pleased. I immediately dismounted and seated myself under the shade of one of those *Capparis ruidifolia*, whose rough leaves serve like glass-paper for polishing wood.

The provisions which Miguel set before me were of a nature to satisfy the most fastidious *gourmet*. A roasted fowl, new bread, butter, fruits, two bottles of topaz-coloured wine, which, after having tasted, I knew to be old orange-wine,[1] drew from me, in spite of myself, that self-satisfied smile of beatitude in which a famished man cannot help indulging when he finds himself face to face with a good dinner. By way of *bénédicité*, I addressed a fervent prayer to God, in which the name and the memory of

[1] This *wine* is made in the following manner:—The oranges are carefully collected by hand, instead of being knocked or shaken from the tree in the usual way, and are then exposed to the sun for three or four days. They are then cut into slices without being peeled, and the juice, having been squeezed out by twisting the woollen cloth in which the slices are placed, is left undisturbed for twenty-four hours. The essential oil, which floats on the top, is skimmed off with a spoon, or absorbed by a plug of cotton. The juice is then weighed, and to every arrobe (25 lbs.) of liquid is added twenty lbs. of brandy 18 degrees above proof, and twelve lbs. of syrup of sugar. This mixture is thoroughly stirred up and put in jars or pots, which are covered up with wood and lime, and buried two feet in the ground. At the end of two months the orange-wine may be drunk; but its quality is improved by age.

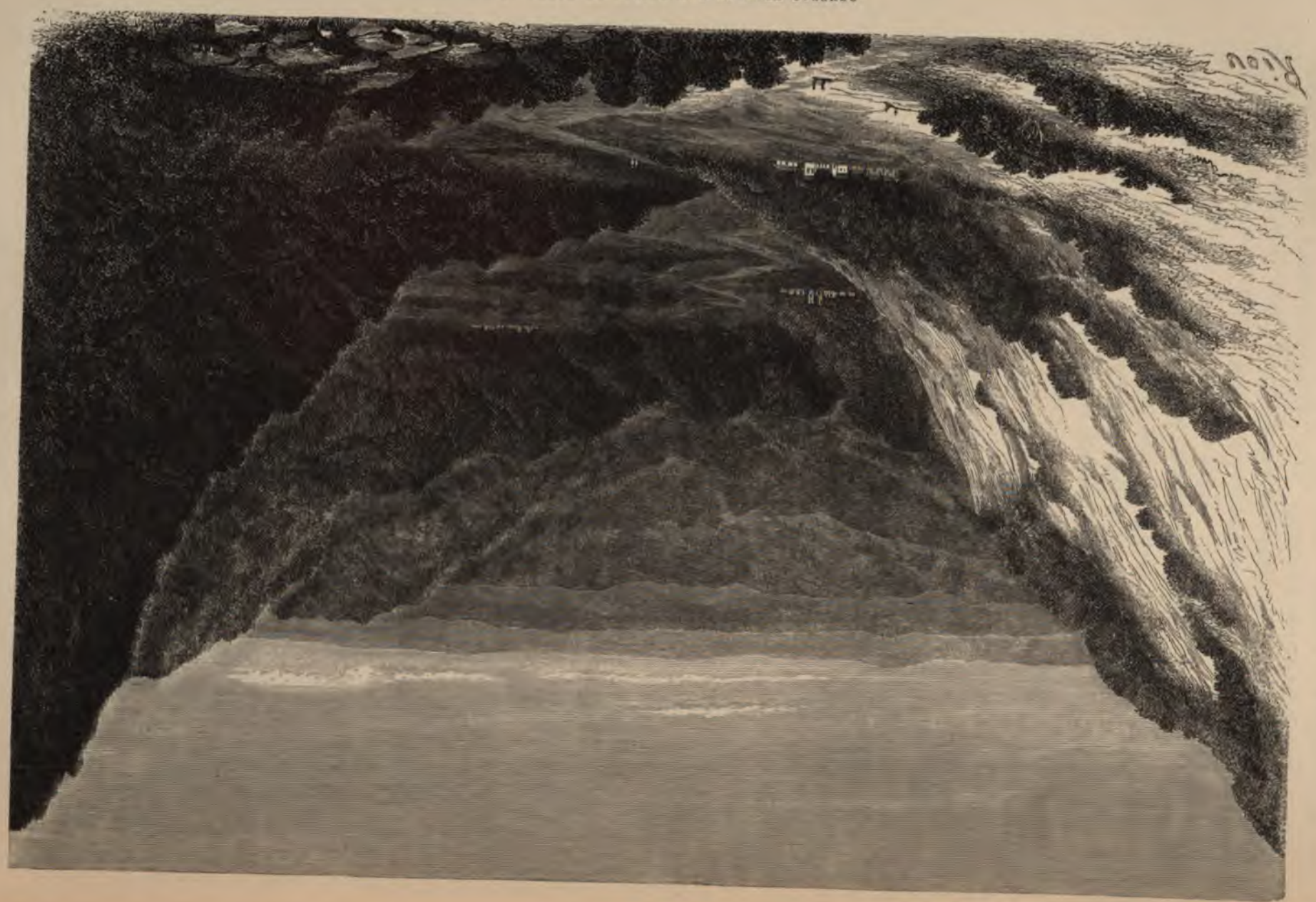
Sor Maria de los Angeles were mixed with unnumbered thanks for the excellent repast which the poor nun had enabled me to make.

Having sufficiently recruited our strength, we resumed our route, continuing an ascent which the state of the roads rendered very painful for our mules. It was sunset when we descended the opposite side of the loma, and reached the village of Chaco, picturesquely situated on the flank of a wooded mountain. From this place the view embraced, in their majestic *ensemble*, the *Aputinhia* and the *Urusayhua*, two giant mountains, remarkable for their perfectly regular outline, and which, situated, as they were, on the right and left of the valley of Santa Ana, had the effect of sentinels placed there on guard.

I had halted to enjoy the *coup-d'œil* presented at that moment by the immense valley, unrolled at my feet like a map in relief, painted in the natural colours. Away from the base of the mountain, as far as the eye could reach, appeared a confused succession and intermingling of wooded hills, water-courses, and forests, bounded in three quarters by the snowy ridges of the chain of Huilcanota. A few villages with their square towers and their pointed steeples, numerous cultivated patches and fields of stubble, here and there a drifting cloud of brownish-red smoke, which indicated a clearing, or a shepherd or charcoal-burner's fire, were among the features of this extended landscape. In the degree that the sun descended lower, mountains and forests, villages and cultivated grounds, were enveloped in an atmosphere, which, becoming more and more dense, assumed also a bluish hue. Fluffs of cloud, which rolled up from the bottom of the ravines, floated over the rivers and hovered above them like flocks of swans. The distance seemed to be steeped in a violet fog, and the tone of the landscape grew colder by degrees. Nature, over whom darkness and sleep already spread their wings, seemed to smile, and pray, and bless her children before sleeping, like a bird with her head under her wing.

For a moment I mused on this vast horizon, over which was spread the melancholy charm of profound peace. Then as the day closed I entered the village of Chaco, where Miguel had gone on before to announce my arrival to the governor, and to inform him that I would sleep under his roof. This governor and his family had been long known to me. We had always been on the most friendly footing with one another, and I was next to certain that the decision I had come to without consulting him would be agreeable to his wife and four daughters.

I was not deceived in my anticipation. My appearance in the house was hailed by a concert of joyous voices, which proved better than any vain compliments what pleasure it had given them to see me again after an absence of five years. The governor himself went to unsaddle our mules, while Miguel looked on with his arms folded. The governor's wife, a stout matron with a rather dark skin, left the washing with which she was occupied to prepare my supper; while her daughters did the honours of the house, or rather overwhelmed me with questions about myself, the incidents of my journey, and my ulterior intentions; in a word, as to the manner in which I had occupied myself during these five years, and the *number of victims that I had immolated on the altar of Cupid!*



GENERAL VIEW OF THE VALLEY OF SANTA ANA.

If this phrase, printed in italics to inform the reader that it is textually exact, and that I have neither added to nor diminished it by one iota, seem to the reader astonishing from the lips of the daughters of a governor, the youngest of whom counted eighteen springs, and the eldest not more than twenty-four, I must enlighten him by stating that bashfulness was neither the virtue nor the defect of these damsels. Brought up by a father whose kindness of nature had degenerated to apathy, and by a mother whose extreme tenderness amounted almost to blindness, these young girls had vegetated like plants, and like plants also they had early turned themselves to the quarter in which they were sensible of air and light. Their parents, far from opposing these natural inclinations, had done their best to aid in their development by that tolerance which was fundamental to their character. Age had only strengthened in these girls that independence of spirit and that adventurous character which had converted them into real Amazons. Often they quitted, together or separately, the paternal home, and did not return till the next month, the cause or pretext for these absences being a visit to some friend. The good governor, feeling assured of the prudence and virtue of his daughters, did not disquiet himself on account of their temporary absence, but waited patiently until it pleased them to return. As for their mother, she was only proud and joyous when, after a month's absence more or less, Inès, Carmen, Anita, or Visitacion re-appeared with a dress or a shawl that she had not before possessed. Instead of troubling them with the questions which a mother would feel it her duty to address to a daughter who should have left home in pink and returned clothed in blue, the worthy matron was contented to express her delight that her child should look so well in her new toilet.

To Quakers, Puritans, and other personages of rather starched manners, who might be disposed to criticize these proceedings and to conceive ugly doubts as to the daughters of my host, I would say that these usages and customs are common to the capital cities and towns of Spanish America, and to the villages or hamlets comprised in their jurisdiction; so that in place of taking offence at their behaviour, or pursuing them with the cry of *Raca,* they are looked at approvingly and encouraged. Hence the interest, nay the affection, which is ostensibly shown to the governor's four daughters —they are *bonnes filles,* say the planters, managers, and major-domos of the valley of Santa Ana. These simple words are their highest eulogium.

After having exhausted their questions, and listened to the replies which I judged it suitable to give, they assisted their mother in preparing supper. The governor had gone to knock at the doors of various houses in the village and demand from his subjects, under the title of subsidies, some provisions to add to the repast. He returned from his foraging expedition at the end of half an hour with eight eggs and a bit of lard, which were devoted by the general voice to the preparation of an omelette, the cooking of which I superintended. When all was ready we squatted round a mat which served for a table, a chupé composed of dried mutton and yucca roots was set in the midst, and each of us, furnished with a spoon, a fork, or a bit of sharpened wood, helped himself as well as he could. As I was seated between Inès and Carmen, the elder of the governor's daughters, I was helped by them in place of helping them, in

the Ando-Peruvian fashion. They took care to select the best morsels for me and put them in my mouth, as often with their fingers as with a fork, a process which agreed at once with my idle humour and appetite. When the turn of the omelette came, the *bonnes filles* did the honours with so much grace and assiduity, that on reckoning up the number of mouthfuls with which they had presented me I found I had eaten their share as well as my own. For dessert we drank a bottle of the orange-wine for which I was indebted to the munificence of Sor Maria de los Angeles, and this fine beverage so raised the girls' spirits, that when the bottle was finished they proposed a tune on the guitar and a little dance. The music I consented to from politeness, but decidedly declined the dance, alleging my fatigue and the need of sleep. They insisted, but I was firm. Finding their persuasions unavailing they left to me the free disposal of my own person. I requested Miguel to prepare my bed in a trelissed nook at the end of the room, which had previously served for poultry. When it was ready I bade the family good night and went to bed, leaving the girls, excited by the orange-wine, dancing one with the other for want of a cavalier.

Early the next day I quitted Chaco, followed by my guide. We descended to the valley by zigzag and very steep paths. After having crossed the river of Alcusama, one of the affluents of the Rio de Santa Ana, and passed along one boundary of the farm of Salamanca, we arrived at nine o'clock in the village of Echarati. There I halted a moment to inquire of the alcalde the way to the hacienda of Bellavista, where I expected to find the luggage and various packages which I had requested to be sent on from Cuzco. These formalities completed, I had only to turn bridle and follow the fine avenue of aloes which led from the village to the hacienda in question, which I reached in about ten minutes.

HACIENDA OF BELLAVISTA.

SIXTH STAGE.

ECHARATI TO CHULITUQUI.

The hacienda of Bellavista.—An old acquaintance.—Rehabilitation of a manager who had become a sot.—Father Bobo and Father Astuto.—All the truth and nothing but the truth.—Visit to the mission of Cocabambillas.—The glass of lemonade and the silver spoon: apologue.—Proof that a Franciscan monk is the superior in diplomacy of a travelling artist.—Details and portraits.—The author accomplishes a pious pilgrimage across the hacienda of Bellavista.—A familiar epistle.—The secretary of "a most serene highness."—*Nec pluribus impar.*—One of the lights of science.—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."—Thanks to some glasses of orange-wine, the author learns a good deal of which he was before ignorant.—Meddle not with edge-tools nor with a man's *amour-propre.*—Departure for the banks of the Chahuaris.—The Antis Indians.—How the author tried to discover if the race of mute dogs is extinct, as some of the learned believe.—While out botanizing, he finds not only flowers but cartouche-boxes.—The mass at departure.—Exchange of farewells between those who go and those who remain.—*Buen viage!*—First rapids and first salutes of the waves.—Mancureali.—An enormous capital represented by twelve iron hatchets of Biscayan manufacture.—Illapani.—Bivouac at Chulituqui.—A confidence which the author, and consequently the reader, were far from expecting.

THE hacienda of Bellavista, more generally known as the hacienda of Echarati, in consequence of its proximity to that village, is one of the most renowned in the valley of Santa Ana. The cacao harvested and prepared there is superior in quality to that

of Pintobamba, if I may say so without offending the compilers of the prices current of the market of Cuzco, who are obstinately bent on quoting the latter at a higher price than the former. To readers of the matter-of-fact class, for whom such details may have a special interest, I may say that this superiority of the Theobroma of Echarati, which we are the first to make publicly known, without the least idea of claiming a commission from its proprietor, has no other cause than the size and intelligent culture of the trees which produce it, added to the elevation of the temperature which ripens it. At Pintobamba that temperature does not exceed 73° F., whilst at Echarati it is as high as 82° F.

The situation of the hacienda between the two wooded mountains of Urusayhua and Aputinhia is most picturesque. In the whole valley one would vainly look for a site which combines so happily the beauty and splendour of masses with the elegant variety of details. At every step the point of view changes and charms the eye by some new surprise. The artist may here supply himself with any number of studies; the poet may find at his leisure sonnets ready made; the botanist enrich his collection with plants and flowers in the richest profusion; and the zoologist fill his cases and pasteboard boxes with quadrupeds, birds, and insects, enough to furnish a museum.

The avenue of aloes, which connects like a bond of union the village to the hacienda, opens at the latter end upon a space measuring about an acre square, divided by a stream of rippling water. Grasses of all kinds grow freely in this spot and form a soft carpet. This space—the court or yard of the farm—is bounded on the north by buildings *en pisé,* serving as cart-sheds and barns; on the south by the kitchen, the brewhouse, and the cottages of the labourers—humble cabins with latticed walls and roofs thatched with stubble; on the east by an open garden; and on the west by a boundless stretch of underwood or copse. Large and fine trees, some having nothing but foliage, others covered with magnificent flowers, lend their masses to measure the distance.

My arrival roused the watch-dogs, who were chained to the posts of an open shed, beneath which, sitting at a table, was the proprietor of the hacienda, a countryman of mine who had come to America when quite young. His attention having been called to my arrival by the barking of the dogs, he rose, ran to meet me, and as I sprang from my mule pressed my hands affectionately in his. We had known each other many years; we had travelled together, eaten from the same plate, drank from the same glass, shared the same fatigues, undergone the same privations. It was therefore with heartfelt pleasure that we met once more after eight years' absence. Informed of my intended journey by a letter which I had addressed to him from Cuzco, and which he had received on the previous evening, he had of course expected me. His first care, after seeing that I was served with refreshment, was to ask if I were fatigued and wished to rest. As I told him I had slept well and felt quite fresh, he gave orders for dinner, and proposed meanwhile that I should look over the domain of Bellavista, which he had possessed three years. We walked through the cacahual, the plantations of coffee, coca, and yucca, the appearance of which merited nothing but praise. While making this round at a very leisurely pace, that I might examine everything at my ease, my compatriot talked about his commercial operations, and complacently discounted

their future success, to which, from affection for him, I added some encouraging figures. Insensibly our conversation diverged from the present to past times, each of us recalling the incidents of every kind which had happened in those old days. We had known each other in the valleys of Carabaya, where I was accustomed to amuse myself with my gun, and where my host at that time possessed a *lavadero,* upon which he had founded magnificent hopes, which, however, were nipped in the bud, entailing upon him a loss of some fifty thousand francs—that is to say, of all that he possessed. This disappointment had weakened without destroying his confidence. His sanguine and vigorous temperament very quickly recovered the shock. From the eastern side of the Andes he had crossed over to the western, and after an interval of four years I had found him in the valley of Tambo cultivating sugar and cotton. At this period we had explored together the sandy region of the Littoral comprised between the 16th and 18th degrees of latitude, each indeed with a different end in view, but conjointly braving hunger, thirst, and heat. How often, for want of other food, we had supped upon raw shell-fish and a handful of algæ collected on the shore! How many nights we had passed together stretched upon the sands, listening to the noise of the sea and gaping at the stars, or sleeping the sleep of the blessed with a bit of wood, cast up by the sea, for a pillow! With the remembrance of these privations and miseries, occasionally broken by sallies of nonsense and bursts of laughter, were connected numerous episodes gay or sad, which we continually recalled to each other, prefacing them with the customary formula, "You remember, don't you?..."

This conversation, wholly retrospective, so absorbed my attention that I followed my guide through bushes and thickets, careless of the wounds made by their thorns, which however did not spare my legs. In his character of landed proprietor my friend led me to every corner of his domain, without dreaming that I knew every turn in it as well as himself. In consideration of our old friendship I allowed myself to be quietly towed behind him for at least an hour; then seeing that my host was directing his steps towards the woods which extended to the west of the property, I stopped short and asked him if it was his intention that we should have a bath before dinner.

"A bath!" said he; "do you wish to bathe?"

"I! not the least in the world; I only remarked that we were taking the road to the *Baignoire à Gaspard,* that is to say, a hole six feet square, dug by one of our compatriots who once owned this hacienda under the name of the Sieur Hermenegildo Bujanda, of whom you bought it."

"That is true," said my host with a gesture of disappointment, "I had forgotten that you lived two months on this estate, though I remember now that you climbed the Urusayhua and planted upon its summit a glorious flag."

"Simply a sheet off the bed; and it was that same Gaspard who accompanied me in the ascent, who wished to plant it at that height to flout the people of the village, as old and young had predicted that we should never reach the top."

"Apropos of that Gaspard," said my host, "there is a report in the country that he has misled a young girl and ill-used her mother, whom I know. I had the facts from Don Hermenegildo Bujanda..."

"Your Bujanda," I replied coldly, "is nothing but a jester; I can give you the proof."

"Pardieu! you will do me a pleasure. Among foreigners the honour of a Frenchman is for me that of France, and I felt really mortified on hearing a man of the country say anything evil of one of ours."

At the instant when I was about to give my host the explanation which he expected, and with which some of my readers are already perhaps partly acquainted,[1] we reached the end of the cacahual. A chola presented herself, and advancing to meet us, announced that dinner was already served. We stepped out briskly, and entering the court or open space already described, I saw at a glance, under the shed which served in turn both as a dining and reception room, that a dish of smoking viands had been placed in the centre of the table, and on either side of it two plates of brown earthenware. The bareness of this service recalled to my memory a fact which I had forgotten, namely, that my compatriot was a man of simple tastes, and ate only to live, instead of living to eat. We dined. When the dish was emptied we had some oranges for dessert, and the repast was crowned by a cup of coffee, filtered *à la chaussette* according to the custom of the country; its colour, a little ambiguous, amply compensated by its fine penetrating aroma. Then each of us lighted a cigar, and while we puffed the smoke in each other's faces, I chatted with my host about my affairs, apprised him that my luggage might arrive from Cuzco at any moment, and that it was imperatively necessary I should go to the mission of Cocabambillas to arrange for the hire of a canoe and a couple of rowers. With this craft I reckoned upon ascending the river of Santa Ana as far as the first village of the Antis. There I meant to return my canoe and my civilized rowers; and borrow or hire others from the Indian savages, with which to cross the Sacramento Plain as far as Sarayacu, the central mission, where I should be sure of obtaining the means of further transport. Having explained my plan, which I believed simple and of easy execution, my compatriot shook his head with an air which presaged no good.

"Do you know the owners of Cocabambillas?" he asked.

I replied that I had sometimes seen at Cuzco Fra Bobo, the elder of the two chiefs of the mission; that I had even dined with him there in company with a Spaniard, his compatriot, but that Fra Astuto was unknown to me.

"So much the worse," said he; "Fra Astuto is the head and soul of the commercial association, Fra Bobo is nothing but the arm. If you are ignorant of their history, I will relate it to you. The first is a Catalan, the second a Biscayan; both belong to the order of St. Francis; both were brought up at the apostolic college of Ocopa, which they left about thirty years ago to establish themselves at Cocabambillas, a mission which the Jesuits had founded, but which they were compelled to abandon on their expulsion from the country. When bidding adieu to the grateful leisure of the monastery, and to the luxurious life which the monks lead in their convents of the Sierra, Fra Astuto and Fra Bobo had probably no other end in view than that of turning to the worship of the true God the poor idolaters, and perhaps of promoting their civilization. But on

[1] *Scènes et Paysages dans les Andes*, 2d series, 1861.

arriving here the ideas of our Franciscans became a little modified; they discovered that the Indians, whom they had expected to find established in the neighbourhood of the mission, were really from twenty-five to thirty leagues distant, that there was only one road into their hunting-ground, and that this road was a turbulent river, the navigation

FRA BOBO AND FRA ASTUTO.

of which presented a thousand dangers. This discovery cooled the zeal of the two monks. After deliberately reflecting on the situation, they tacitly agreed that it would be ridiculous to expose themselves to misery, hunger, and martyrdom, or perhaps leave their bones at the bottom of the river, for the small glory of converting to the true faith a few dozens of red-skins; that much better would it be to establish themselves at Cocabambillas, exchange the white stick of the missionary for the spade of the farmer, and, profiting by the clearings effected by the Jesuits, cultivate sugar,

coca, coffee, and cacao, and so manage to live an honest, pleasant, and laborious life. Following up this process of reasoning, which was deficient neither in egoism nor in logic, our monks threw off their gowns, allowed their hair to grow, and thought of nothing but their material interests. If now and then they still say a mass, it is less to acquit their conscience, than to keep up a certain prestige in the eyes of the devout people of the country, and to make these sheep more easy and generous in commercial transactions with their shepherds.

Here I thought it my duty to interrupt the narrator, to tell him that his account scarcely agreed with that which I had received from Fra Bobo himself. But, without giving me time to go on:

"Fra Bobo," he said, "will have told you that in 1806, moved by the desire of being useful to the poor savages whom he called his brothers, he had embarked on the river of Santa Ana, descended it as far as Sarayacu, and then taking to the country had reached Moyobamba, penetrated to Chachapoyas, and finally arrived at Lima, where the population had plaited crowns for him. . . ."

"Ah! well, what have you to say to that?"

"That the foundation of the story, that is to say, the journey of Fra Bobo, was a reality, but the motive which he assigns for it is a mere invention. The facts are these. In 1806 the two monks had serious quarrels, the subject of their disagreement being a question of money. One of them is avaricious, the other extravagant. Where the first would hoard up real upon real, the second would sow piastres broadcast. One day when Fra Bobo had lost at play a large sum on his parole—there is heavy play among the cultivators here on the commemoration days of their patron saints—and knew not how to acquit himself of the debt, he heard of a reward of four thousand piastres which the viceroy Abascal had offered to any explorer hardy enough to dare the journey from Santa Ana to Lima by the water-course of the interior. The opportunity was too tempting to be neglected. Fra Bobo accomplished the voyage, received the reward, and as, apparently, he could not live without his companion Astuto, he rejoined him after a year's absence at Cocabambillas. Since then they have continued to live together, and to work in common, continually wrangling, sometimes sulking, but always ending by becoming friends again."

"You appear so well posted up in the history of your neighbours," I said to my host, "that one would almost believe you have had a bone to pick with them."

"What can give you that idea?"

"The charitable manner in which you speak of these good monks. Have they by chance interfered with your cacao trade?"

My compatriot smiled.

"We have always been friendly enough," he said. "On my arrival here they paid me a visit, and I visited them in return. There our relations ended. As to the competition of which you speak, it is impossible between us. They cultivate sugar, and I cacao; but to punish you for your bad thoughts, I will say no more. If you wish for more precise information concerning these Franciscans, you must go to Cocobambillas, and inquire for yourself."

"So be it; as it is hardly three o'clock I can go to-day; what distance is it to the mission?"

"Between three and four miles, and I can give you a guide."

"Thanks; I have my mozo from Occobamba, who knows the road."

A LIANA CALLED BY THE NATIVES YAHUAR CENCCA (BLOODY NOSE), AND BY BOTANISTS THE ERYTHRINA SPLENDENS.

I sent to seek my mules in the pasture, had them saddled, and in ten minutes more had quitted Bellavista in company with Miguel. On the road the honest fellow confessed that the valley of Santa Ana, notwithstanding its picturesque beauty, its haciendas, and its extent of culture, pleased him less than the Pueblo of Occobamba. This was telling me plain enough that he would be delighted to return to his *penates*, and I promised him that on our return to Bellavista I would gratify him in that respect by signing his *exeat*, that is to say, settling his bill.

The road which led from Echarati to Cocabambillas wound along the base of the cerros, which bound the valley southward, and rise to a height of some 600 feet above it. One's eye continually wandered over this valley almost unconsciously. Through plantations of sugar and coca, through fields of maize and untilled lands, covered with a vegetation lively rather than lusty, the river sped along, seeming of the colour of tin, diversified here and there by the white foam of a rapid. This road, now flat and horizontal, now hilly and furrowed by the bed of a torrent or the crevice of a wheel-rut, presented many curious details, full of interest for the traveller sufficiently at leisure to observe them. *Fromagers* (trees of the sterculiaceous family) and *Robinias* (locust-trees), with their sturdy trunks and their parasol-like leafage, threw across this road great belts of blue shade; leafless *Azaleas*, or *Jacarandas* with fallen blooms, strewed it with white, yellow, or violet flowers; tree-ferns decorated its slopes with splendid aigrettes; while clumps of *Passifloræ*, *Convolvuli*, and bright red *Erythrinæ*, the papilionaceous flower of which, whose vexillum is of an extraordinary length and shaped like a nose, has received in Quichua the name of *Yahuar Cencca* (bloody nose), adorned it as with floating curtain and elegant draperies.

While I was wrapped in admiration of all these beautiful objects, I saw before me, at the end of the road which it barred, like a sign-post or a landmark, a corpulent tree of the family of the *Mimosæ*, in which I recognized an *algaroba*. Behind it appeared a group of walls surmounted with roofs of stubble.

"There is Cocabambillas," said Miguel. "The tree that you see has come from a seed planted by the Jesuits; it must be a hundred and fifty years old."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"Because all the world knows it," he replied.

Before I had time to realize my astonishment at being the only person ignorant of so simple a thing, we arrived at the door of the mission, a long and low-built cabin, sufficiently wretched in its aspect, and the noise we made brought some one to the threshold. This individual was about fifty years of age, tall of stature, lean of body, and thin of countenance; his whole physiognomy sharply set, his complexion pallid, and his hair like candle-wicks. He was dressed in a short coat of coarse blue stuff, and wore a tall and wide-brimmed *sombrero* of palm-straw. An inward voice admonished me that this personage was the monk Fra Astuto, and I should have compared him with Beaumarchais' Basile, if the look he cast upon me had not recalled the *meditantis ictum obliquum* of Horace's boar,[1] seeking to discover an enemy. Although this look, the monk's face being coloured purple by the setting sun, had nothing sympathetic or even attractive in it, it did not trouble me; but dismounting, I saluted the personage, and asked him if his reverence Fra Juan Bobo was at the mission. "Fra Bobo is a friend of mine," I added; "I knew him at Cuzco, where, with one of his compatriots, we have dined pleasantly together, and I should be charmed to shake hands with him."

On hearing me speak of his colleague as a friend, and of our companionship at the table, my reverend friend smiled grimly, and invited me into his house. I followed him, and as, after I had seated myself on a bench to which he pointed, I took out my

[1] Hor. *Od.* iii. 22, 7.

pocket-handkerchief to wipe the perspiration which was streaming from my forehead, he offered me a glass of lemonade, which I accepted, and which he prepared himself with moist sugar and the juice of a lemon. To mix it more perfectly, he took out of a cupboard a small silver spoon, stirred the beverage with it, and begged me to taste and tell him if it was to my liking. I drank a mouthful and assured him it was exquisite. Then, as I again lifted the glass to my lips, I observed that he had carefully withdrawn

MISSION OF COCABAMBILLAS.

the spoon. As Fra Astuto saw me for the first time, and could not know whether I was capable or not of stealing a bit of plate from the houses where I was received, I took no notice of his mistrust; but even went so far as to find an evangelical and rational motive for it in the idea that he had removed the spoon out of my sight in order that I might not be led into temptation.

While I drank my lemonade he informed me that his colleague had gone to carry the viaticum to a hacendero of the valley who was on the point of death. Fra Bobo, he continued, might be absent eight days, or even ten days, or a fortnight, because he would take advantage of his journey to confess some pious persons, visit some who were sick, relieve the poor, and console the afflicted. . . . On his return, however, I will not fail to tell him of your welcome visit, and I am sure I may express to you in advance the regret he will feel at not having seen you.

This latter phrase was of the class which is considered, in a Parisian drawing-room, as a polite formula of dismissal, after which one has nothing to do but to rise, take one's hat, and retire as quickly as possible, under penalty of passing for an *espèce* (nice specimen), or a man just arrived from Monomotapa. But I was at Cocabambillas and not at Paris, a circumstance which singularly altered the bearing of things and the value of words. So, instead of taking leave, as I should have done in the capital of the civilized world, I settled myself more comfortably on the bench, took my cigarette case out of my pocket, and presented it open to Fra Astuto. The monk accepted one; I also took one myself, and having lighted it with the help of my *mechero*, I offered it to the monk that he might light his. As this manœuvre seemed to disquiet him, I thought it as well to apprise him of the real motive of my visit. I finished by requesting the use of a canoe and two rowers, for which I offered to pay the customary price of fifteen francs, or the value of that sum in merchandise, for each stage of thirty miles.

As he listened to me, the monk grew pale and red by turns, showing evident signs of impatience, and when I arrived at my request for the loan of a canoe and rowers, his face contracted like that of a newly-born child suffering from colic.

"What you ask is impossible," he said, when I finished.

"Nonsense!" I said unceremoniously, "my request is one of the simplest in the world."

"Listen," he rejoined; "you are a friend of Fra Bobo, and in that character I will be frank with you. I have no canoe; and if I had, I should be sorry to let you have it, because it would be simply assisting in your destruction, and supplying you, so to speak, with a pistol with which to shoot yourself. As to the rowers, were you to offer five hundred piastres to the mozos of the country to venture on such a journey, they would at once refuse it. They have all a dreadful fear of the Chunchos, and nothing in the world would tempt them to set foot on the territory of those infidels. Take my word for it, and renounce your project, which I regard as a perfidious suggestion of the evil spirit."

"Impossible!" I said to the reverend father, who seemed to watch my reply; "a friend will be waiting for me in Brazil, and I am under a promise to rejoin him there."

"How will you do it? The river is the only practicable road, and unless you can descend it by swimming, or walk on the waters like the Saviour on the Lake of Gennesaret, I see no means by which you can rejoin your friend."

"I, however, see one means," I said: "the fête of Carmen takes place in six days. Every year at that epoch the Antis Indians come to barter with the inhabitants of Echarati apes and parrots for hatchets, knives, and beads. I will profit by the departure of the Indians to take passage in their canoes. The rest concerns myself alone."

An almost imperceptible smile sat on the lips of the monk.

"That indeed is one way," he said; "but it is risky."

"I agree with you, my reverend friend," I rejoined; "but I have no choice in the matter."

From this point the conversation between us could only become tedious. I took leave of the monk, mounted my mule, and returned to Bellavista, vexed enough by the poor result of my negotiation. My compatriot had impatiently awaited my return.

Before I could open my lips my downcast look apprised him that I had bad news.

"Well?" said he.

I related in all its details my interview with Fra Astuto, the conversation we had had together, and ended by deploring the absence of Fra Bobo, whose influence on this occasion would have been useful to me.

"Fra Astuto," he said, "has treated you like a child. His refusal to let you have a canoe allows no room for doubt that your enterprise is not agreeable to him, and he fears the consequences of it. You are not the only one to whom our neighbour has interdicted, in a manner, the descent of the river. He has long regarded the interior of the country as a garden of the Hesperides, of which he has constituted himself the guardian dragon."

The allegorical style of my compatriot appeared to me so obscure that I begged him to use plainer language, that I might not only comprehend what he said, but what he meant to say, when speaking of the monk's dislike for my journey from Peru to Brazil.

"The fact is," said he, "the relations which Fra Astuto has cultivated with the Antis and Chontaquiros Indians by the agency of his cholos have made him aware that the interior of the country abounds in cacao, vanilla, and sarsaparilla, to say nothing of medicinal plants, dye-stuffs, and woods suitable for various purposes of construction which industry and commerce might render available. His fear—and that fear prevents him from sleeping—is that an explorer, after having verified these resources, would not fail to make the Peruvian government acquainted with them, and to obtain the necessary authorization to work this mine of wealth. Hence the difficulties and the obstacles of every kind which our missionary conjures up to deter the traveller and the curious, whom the love of science or of nature might induce to extend their travels beyond Cocabambillas. In every unknown traveller Fra Astuto sees an adventurer ready to possess himself of a fortune which the monk does not precisely enjoy, but which he is in the habit of regarding as his own. Do you now begin to understand?"

"I confess that I have some difficulty in believing. . . ."

"You will find it less difficult when I inform you that Fra Astuto, who tells you he has no sort of craft at his disposal, is the proprietor of four canoes, in good condition; that he has besides, at his disposal, a dozen vagabonds able enough to manage them, and ready at a sign from him to undertake the enterprise. As to the pretext by which he has thought fit to account for the absence of his colleague, it is a downright lie. Fra Bobo, so far from having gone to carry the viaticum to a dying man, is gone in company with some cholos to explore a forest of quinquinas, on this side of Putucusi, at the confluence of the rivers of Lares and Santa Ana. Now that you are informed of all that you ought to know, what will you decide to do?"

"I will wait the arrival of the Antis, and avail myself of their departure to begin my enterprise. It is a delay of six days, but what am I to do? I must try to redeem the lost time."

"Have you made Fra Astuto acquainted with your project?"

"Certainly."

"You had better have concealed it from him. Heaven grant that he does not conceive the idea of sending an express to his good friends the Chunchos to inform them that this year the smallpox has broken out at Cocabambillas, in which case they would turn back to escape the contagion."

"Is then the devil incarnate in this Fra Astuto?"

"Fra Astuto is a monk without faith, and as such is worse than a merchant; that is all."

Dinner having been served, we seated ourselves at the table. My visit to the mission, and the vexation I had experienced, had taken away my appetite; but if I did not eat, my compatriot ate enough for two, which came to the same thing. That night I settled my accounts with Miguel, and added to the small sum I had agreed to pay him the gift of a *pour-boire*, leaving him free to return to Occobamba whenever he pleased. Whilst bidding him farewell I gave him a meaning look, and putting my finger to my lips, like Harpocrates, I articulated distinctly in Spanish the word *remember* of Charles I. The mozo understood so well the caution hidden under these eight letters that he turned pale, and murmured as he shook his head—

"There is no danger of my ever breathing a word."

My sleep that night was broken by spasmodic starts and painful dreams, in which the pallid figure of the monk Astuto passed and repassed before my eyes. Now in profile, now in full face, lighting like a sickly moon a foggy landscape, mingling with a crowd of strange beings with red skins, half-naked, armed with bows and arrows, and wearing head-dresses of coloured feathers. These frightful spectres, seen by a light emanating from themselves, appeared and disappeared in turn, like the sparks which we see running over burned paper. The first glimmer of daylight put an end to this nightmare. It was with inexpressible relief that I hailed the dawn, and went out to breathe the fresh air of the morning. In the west the heavens presented a succession of blue, black, and orange tints, which, as they spread towards the east, where the sun was about to rise, mingled one with another, and melted into an exquisite blush, like a rose with a hundred blooms. I had never before so well understood the local epithet of *rododactulos* (rosy-fingered) which Melesigenus gives to the daughter of Heaven and Earth.

All was still sleeping in the hacienda, even to the watch-dogs, savage and terrible beasts, much feared by the Indians. On seeing me cross the court they opened one sleepy eye, and flapped the ground with their tail, as much as to say, that as a friend of the house I might go and come without fear. I took my chance with the first path that presented itself, and soon found myself in a wilderness of underwood and high shrubs, which rose above the heads of the Mimosæ (varieties of *Inga*) and the genipahuas. This wooded landscape was veiled with a bluish shade. There was an unquiet rustling in the branches; the becfins (song-birds of the genus *Sylvia*), sitelles (a species of nut-hatch), and tangaras began to prune their feathers, stretch their wings, and commence, *mezzo voce*, their prayer to God, which the first rays of the sun would change into an ecstatic hymn.

The geography of the hacienda was so well known to me that I could easily find my way through this sylvan labyrinth, in the windings of which a stranger would have been lost. Turning my back to the south, I went northward, putting aside as well as I could the thorns, the shoots, the needles of a hundred hostile plants which harassed me on my walk, and thus scrambling along, arrived at the edge of the *barranca*, or perpendicular talus which bounded the farm of Bellavista on the side of the river and of Urusayhua. The old mountain, which I now gazed upon after five years' absence, had still that formidable look which had struck me on my first visit. Not only did

THE URUSAYHUA, A MOUNTAIN IN THE VALLEY OF SANTA ANA.

it dominate the whole landscape, but it gave to neighbouring objects the most Liliputian proportions. Near it enormous masses of detached rock looked like ordinary stones, and trees a hundred feet in height, standing on the lower terraces, seemed like frail grasses. The rays of the sun, now above the horizon, bathed in full daylight the head and shoulders of the Colossus, but had not yet reached his base. All that part of the landscape cut from west to east by the river of Santa Ana floated in a light mist, brightened by blue and silver slopes of incomparable sweetness. The momentary absence of birds and insects, the motionless foliage which no wind agitated, gave to this scene, still sleeping in the vapours of the morning, a character of youthful beauty, of veiled splendour, and of calm serenity.

A footpath cut in the bank, and which I discovered with much difficulty under the bushes which obstructed it, led to the edge of the river. Its glassy green waters glided over an inclined plane with giddy rapidity, breaking in a foamy crest over the black heads of two or three rocks which obstructed its course. How often, seated on a stone or the trunk of a fallen tree, I had floated down its current some bright-coloured flower, which it had seized with rage, and hurried along to unknown shores! Now that the time had come when I must trust myself to its mercies, the impetuosity of its course,

and the steepness of its descent, which once interested me, caused, I must confess, a certain amount of apprehension. With a silent entreaty that it would be merciful to me, I continued my walk.

On recognizing one by one the fresh and charming details which I had formerly admired—trees blossoming in lovely flowers, shrubs shooting out in slender spindles, and the smaller trees and bushes massed in clumps—I realized at a glance the changes caused by five years' sun and rain. The trunks of the first had increased enormously in size; the second had attained a remarkable height; the last, not content with growing larger, had mingled one with another, and formed vast heads of impenetrable foliage. Involuntarily I compared my own experience with the growth of this luxuriant vegetation, and asked myself what amount of happiness, what accomplished purposes, what realization of the desires of my heart or the dreams of my spirit, had these five years availed? I found no answer to my question, and was forced to conclude that the very trees and shrubs had been happier and more favoured than myself.

I strayed along the shore of the river until the sun, now high in the heavens, began to incommode me, when I thought of returning. Nevertheless, before quitting the verdant shore which bounded at this spot the Huilcamayo Santa Ana, I made up a charming nosegay, the arrangement of which would have delighted that artistic bouquetière, the late Madame Prévost. In the centre I placed, with the large flower of a *Carolinea princeps*, white and straw coloured, an *Amaryllis reginæ*, dull carmine, striped with white and green. I surrounded these two noble flowers with violet *rhexias* and *melastomes* of a lilac mauve colour. Between these I slipped some stalks of *ingas* with silky tufts, some *ipomœas* of a brilliant purple, and some *liserons* (multiflora) of bright yellow: to these I added the paniculated blossoms of a *Bignonia jasminoides* of a flesh colour; a few orchids, streaked with green and reddish brown, and some tufts of capillaires, like fine gauze ribbons. To preserve the freshness of my bouquet, I enveloped it with leaves of *Canacorus*, and *heliconias* wet with dew, and when I had studied it under all its aspects, I put it in the shade between the three forks of a tree. "What a loss," I said to myself as I left with regret this bunch of exquisite flowers, "not to be able to present it to some *lionne* of the great Parisian Sahara, that she might have the vain pleasure of saying to some intimate friend, 'My dear, this simple bouquet is worth 2000 francs!'"

To set my face eastward, and return to the homestead of the hacienda without going over the same road, it was sufficient to turn my back on the river, and force a passage through the underwood. As I sought with my eye for a place unembarrassed by mimosæ, acacias, and cacti—those savage plants, always ready to tear and to bite—I perceived the entrance of a ravine, so hidden by the dense vegetation that it looked like the lair of some wild animal. I entered it resolutely, and when my eyes had become gradually accustomed to the greenish half-light, I detected here and there the most charming details. At first a thread of crystalline and icy water, of which I took some draughts; then the rocks splendidly caparisoned with that velvet which the vulgar disparage under the name of mouldiness. In the bottom of the ravine, always humid, there grew lovely ferns, adiantums, lycopodiums, hepaticas, and scolopendria, ribboned

with exquisite grace, and of that sombre and glossy green which is characteristic of vegetations on which the sun has never glanced. This beautiful ravine, or woodland path—I know not what to call it—was an ascending one. As it rose it continually grew wider, and changed the character and aspect of its vegetation. Arums, reeds, and strelitzias replaced the mosses and the capilliares, great flowering canes succeeded to the low ferns, and the narrow path at length ended in an upland glade of ravishing beauty, which the spreading leaves of the *Musaceæ*, by interlacing their fronds, covered with a waving canopy.

From this miniature of a virgin forest I passed suddenly into the cacahual of the estate, a vast plantation, the condition of which, as I have already observed, left nothing to be desired. The cacao-trees, arranged in quincunxes,[1] were apparently of twenty years' growth, and appeared to have attained their full size. Their trunks, diapered with reddish flowers, sustained at the same time heavy cocoons or pods of a beautiful orange yellow colour, which, by contrast with the dark leafage, appeared like gold. I was calculating the presumable product of the cacao harvest, when my name, many times repeated, caught my ear. I recognized the voice of my compatriot, and ran in the direction from which the call came. On turning out of an alley I saw my friend using his two hands as a speaking-trumpet, awaking the echoes of the neighbourhood with my name. I hastened my steps, and rejoined him.

"Your baggage has arrived," he said; "the arriero whom you have charged with their transport has given me this letter addressed to you, which he begged me to forward with the least possible delay. Without further explanation, the man instantly left for Cocabambillas, charged with a message which the prefect of Cuzco has addressed to our tonsured merchants. What has the prefect of the department to do with these monks?"

While my compatriot was speaking I had unsealed the letter and run my eye over it. "Behold the answer to your question," I said, presenting him the letter, which was written by a mutual friend, a clever, experienced fellow, with a tongue that wounded like a sword. This missive, penned in Spanish, is before me now, and I translate from it the following lines:—

"A French diplomatist, the Prince or Duke de la Blanche-Epine—I am not certain of his designation—arrived yesterday from Cuzco, accompanied by his private secretary, a geographer, and two servants. He comes from Lima, where our president, out of regard for the rank of the personage, and the mission with which he is charged by the king his master, has cordially welcomed him. This illustrious Frenchman is on his way to Brazil, and as he intends to embark on the river of Santa Ana to execute some hydrographic labours, the president of the republic, with the view of serving Peru at the same time, has added to the company the captain of a frigate, that they may work out the said designs together. Twenty soldiers form the escort of the two chiefs of the Franco-Peruvian expedition, to whom the civil and military authorities, the curés of villages, and the apostolic principals of missions, are expected to give all possible aid and protection.

[1] An arrangement in fives, like the five spots on a playing-card.—Tr.

"His most serene highness has arranged to leave Cuzco the day after to-morrow. He will probably arrive in the valley of Santa Ana two days after my letter. It is open to you to wait at home, if you feel any desire to kiss his serene highness' hand, or to decamp with all possible speed, if you have no wish to make his acquaintance. I might add a postscript to my missive, but prefer to send a box of preserved sardines, as a provision against the state of starvation to which you will presently be reduced.

"Good luck, and come soon to relate your Odyssey!"

"Pardieu! nothing could be more fortunate," said my compatriot; "you will now be able to travel in good company."

"On the contrary, nothing could be more unfortunate, because it is my particular wish to travel alone."

"In that case, lead the advance; you will arrive at Brazil before his highness."

"You forget that I cannot obtain a canoe."

"That is true," said my host, striking his forehead, "but the fête of Carmen is near."

"Yes," said I, "there is only five days to wait, and the people announced in that letter will be here the day after to-morrow."

We returned to the hacienda. After having dined in haste, my companion went to the village of Echarati, leaving me to verify my luggage, which the arriero had piled up in a corner of the shed. When I had satisfied myself that the packages were all right, I wrote to my friend at Cuzco to thank him for his letter of advice and his box of sardines. I told him of Fra Astuto, and the difficulties which that worthy Franciscan had raised. Having begun the relation of my troubles, I did not end it until I had poured into the bosom of friendship all the bile that I had secreted the last twenty-four hours. As this first letter consoled me a little, I fancied that if I wrote a second I should be entirely healed, and I set myself incontinently to the task. The composition of this second epistle, addressed to the prefect of Cuzco, cost me an hour and a half's labour. To be truthful, I must confess that it contained some rather explicit details concerning the mission of Cocabambillas and the commercial jumble of its monks.

As I finished my correspondence, the muleteer returned from Cocabambillas. I questioned him as to what had passed at Cuzco, but the man had learned nothing and could tell me nothing; all that I could extract from him was that at the instant of his departure the chief of the police had charged him with two messages—one for the governor of Echarati, the other for the missionaries of Cocabambillas, and had cautioned him against loitering by the way. He had delivered each of these messages at its address, but had received neither gratuity nor thanks, and was returning to Cuzco ignorant of their purport. I settled his account, and gave him back, in good condition, the two saddle-mules which I had hired of him. Then giving him my two letters to deliver, I gratified him with a present of a few reals, and we parted, mutually well satisfied with each other.

My host, on his return, brought great news. The governor of Echarati had received from the prefect of Cuzco instructions to entertain a French grandee who

was travelling with a captain of the Peruvian navy, and to take care that their friends, the gentlemen of their suite, and the soldiers of their escort, wanted for nothing. The unhappy functionary had called together his coadjutors to communicate this message, and implore their sympathy and aid; but they all deserted him, alleging as an excuse some particular trouble of their own. At this moment he was seated at his door, his head leaning on his hands, uncertain which of the saints to invoke for assistance. My host laughed so heartily as he communicated these details, that I, scarcely knowing why, laughed with him. As we thus made merry together, I asked him what he thought of the manner in which Fra Astuto had received the news, and what the priest was thinking of at this moment, while his neighbour the governor of Echarati was lamenting the hardness of his lot, and the exigency of the prefect of Cuzco. My host reflected a little.

"Fra Astuto is as cunning as an old fox," said he. "He will yield, or appear to yield, to circumstances. But let our highness beware! I fear for him a terrible blow."

Two days passed away, which I employed in arranging the contents of my packages, classifying and distributing them in smaller parcels, more easy to stow away in a canoe, and more convenient to open in case of need. My host obligingly assisted me in this porter's work. We had already began to wonder that not even a whisper had reached us from the expedition, when, in the afternoon of the third day, and during the momentary absence of my host, a young man suddenly made his appearance, in a gray suit and straw-hat, with a gun slung over his shoulder like a sportsman. He approached me, and civilly raising his hat—

"Monsieur," said he, in Spanish, so bad that it made me smile, but with a Parisian accent so pure that it went to my heart, "they told us at the village of Echarati that the proprietor of this hacienda was a Frenchman, and I have been anxious to assure myself of the fact. Could you tell me whether he is at home?"

"He is just now absent," I replied in French, "but he will very soon return..."

The young man did not give me time to finish the sentence, or to offer him a seat. Carried away by a feeling that he could not master, he took my hand, pressed it in his own, and said to me impetuously, "Ah, you are a Frenchman!"

This gesture, this exclamation—so spontaneous, so true, so natural—were like an opening through which I saw into the young stranger's heart. His, I thought, was one of those simple, unsophisticated natures which one understands at a glance. A quarter of an hour's conversation sufficed to make me acquainted with his name and age, the countries he had visited, and the friendships he had left behind him. To these confidences, already sufficient, he was probably about to add the particulars of his roving amours and foolish enterprises, if the arrival of my host had not interrupted him. After the first civilities, the young man congratulated him on being the owner of so fine a property as that of Bellavista, praising, above all, the number and arrangement of the buildings. I was thinking what these flatteries might mean, when the Parisian added in a careless tone, "We are very badly lodged at Echarati: we there want for everything, but happily we leave very soon." These few words were the pith of all he

said, and I marvelled that our traveller united at so tender an age—he counted twenty-three springs—so much amiability and gaiety with so much reflection. But diplomacy, thought I, is a hothouse which develops at an early age a man's faculties, and this youthful politician is a fine fruit ripe before its time. The young man went as he came, but promised to return and see us on the morrow.

Being alone with my host, I ventured, in the name of France and of the influence she exercises over all well-disposed hearts, to suggest that he should offer to his highness and the five persons of his suite board and lodging during the remainder of their stay at Echarati. At first this idea appeared to him extravagant, and he refused to entertain it, under the pretext that never having lodged princes under his roof, he was quite ignorant of the ceremonial necessary to observe towards them. When, however, I assured him that princes, of whom he made such bugbears, were men like himself, eating and drinking at stated times, and that this one in particular would be obliged to conform to our manner of life, under penalty of returning to Echarati, he allowed himself to be persuaded. Talking the matter over, we agreed that I should give my room to his highness; that the secretary and the geographer should establish themselves in the place where they dried the cacao, and that the two slaves might sleep with the fowls. As for the captain and the soldiers of his escort, I saw no reason why they should not continue at Echarati. All this being settled to my complete satisfaction, I begged my host to go at once, notwithstanding the inconvenience of the hour, to make his offers of service. He only took sufficient time to change his shirt and comb his hair, when he set out, ruminating on the phrases in which he thought of addressing his highness. Half an hour later he returned, enchanted with the reception accorded him by the prince, whom he found eating boiled eggs like any ordinary mortal. His offer of board and lodging had been eagerly accepted. Whilst relating the incidents of the interview, he showed me his hand, which his highness, said he, had taken and pressed several times. He was so enthusiastic about this that I advised him to cut the hand off at the wrist, and preserve it in spirits of wine as a souvenir of so precious an incident. He, however, preferred to keep it as heretofore at the end of his arm.

The next morning at eleven the prince came to the hacienda. His geographer, as I soon knew him to be, and his private secretary, in whom I recognized our visitor of the day before, walked on his right and left, like the deacon and sub-deacon attendant on a priest. His two slaves—the one a youth, the other a child—followed at a distance. On seeing this noble personage, my host hastened to meet him, and conducted him, with many salaams, under the shed which, as I have before said, served both for hall and drawing-room. At this moment I finished painting one of those convolvuli (*Convolvulus grandiflorus*,) of which the white corolla, streaked with green, is six inches in diameter, and I was examining with a magnifying-glass the insertion of its stamens. Out of respect for my visitors I threw the flower under the table, closed my album, and put the magnifying-glass in my pocket.

"We disturb you perhaps, monsieur?" said his highness graciously.

"No," I answered, "I had already finished."

"In that case permit me to see the flower that you have painted."

I handed the prince my album, which he opened at the wet page.

"Ah! it is an aristolochia," he said.

If I did not answer his highness, who was egregiously deceived in taking a convolvulus for an aristolochia, it was because I thought the answer would hardly have been becoming in itself, and because a prince, obliged by his rank to know men, is not necessarily obliged to know flowers.

While he turned over the leaves of my book, I examined him attentively. He was a man of about forty years of age, of average height, spare in figure and face, and of a pale complexion; his beard and hair black. His nose, round and snubbed, gave to his physiognomy a common, not to say vulgar expression, which, however, was relieved, though not embellished, by a disdainful smile stereotyped on his lips. "This is no 'Prince Charming,'" I said to myself aside; "but as beauty is a gift of Heaven, and not the manifestation of a personal will, it would be ridiculous, unjust, and indeed quite out of place, to reproach his highness with his slight resemblance to the Antinous or the Meleager."

The prince, returning my book, interrupted the artistic and psychological study I had made of his person.

While we gossipped *de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis,* he apprised me of what I was far from suspecting—that he had learned at Cuzco the motive of my journey, and my route through Peru and Brazil being almost coincident with his own itinerary, he expressed the pleasure it would be to him if we could travel together. To this amiable proposition he added so many compliments, so eulogized my double talent as botanist and artist, which he no more knew that I possessed than I did myself, and, in a word, burned so much incense of an inferior quality under my nose, that it quite turned my stomach. The geographer and secretary had listened to this dithyrambus in my honour with a seriousness that I thought of bad augury. I should have better liked to see a slightly contemptuous smile on their lips, evincing that, like myself, they accepted this hyperbolical language with some slight reserve. It pained me to think that these young men concealed, under their apparent gravity, one of those tortuously involved thoughts common to diplomatists, which Blaise Pascal has located in the occipital part of the cranial concavity, calling it *pensée de derrière la tête.*

The arrival of his highness' baggage caused the conversation, which I had begun to find rather wearisome, to end. While the prince busied himself in my little room, and superintended with solicitude the transport of some packages, containing, he told me, valuable collections from the three kingdoms of nature, I proposed to the geographer and the secretary to walk a little in the cacahual (plantation), to which they eagerly assented. On one of them remarking that it was very hot, and hinting how inconvenient it was to be thirsty, I produced a bottle of orange-wine. We had walked some distance when I discovered that I had forgotten two important things—a corkscrew and a glass. As I reproached myself for this neglect, my companions suggested that the neck of the bottle might be broken with a stone, and then used as a drinking glass. The freedom of their manners, or rather their want of manners, put me perfectly

at ease. I left them at liberty to break the bottle and drink the wine, which they did in a twinkling. Animated by its fumes, they cast aside their assumed gravity, and exhibited themselves in their true character. The secretary hummed the *Bourbonnaise*, which he accompanied with comical grimaces; whilst the geographer executed a choregraphic dance of his composition, which he said had obtained for him two hours' fiddling at the last opera ball. Over-excited by the orange-wine, our young diplomatists vied with each other in buffoonery and repartee. I thought the opportunity favourable to hazard some questions about his highness the Prince de la Blanche-Epine, and inquired discreetly as to the object of his travels. I had scarcely repeated the titles of this personage when the geographer burst into a roar of laughter.

"Prince! Highness!" he exclaimed; "where in the world did you get that idea! Our Blanche-Epine is nothing but a paltry count!"

"A simple count," said the secretary.

And they made so merry with their master's pretensions that I found it impossible to keep my gravity, and laughed as heartily as my future travelling companions. At the same time I could not help observing, as if reflectively, that it was not very charitable to amuse oneself at the expense of an absent friend, and more especially when the absentee was the chief of the expedition.

"Short reckonings make long friends," said the geographer sententiously.

"One would imagine that you had some reason to complain of him," said I.

"Hum!" said the secretary; "we have not much to console ourselves with. For two years that we have been travelling he has fed us with bread and cheese, under the pretext that meat is indigestible and unfavourable to the operations of the mind. Moreover, as brandy is antipathetic to him, he allows us nothing but spring water, an insipid drink, by no means good for our stomachs. As a rule, we seldom dine, except when in large towns, or when some charitable person invites us. Beyond this, when travelling, we live more frugally than Carthusian friars. Moreover, since leaving Paris, I have lost fifty good livres of my own. If I say nothing of the ill-humour which we have sometimes to bear—of the whims, the rebuffs, that we have to endure—it is because such things appear so trivial when related. I can assure you, sir, our way of life is not altogether strewn with roses."

"*Ma la fama!*" I replied.

"You should say *mala fama*," rejoined the geographer.

The secretary, who did not understand our meaning, looked from one to the other as if seeking an explanation.

"I would speak," said I, "of the glory which awaits you beyond the seas: already fame has put her trumpet to her lips to spread the report of your achievements. The French Institute has its eyes on you, and the savants already prepare themselves to weave garlands for your brows. On returning home, depend upon it, you will cause the market-price of the *Laurus nobilis* to rise."

"Is not this 'noble laurel' that which cooks use to give a flavour to their sauces?" inquired the geographer.

"It is the same," said I. "Botanists call it indifferently the *nobilis* and the *sativus*.

to teach the ignorant, or recall to the better informed who might have forgotten the fact, that, in this world, glory and reputation are prepared and elaborated like ragouts in the kitchen."

The conversation was kept up in this merry humour during the whole time we remained in the plantation, where the thermometer marked, in the shade, 79° Fahr. My companions, brightened up by the orange-wine they had already drank, and delighted by the promise of more, became more and more charmingly communicative. I soon knew as much as themselves of their past history, and of the object of their mission in America, which was not diplomatic, as they had pretended, but only scientific. The title of secretary given by M. de la Blanche-Epine to one of our Parisians, was only like a label on a bottle which bears no relation to the liquor contained in it, or like make-believe panels in wainscotting. The young secretary was assistant naturalist, and his real duties consisted in stuffing with tow, previously rubbed in arsenic, the skins of such quadrupeds and birds as chance and his gun had enabled him to procure. In giving a pompous name to a vulgar thing, the Count de la Blanche-Epine had but risen to the level of his times, as with us a hairdresser is called a *coiffeur*, and a comedian or singer an *artist*. Thus, having gratified himself by substituting for his title of official traveller that of diplomatist, he had naturally made a private secretary of his bird-stuffer. The thing itself was not absolutely reprehensible, and proved, at the most, a little vanity in the man. But I have already observed that vanity is the pet sin of every traveller in distant lands. I will even venture to say, that if we take anyone of them as a prototype of the order, and suppose his entire composition to be represented by the figure 10, it will be found, on analyzing him, that he consists of one part of scientific interest against nine parts of conceit.

Having returned to the hacienda, great was my astonishment to behold, under the shed, our monks from Cocabambillas in conference with the chief of the French mission. The animated air of Fra Astuto showed how greatly he was interested in the conversation. Approaching to salute Fra Bobo, he received me as an old acquaintance. The worthy man appeared to have aged very much during the two years that had passed since I saw him. His companion smiled on recognizing me, but with a singular smile which only raised one corner of his mouth. The conversation which our arrival had interrupted was recommenced. It turned on the official message which the missionaries had received. Father Astuto was the only speaker. Fra Bobo contented himself with a nod or gesture of approval, as the case might demand. After having sufficiently protested his respect for the chief of the state, and his entire submission to orders, the speaker added that he placed himself wholly at the service of the Franco-Peruvian savants, and that he would do his utmost to facilitate their journey; although, in his opinion, the navigation alone of the river was beset with danger. As, however, the monk observed no sign of fear among his auditors, he passed abruptly from the dangers of the river which we should have to descend, to the savages established on its banks, and spoke long and pathetically of their proverbial cruelty, and their very pronounced taste for steaks of human flesh. By the expression of raillery which he detected on every countenance, he understood that he had to deal with the class of

men spoken of in Scripture, *who have ears, but hear not;* and that it would be ridiculous in him to persist any longer. He therefore apprised us, that in order to produce a moral effect on the aborigines, and at the same time to draw the blessing of Heaven down upon our heads, Father Bobo, notwithstanding his great age, had consented to join us in the character of chaplain. At this unexpected announcement every one cried out, and Father Bobo himself appeared to be on the point of uttering an exclamation, when the imperious glance of his companion called him to order. The old monk, evidently disconcerted, hung down his head and twirled his thumbs. In fine, it was agreed that we should leave Echarati the next morning; that in passing Cocabambillas we should pick up the two missionaries; and that we should make our way together to the shore of the Chahuaris, where we intended to embark. After the usual distribution of handshakings, and with a half smile addressed to the balcony, Father Astuto and Father Bobo mounted their mules and returned to the mission.

Night having arrived, and our hosts being seated round a table lighted with two tallow-candles, talking over their affairs, and preparing—each on his own account—the materials destined to form the edifice of their future celebrity—the assistant naturalist in stuffing a parrot, the geographer in measuring degrees on a map, the Count de la Blanche-Epine paring his nails with a penknife—I took the arm of my host and drew him away in the direction of the village. The visit of the monks of Cocabambillas, and the sudden conclusion of the business which brought them to the hacienda, had stirred my curiosity; and having assisted only at the end of the conference, I wished to learn something of the commencement. Before, however, entering upon this part of the conversation, I thought it necessary to tell my host what I had learned from the Parisians concerning their patron; and how he, having lost the rank of prince, was reduced to the proportions of a count—doubtless an unimportant detail, but one which deprived the handshaking of the said personage of some part of its honorary value. I do not know whether my companion blushed at the allusion, because the night was too dark to permit me to judge; but he answered without stammering—

"The facts are instructive and the story[1] amusing;" an apologue in a dozen syllables, which the geographer would have found full of meaning.

In return for my confidence I learned from my host that Father Astuto, after receiving the message from the prefect of Cuzco, had hastened to inform his companion at Putucusi, by express, of what had happened, and to request him to return without delay to Cocabambillas. The old man had abandoned his cinchona expedition and had rejoined his ally. A secret conference had taken place between the two missionaries, the subject of which was easy to divine. Under the pressure of circumstances Father Astuto had made up his mind to allow his domains to be explored, but in order that the result of the exploration, supposing anything resulted from it, might be immediately profitable to him, he had stipulated that Father Bobo should join the explorers and keep watch on their proceedings. It was an eye that he placed in the expedition to spy out what he could not see for himself. As to the rowers, guides, and interpreters, which such a voyage rendered necessary, Father Astuto probably selected them from

[1] *Le conte*—a pun on his "highness'" title.

among the cholos in his own pay, and as these men, on whom he could depend, received precise instructions at the moment of departure, the monk was pretty certain that all would happen for the best in the best of worlds. I asked my host how he had learned these facts.

"By listening to what they told me, and guessing what they wished to hide from me," he replied.

This gossip had brought us to the further end of the alley of agaves which leads to the village of Echarati. A great light gleaming through the trees caused us to think

THE COUNT DE LA BLANCHE-EPINE AND HIS COMPANIONS ENGAGED IN THEIR SCIENTIFIC LABOURS.

there was a fire, and we hastened our steps. On reaching the entrance to the village we perceived that this appearance was caused by a bivouac fire, around which the soldiers of the escort were gathered. Half from curiosity, half from a feeling of interest in my future travelling companions, I proposed to my host that we should go together to the governor's house, where we should find the captain of the frigate, one of the chiefs of the expedition. As the thing was to him almost a matter of indifference he followed me without replying. On entering the governor's house we found two men lying on a camp-bed; a smoky lamp was placed near the bolster. At the noise of our approach they turned their heads, murmured some words which I could not understand, and sat up. Apologizing for having interrupted their sleep, I asked which of them was the captain of the frigate and commander of the escort. The oldest, the longest, and the leanest of the two, as I judged when he rose, said that he was the man I asked for, and invited us with a gesture to seat ourselves by his side. We did so, and on viewing the captain more closely I saw that he was one-eyed, flat-nosed, and pitted with the smallpox. I spoke to him of the voyage which we were on the eve of undertaking in common, and of the pleasure I had in making his acquaintance. He appeared to be gratified by the news, and returned my compliments in the politest terms. From one

thing to another we passed on to speaking of Lima, of its mild climate, of the humour of its men, and the graces of its women. By a singular chance he found that certain ladies of my acquaintance were among his own intimate friends. His pleasure was great on learning that we had admired the same faces, analyzed the same perfections, and offered incense to the same idols. Nothing draws two men together more than such devotions made at the same altar, especially when time and distance have cooled their first fervour. This discovery was a shibboleth which made us aware that we were both initiates in the same mysteries, and it at once established friendly relations between us. The captain assured me that from this hour his sympathies and his confidence were for ever mine. As a first proof thereof he avowed that the haughty manners of my countryman, the Count de la Blanche-Epine, had been very offensive to him; that a score of times during the journeying from Lima to Cuzco he had been on the point of quarrelling with him, and that only the fear of causing trouble between France and Peru had prevented an outbreak. A deplorable illusion, complacently fostered by the chief of the French expedition, was the cause of all the evil. This personage seeing in the Peruvian commission which the president of the republic had appointed to share in his labours only an escort of honour, had treated it with supreme disdain. In the towns and villages of the Sierra through which he had passed he had been heard to speak of the "*gentlemen of his suite*" who obstinately lagged behind, when, from respect for his person and his rank, they should not have left him for an instant.

If the allegations of the captain of the frigate were truthful—and I know not how it was, but the *vrai* in this case appeared to me singularly *vraisemblable*—the Peruvian *amour propre*, natural offspring of Spanish pride, must have bled in him through more than one wound. I tried, nevertheless, to extenuate the matter by objecting to the captain that people might have spread false reports, or evilly interpreted the simplest words; that it was childish on his part to let the thing trouble him; that on the eve of commencing in common a long and perilous enterprise, it was important, even admitting there was some truth in the alleged conversation, to forgive the offence generously and unreservedly; that in politics, in the prosecution of a journey, and in most other things, union is strength; that the prospect—far from a reassuring one—of evils to be endured in common, of dangers to be braved together, ought to draw together two men so learned, so made to understand, and reciprocally esteem, each other, &c. &c. &c. I soon saw, however, that I might as well have talked to the winds. The wound was deep, and I had in vain heaped maxims upon opinions, and axioms upon aphorisms. Not one wrinkle was smoothed in the captain's forehead. Seeing this, I took leave of him, merely adding that we should start the next morning, according to the arrangement made between the Count de la Blanche-Epine and the missionaries of Cocabambillas. I invited him to rejoin us at the hacienda, and my compatriot having added to my proposition the offer of a bottle of orange-wine to drink success to the enterprise, we left the captain of the frigate to finish his sleep by the side of the lieutenant.

"Discord is in the camp of Agramante," said my companion when we were out of the village.

"Yes," I replied, "and I much fear that when we are once *en route* there is little chance of its fury being extinguished in the hearts of the combatants. Can't you imagine the future wranglings, and perhaps blows, between the two expeditions? What an example for the savages!"

"Let us hope it will not be so bad as that."

"It matters not; like the abbé with the roasted chestnuts in the *Contes d'Espagne*, I would cheerfully say, with a shake of my head, 'Sad! sad! sad!' and at the first opportunity on the road take my leave of the united expedition. If union brings strength, isolation brings tranquillity. I may sulk sometimes with myself, but I have no fear of a serious quarrel."

The next day was entirely occupied with preparations for departure. Trunks, boxes, clothes, shoes, were scattered about in picturesque disorder, giving to the hacienda the aspect of a commercial bazaar and an old-clothes shop. We were all as busy, coming and going, as ants, anxious to see that our property was properly distributed and taken care of in the packing. The assistant naturalist devoted his attention to the mummies of lizards, serpents, and birds, the fruit of his labours. The geographer slipped into their respective paper covers his calculations of altitude and longitude, and the geological sections he had made by the way. The Count de la Blanche-Epine, the soul and spirit of the expedition, shone like the sun over all, stimulated the zeal of his subordinates, rebuked the idleness of his slaves, and gave a last touch with his penknife to his nails. At five o'clock in the evening portmanteaus, boxes, and packages, corded, nailed up, and addressed, were symmetrically arranged to await the arrival of the mules charged with their transport. After dinner we all went to rest, a little done up with the labours of the day, leaving our luggage to the care of the watch-dogs.

The sun rose in a cloudless sky. At ten o'clock the muleteers came to the hacienda, and packed our baggage on the animals' backs. Just as they had completed this operation, the Peruvian escort, with its commandant at the head, its lieutenant on the flank, and its *cabo* or corporal behind, entered the court at a quick step, and formed in line before the shed where we were assembled. On meeting again, after two days' absence, the chiefs of the respective expeditions measured each other with their eyes like two rival cocks, but as yet without sticking up their feathers or their crests. A chilly silence had succeeded to the exchange of the first civilities. To disperse the cloud which hung over the assembly, unconsciously oppressed by the fluid disengaged by the nervous plexus of the two antagonists, my friend caused some biscuits and a few bottles of orange-wine to be served. We drank to the success of our journey, to the glory of France, and the prosperity of Peru, while the soldiers of the escort drank their cacao-brandy to the health of Mars and Bellona. Exactly at mid-day we quitted the hacienda of Bellavista, followed by the good wishes and prayers of its proprietor, to whom I promised to write an account of our journey.

On arriving at Cocabambillas we found the two monks equipped and ready to follow us. To honour the two chiefs of the expedition, and the persons of their suite, Fra Astuto caused some glasses of lemonade to be served, but none of us touched it; such a mixture of pure water with common moist sugar and lemon having a very

unpalatable look after the excellent wine we had so lately drank. To my great astonishment, the silver spoons were allowed to remain on the table during the quarter of an hour that we passed at the mission. Such negligence appeared to me the more inexplicable on the part of Fra Astuto, considering there might have been among so many strange visitors some one clever enough to spirit them away, even under his eyes, and leave in their place a withered leaf.[1] Our band, augmented by the two missionaries and a dozen merry varlets, who took charge of their beasts in a jocund manner that showed they were accustomed to their work, began its march.

From Cocabambillas to the shore of the Chahuaris, where we intended to embark,

THE FARMS OF CHOQUECHIMA AND SAHUAYACO.

was a distance of about eighteen miles. The varied landscape, often verdant and wooded, was inclosed within a double range of mountains with rounded tops, the abrupt fall of which to the north-north-east seemed to announce to the traveller that he was approaching the region where the Cordillera—that dorsal spine of the American continent, to which its *nudus* serve as vertebræ, its *punas* as apophyses, and its valleys as ribs—sinks into the earth, so to speak, and at length disappears entirely from view.

The continued slope of the ground quickened the steps of our mules, who trotted gaily along, with little movements of the back which it was a pleasure to see. In two hours we reached Choquechima, a small farm of no importance, which we passed by without halting. A little further on we passed Sahuayaco, a property of the same kind, and soon arrived at the hacienda of Chahuaris, which gives its name to the shore where we had appointed our rendezvous.

This hacienda, devoted to the culture of coca, belongs to a colonel of engineers who lives at Cuzco, and with whom I had once visited the sources of the Apurimac. It would have been pleasant to renew my acquaintance with my old travelling companion,

[1] Fairy money disappears, and in its place is found only withered leaves.—Tr.

whom circumstances, independent of his will, had transformed from his condition of a quiet citizen to that of a savant, with no end of honours.[1] But the gate of his house was closed, and I recalled to mind that in former times he had only visited the place once a year. Before passing on I confided to the echoes of the neighbourhood all sorts of good wishes for my friend, begging them faithfully to repeat the same on his first visit. They repeated my words many times in order to impress them on their memory, but I know not whether they afterwards acquitted themselves of my mission.

The shore of the Chahuaris, where we arrived about five o'clock, is the frontier-line which separates civilization from barbarism. In this character it possesses a sort of

FARM OF CHAHUARIS.

barrack, or large hut thatched with stubble, with some sheds and other domestic annexes. The entrance is a mere opening without a door, so that the place is free to all comers, and serves as a neutral asylum where the savage and the civilized may alike find shelter from sun and rain. Seven or eight cholos, of the same class as those who had followed us from Cocabambillas, and who reminded me, I know not exactly why, of those mentioned by the Arabian poet Chanfary—wolves with gaunt sides—were seated on the shore round a fire fed by withered branches. They saluted us with their exclamations, and came forward to congratulate the two missionaries on their arrival.

The landscape around this portion of the shore, in which the house and its dependencies occupy the centre, was not a very inspiring one. Behind us, a succession of wooded slopes carried the eye up to the region of the lomas, or lower mountains. Here and there upon the sands were irregular spaces of short sward, with some starved shrubs and a few tufts of a large and rough bladed grass. In front, barring from view the north-west, was a basaltic mass, whose summit was clothed with vegetation. The river, a strong and rapid stream, washed the base of this wall and disappeared from

[1] *Scènes et Paysages dans les Andes*, 1st Series, 1861.

view on our right, in a torrent of eddies and whirlpools. A tangled mass of trees and underwood, of which the dazzled eye could distinguish with difficulty the silhouettes in the burning furnace of the setting sun, bounded the whole landscape on our left.

Our first care, after having dismounted, was to relieve the beasts of burden of their loads, and deposit our baggage in a corner of the hut, in such a manner that we could keep an eye on it. The curiosity with which the cholos of Cocabambillas examined the packages, feeling them and trying to form an idea of their contents, suggested this precaution. Nightfall surprised us in the midst of these divers cares; a repast composed of smoked mutton and boiled yucca-roots was served up on the naked bosom

THE LEFT BANK OF THE RIVER CHAHUARIS.

of our mother Cybele, the only table, the only seat, the only bed, the only pillow, which we might henceforth expect to have. The day's journey, added to the porter's work we had done, had sharpened our appetite, and we did all honour to this frugal repast, the light for which was supplied by a tallow-candle stuck at the end of a stick. The question of going to bed was then debated and unanimously decided in the affirmative. Each prepared his resting-place as he could, chose his neighbour according to his sympathies, and soon a snoring chorus, which dominated the counter-tenor of the two monks, rose in the silence of the night like a song of thanksgiving.

On awaking in the morning, I remarked, not without surprise, that the *personnel* of our troop was augmented by half a dozen Antis Indians, who were established in the neighbourhood, as I learned a moment afterwards. From the names, Pedro, Juan, José, Maria, Pancha, and Anita, by which the cholos of Cocabambillas called them, no less than from the aptitude of the strangers to use the Quichua idiom, as well as that of their caste, I understood that I had before me a specimen of those degenerate Indians who have been made by baptism children of God and of the church, but to whom civilization has given nothing but its vices, while taking from them the qualities

of the natural man. These Indians were clothed in a loose sac of unbleached cotton, with openings for the head and arms. They wore their hair like a horse's tail, and the half-rubbed-off red and black on their faces indicated their use of *arnotto* and *genipahua*. Their general appearance was that of brutal stupidity.

Their exact similarity of costume and fashion of wearing the hair, the chaplets of seeds which they wore suspended from their necks or crossed saltier-wise, so completely confounded the two sexes, that it was only on hearing them speak one could distinguish the sons of Adam from the daughters of Eve—since it has long been agreed that all the world, white and yellow, red and black, are, like ourselves, traceable to one and the same origin.

These wretched-looking savages, at once ugly and squalid, in spite of the silver ornament which many of them wore suspended to the nose, were accompanied by little dogs with sharp backbones and straight-pointed ears, who looked at us with haggard eyes, and seemed to snuff at us with much misgiving. On examining these melancholy specimens of the canine race, I recalled to mind the *alcco* or mute dog of the Sierra Nevada, a species which was widely distributed in the time of the Incas, but has been lost, it is said, since the Conquest. The idea occurred to me that these little wretches might be the variety whose disappearance is so much lamented by European zoologists. To resolve a scientific problem, the settlement of which would have done me the greatest honour, I saw no better means than to offer one of the dogs which came near me a bit of biscuit. Enticed by this bait the animal drew near, wagging its tail. In a moment, when his jaws were just closing upon the coveted morsel, I seized him by the ear and gave it a twist in the name of science. He let the biscuit fall and fled howling, which proved that the species was not mute, as I had supposed, and as a French traveller has been in too much haste to declare.

While awaiting the breakfast which was in preparation, and which seemed to be similar to the supper of the evening before, the chiefs of the Franco-Peruvian expedition, their *attachés*, and the two monks began to deliberate on the question of our departure. My part in this judicial conclave, which lasted twenty-five minutes, and had a most business-like termination, was the secondary one of assistant-judge or recorder. Fra Astuto offered to lend three canoes, which, added to the two canoes of the Antis who arrived in the morning, would form a flotilla of five vessels capable of containing a score of persons. It remained to find some means of transporting the soldiers, the luggage, and the provisions.

As it was useless to dream of procuring other canoes, one of the members of the assembly proposed to cut down some trees, and form balsas or rafts with their trunks, upon which the soldiers, surrounded with the luggage, would be well accommodated. This ingenious idea was adopted with unanimity. By chance my eye fell upon the individuals in question, and I perceived by the expression of their physiognomy that the mode of transport which we had adopted without consulting them was far from satisfactory. I said nothing, however, but leaving the members of the council to congratulate anew the genius who had conceived the idea of these floating floors, I went to peep at the boiling pot. The transparency of the soup, on which swam here and

there some blebs of grease, convinced me that it would be at least half an hour before it was ready to be served. To pass away the time I opened my album, sharpened my crayons, and sketched two or three of the Antis. As this work obliged me to look now at my sketch-book, now at my savage models, some of them approached, came round me, and began to whisper with each other. I could not doubt that they were criticizing my work. To teach these sons of the desert that if criticism is easy, art is difficult, and that, notwithstanding the difficulties it presents, I was prepared to challenge their judgment, I immediately sketched the portrait of one of them at full length, and presented it to the individual. He held it for a moment with the feet in the air and the head downwards, a new and altogether savage fashion of looking at things with a view to criticism. Then when he had sufficiently examined it and submitted it to his comrade, he returned it to me with a roar of laughter, his manner, new and savage again, of expressing his admiration, as I was told by one of the cholos of the mission who had witnessed the scene.

After a hasty breakfast, partaken in common, we began to think of preparing the wood necessary for the construction of the rafts. Some of the cholos, furnished with hatchets and choppers, went in search of those trees of porous wood which are generally used in such constructions. About four o'clock they were seen returning, carrying on their shoulders, or under their arms, apparently with no more effort than if they were mere sticks, trunks of the *toroh* (Cecropia), some ten or twelve feet long and from thirty to forty inches in circumference. These trunks, lighter than cork, and like it impossible to submerge, were solidly fastened one to the other by means of lianas, and finally drawn into the river, where a stout liana, serving as a cable, fastened them to the shore. As it was nightfall when this was accomplished, we postponed the loading of our craft until the next day.

That day was the last we passed at Chahuaris. From early morning each was busy putting on his accoutrements for the journey, re-nailing his chests, re-marking his packages, and otherwise preparing for the event. While they loaded the rafts I went for a farewell ramble in the neighbouring woods, in the hope of making some botanical discoveries in their shady recesses. My first finds were happy enough. I got an *Epiphyllum truncatum* of gigantic size; a *Capparis*, covered with flowers; five or six varieties of *Œnothereæ*, some lemon-scented verbenas (*V. macrophylla*), and a *Hippæastrum*, with delicate pink flowers, of which I made a drawing on account of its rarity, regretting it was not in my power to bring away the bulb as a contribution to science. Led on by these discoveries, and hoping to increase the number, I pushed further and further into the woods, searching their shadowy depths with my eye as I proceeded. Suddenly an object of mixed white and black, and of a very unusual form, was discernible through the gloom. I quickened my step, expecting to lay my hand upon some strange specimen of the flora of Chahuaris; but instead of the flower which I expected to gather, I found myself in possession of a soldier's cartridge-box filled for service. As I uttered an exclamation at an incident at least so curious, I discovered a second article of the same kind hooked to the branches of a tree; ten steps further I found a third; a fourth; in a word, I collected seven cartridge-boxes in a

space of some thirty paces diameter. Abandoning my botanical researches, I gathered together by their leathern straps these articles of equipment, and returned to the shore where our party was assembled. There I soon found the explanation of a fact which had at first seemed inexplicable. Nine soldiers out of the twenty who had formed

BIXA ORELLANA (ARNOTTO).

our escort had deserted during the night, carrying off their muskets and sabres to sell, but abandoning their cartridge-boxes as impediments to their progress. This incident, at which every one seemed to take alarm, was in reality neither strange nor surprising, as Peruvian soldiers invariably abscond rather than be brought face to face with the savages. In the country of Manco Capac men who are clothed tremble with fear, they know not why, before their brother man who is naked. Hence the instinctive terror of the soldiers on finding themselves upon the territory of the

infidels, and their anxiety to beat a retreat. After having talked over this affair for some time, the subject was dismissed. Nevertheless, I observed that the chief of the French expedition, by indulging aloud in certain ethnological reflections upon the desertion of these men, and mingling with these reflections an occasional burst of ironical laughter, managed to deal a blow at the national *amour propre* of the chief of the Peruvian expedition, and thus add another injury to the still bleeding wound of his self-conceit.

If the captain of the frigate, as the reader may judge to be the fact, had some reason for cordially detesting the Count de la Blanche-Epine, I for my part had every reason to think highly of his proceedings, though it may hurt his modesty to see this public testimony to his merits. Since the hour when, deceived by the size of the corolla, he had mistaken the giant convolvulus that I was painting for an aristolochia, that estimable and noble personage had honoured me with his particular attention, and treated me with the greatest courtesy. Whenever an opportunity presented itself to address to me some graceful or flattering expression—more often flattering than graceful—he had seized on it with avidity, and if an occasion was slow to offer, he had tried to make one. Such demonstrations of good-will should certainly have excited my gratitude and won my sympathies, but there are natures so constituted—and mine appears to be of the number—that the more one tries to constrain them the more anxious they are, like old Proteus, to elude one's grasp. Every step that the Count de la Blanche-Epine had made in advance towards me had been neutralized on my part by a step backward, so that, if half a word had been all that was necessary to establish a good understanding between us, we should have made the tour of the world without comprehending each other, or ever coming together.

Among the courtesies of every kind of which I was the object on his part at the commencement of the journey, I may mention the impressive earnestness with which he placed between my hands his album—a book in quarto—accompanying the action with a melting smile and a variation of the formula with which Dinarzade addresses her sister Scheherazade: "My dear sir, if you have nothing better to do, favour me with one of those beautiful designs which you know so well how to make." How was it possible to remain deaf to such a prayer? I opened the book at a blank page, and having sharpened my crayon and wetted my pencil, I executed some school-girl's drawing, such as people never hesitate to pronounce *the work of a master*, and which drew down upon my head such a deluge of hyperbolical praise, to say nothing of thanks, that, stupified, astonished, and quite bewildered, I hastened to finish the picture, and return the album to its proprietor.

These incidents, which had slumbered forgotten in a corner of my memory, have been recalled by my reference to the episode of the cartridge-boxes. I had hardly deposited these articles upon the sand than I found myself obliged, little as I cared to do so, to sketch a group of Antis gesticulating about them—a picturesque memento which the Count de la Blanche-Epine said he desired to keep of our mutual companionship on the shore of the Chahuaris.

The day passed without any incident occurring worthy of being related. In the

evening we supped by candle-light. After supper, the captain himself called the roll of our escort, and he found that five out of the remaining twelve men had profited by the darkness to slip away. Happily, our friend's cry of rage on making this discovery was heard by myself alone; for if the Count de la Blanche-Epine had been present, his ethnologic reflections, and his bursts of laughter on hearing of this new desertion, and observing the effect it had produced on the chief of the Peruvian expedition, would have excited him to the highest pitch of exasperation, and converted the comedy into a mournful tragedy.

To prevent the soldiers who remained from following their comrades, should the idea occur to them, they were coupled together, and being deprived of their greatcoats, and the various articles of their equipment, placed under the immediate surveillance of some trusty cholos. Feeling confident that the escort, thus guarded, could not abandon us, the captain re-entered the hut, where I followed him. That evening was the last we passed at Chahuaris. The double expedition now joined in council to fix the hour of departure, which was settled by a majority of seven voices out of eight to be at mid-day on the morrow. Before we retired for the night, Father Astuto announced that at ten o'clock in the morning Father Bobo, the chaplain to the expedition, would celebrate mass, to invoke the blessing of the Almighty upon our heads—a pious thought which we were all eager to applaud.

The night was calm. Being up before the sun we saw at a glance that the star of day was about to rise in a serene sky, as if to smile on our departure. At ten o'clock precisely, a cracked bell, of which we had not suspected the existence, was energetically rung to summon the faithful, who were dispersed along the shore, to mass. Hastening to the front of the hut, we found that Father Bobo had already taken from a green locker, which served him as a linen-chest, the alb, the chasuble, the stole, and the maniple, with which he was provided for the journey. Two boards placed edgewise, with one above, formed the altar, which was covered with a table-cloth a little soiled with coffee. The breviary of the old monk, together with a chalice and a paten of silver, had been arranged with a certain regard to symmetry. As to the wine and water necessary for the holy sacrifice, the first of these liquids was contained in a cut-glass bottle, upon the illuminated and gilt label of which I deciphered with a feeling of tender regret these words, still sweetly suggestive of my native country:—

EXTRAIT
POUR LE MOUCHOIR
L. T. PIVER, 103 rue Saint-Martin, PARIS.

A wine-bottle carefully rinsed out contained some water from the river. Father Bobo had just clothed himself with his sacerdotal ornaments, and was smoking peacefully while waiting till we were all collected. It was not until we had fallen on our knees and were properly grouped, that he threw away the end of his cigar, and advancing towards the altar, pronounced the *Introibo ad altare Dei*, which we received by crossing ourselves. The Antis Indians standing near us appeared to make very merry at this spectacle, and their shouts of laughter at times quite disturbed our composure. At the *Ite missa est*, which closes the service of the mass, I looked at

my watch to see what time the ceremony had lasted, and found that it had been exactly eleven minutes. As a good Catholic, I know within about three syllables the number of phrases contained in the prayers of the mass, from the canon of consecration to the final blessing: it astonished me, therefore, that our worthy chaplain had been able to say so much in so little time.

Having thus provided for the necessities of our souls, we began to think of our bodies. It would have been unwholesome to commence our journey on empty stomachs. Our cholos prepared breakfast, the cooking and consumption of which occupied two good hours. It was noon when the repast was finished. Our pots, pans, and kettles, having been properly cleansed, were suspended round the luggage on the rafts, like the shields of ancient warriors on the sides of their war-galleys. Arranged in a line on shore, we waited for the moment to start. The *personnel* of our troop was distributed as follows: the chief of the French commission, the assistant naturalist, and four cholo rowers with an Antis Indian for pilot, were to occupy one of the large canoes. The chief of the Peruvian commission, his lieutenant, the corporal, and Father Bobo, seated themselves in the other canoe, provided with an equal number of rowers. The geographer and myself had selected from the three remaining canoes one that appeared to unite the three conditions of size, strength, and lightness. The other two, manned by cholos and Antis, were to serve as advice-boats, keep a look-out for dangerous places, havens, or creeks, and to act as scouts on the flanks of the squadron, which the rafts, heavily laden, and manned by fellows with long poles, accompanied in the character of transports.

The moment of separation had arrived. The inquisitive and idle who had come that morning from Cocabambillas, and from Echarati, to see, as they said, "the idiots" rush to their destruction, were stationed on the shore, where they formed the arc of a circle, of which we constituted the chord. Father Astuto moved busily to and fro, eagerly asking each of us if he had forgotten anything, if he had left anything, if there was any last adieu, letter, or packet which he wished to send to relations, friends, or acquaintances; offering in such case to send it to its address. These kind proffers of service by the chief of the mission were mingled with scraps of advice whispered in the ears of the cholos, prudent recommendations, and exhortations to take great care of us. As we were about to step into our respective canoes, three salutes were fired by order of Father Astuto in honour of the French and Peruvian colours represented by the two principal vessels. That done, the monk approached to give each of us a final hand grasp, which he accompanied with an affectionate word by way of farewell. When it came to my turn he looked at me with a singular air, which I attributed to the emotion he experienced in this supreme moment. "Señor Français," said he after a pause, "remember you will always find in me a true friend!" Thereupon he left me brusquely, and I had no time to thank him for the interest he seemed to feel.

Five minutes after this moving scene we were squatting in our nut-shells, with our knees up to our chins, and our elbows pressed close for want of room. A last "hurrah" was exchanged between us and the spectators on shore; then, at the final exclamation, "Adieu, off with you!" the ropes of liane were cut by our

PERFORMANCE OF MASS BEFORE THE DEPARTURE OF THE FRANCO-PERUVIAN EXPEDITION.

pilots, and the river, the current of which at this part runs nine knots an hour, carried us along at a fearful speed.

The first half-hour of this mad navigation, in which the rowers had nothing to do, and the pilot steered us with no other help than that of his paddle, was signalized by incidents well calculated to cool at the commencement of the voyage the adventurous humour of the most determined. Rocks, level with the surface

DEPARTURE FROM CHAHUARIS.

of the water, grazed our frail barks in passing, throwing them to starboard and larboard without the least regard for the laws of equilibrium, and almost drew from us cries of terror. Curling waves which we could not always avoid washed over us from head to foot. We thus got a foretaste, as it were, of the petty miseries which awaited us on our future road. Each one, nevertheless, forced a smile as he looked at his comrade. It would have been ridiculous to begin so soon the chapter of interjections and complaints.

Drenched and well-nigh dazed, yet always driven with as much speed as if the stormy breath of Æolus had been let loose against our craft, we reached a barren spot called Mancuréali, where we brought up by common consent to repair some damages that had been sustained by one of the rafts. Whilst they tightened the lianas which held together the disjointed timbers, we jumped ashore to stretch our legs; the

posture which the narrowness of our canoes imposed on us, and the immobility which we had been obliged to maintain since leaving Chahuaris, had caused frightful cramps, of which we were soon relieved by a little manly exercise ashore.

Mancuréali, where we had just landed, is one of those lomas or hillocks which form, on the eastern side, the last steps of the Cordilleras. Some false-walnuts with ribbed drupes (*Pseudo-juglans*); two or three oaks (*Quercus*), native to these lati-

RAPIDS OF MANCURÉALI.

tudes; some laurestinas and scented vernonias; here and there great rosewood-trees (*Jacarandas*), which were just now without flowers or leaves, and accordingly looked as if they were dead or denuded by winter, characterized the vegetation of this spot—otherwise a desert—and stamped it with a strange sadness. A little brook rippling down from the heights traversed the hill from west to east, and ultimately mingled its crystalline waters with the disturbed and yellowish-looking flood of the Santa Aña. On the first level, blocks of freestone, of the colour of yellow ochre and faded pink, formed a striking contrast to the soft lines and dull hues of the hills; blocks of the same nature encumbered the shore, and extended into the middle of the river, where they presented an obstacle to the current, and caused a succession of rapids, the character of which, the motion of the waves, and the sparkle of the foam, were well calculated to attract an artist in search of the

picturesque, but which the traveller who had to pass them in a native canoe could not contemplate without dread.

The Antis who accompanied us had been the first to climb the shore, aiding their ascent by grasping the bushes or shrubs within reach, and bounding from rock to rock like goats. We followed them, but not without effort and some loss of breath. On the summit of the hill we found a circular cabin roofed with stubble, its sides, about three feet high, composed of stakes driven in very closely together. Seeing the savages enter this habitation, which belonged to one of their own race, we did not hesitate to follow. Its tenants were absent, and had forgotten to close the door; but they incurred no risk by their neglect. Its interior was devoid of furniture,

THE SHORE AT MANCURÉALI.

containing only skeletons of birds, bones of peccaries (*Dicotyles labiatus*), skins of the sweet *Coloquintidæ*, and green bananas, none of which were likely to tempt the cupidity of passers-by.

Having examined this miserable den, the floor of which was buried beneath an accumulation of ashes and broken straw, we returned to the shore, where we found two of our rowers stretched out dead drunk. By dint of rolling them about with our feet and pouring cold water on their heads, our fellows succeeded in giving them a semblance of life in default of reason; and as room could not be found for them in the canoes, which they would have certainly overturned, they were dragged on to the rafts, where, protected by the luggage, they were left lying on their backs, gasping like fish out of water.

After passing two hours on the coast of Mancuréali, the stones of which had been sufficiently heated by the sun to cook an egg, we began to think of continuing our journey. The canoes were again pushed into the midst of the current, which bore them along like dry leaves driven by a gust of wind. Two leagues of this

furious pace, as estimated by the chronometer and a sufficiently exact knowledge of the speed of the current,[1] led us to the spot where the river Yanatili, flowing from the valley of Lares, and augmented on its way by the Occobamba, joins the Santa Aña, which beyond Chahuaris takes the name of the Quillabamba.[2] Here the two streams, meeting at a right angle and heaving their swift waters against each other, seem to pause for an instant, like two bulls that have met with a violent rush, and being thrown back upon their haunches remain stunned for a moment by the violence of the shock.

This place, called el Encuentro (the meeting), though not at all remarkable, is vividly impressed on my memory in consequence of the following incident:—At the moment we passed the point of confluence, one of our rafts struck on a submerged rock, of which none of our rowers had suspected the existence. The two men on board were thrown among the luggage, and caused a package of twelve axes to slip into the river. Twelve axes in the desert, mind you! equal in value to twelve canoes, or twelve native children, as the purchaser might prefer. These twelve axes, alas! were mine. Such a loss at the commencement of the voyage impressed me seriously. My companion, the geographer, vainly attempted to console me, by citing Greek and Latin passages from the most renowned philosophers; vainly, to make me laugh, he repeated all the nonsense he could think of; his maxims and his jests were equally ineffective. Not one wrinkle in my forehead was relaxed during the remainder of the day.

We continued, not to navigate, but to fly with the stream; the decline of which, visible to the eye, represented a descent of some three or four yards in a mile. From time to time our faces were drenched by the flying spray, or we were struck forcibly by the waves when a false stroke of the paddle exposed the boat to their shock. As the temperature was high, and the water fresh instead of salt, we stoically bore these little miseries. Neither crying nor blaspheming, we contented ourselves, like Panurge, with seeing the water which had entered by the neck of our shirts, run out from the legs of our trousers.

Three miles from Encuentro, which is also called Putucusi, although the latter place—inhabited by the way—belongs to the valley of Lares, not to that of Santa Aña —we passed, with the velocity of sea-gulls skimming the waves, a place called Illapani, the resources of which are now developed by its civilized conquerors, but which, at the time I speak of, was cultivated by the Antis Indians. A little hut thatched with stubble, a thicket of bananas, a *Laurus persea*, or *avocatier*, and a lemon-tree loaded with fruit, were the only details I noticed. This plantation overlooked a circular bay, where the water of the river, calm and transparent, slept as in a basin. Two hundred yards further, the same river, again noisy and furious, roared, bubbled, and foamed around the black rocks which obstructed its current. Our light canoes, darting forward like

[1] This current, varying according to the configuration of the ground it traverses, has been measured by us several times by means of the log and sand-glass, both at ordinary times and during floods. The mean speed between Echarati and Chahuaris is eight knots an hour.

[2] *Plain of the Moon.* It bears this name as far as its junction with the river Apurimac.

horses in a race, passed safely these obstacles. Not so the rafts, the surface and size of which rendered them difficult to work in the tumultuous waters. In spite of the efforts of the balseros with their long poles, we saw our floating-planks whirled by the stream and fixed between two rocks like a wedge driven into a stone. The men on board gained the bank by swimming, and joined our canoes, which were brought to a stand in a quiet corner of the river (*remanso*). The recovery of the raft was for the

JUNCTION OF THE RIVERS YANATILI AND QUILLABAMBA SANTA AÑA.

time impossible. The sun had sunk low in the heavens, the day was about to end, and a halt was agreed on. We landed at once, so as to remain in sight of our luckless craft.

This place, called Chulituqui, as we were told by the native guides, was a shore encumbered with rocks of all sizes more or less angular and sharp, well calculated to give any one who should think of reposing on them a sensation like that experienced by Micromégas[1] when lying at full length on the summits of the Alps.

Our first care was to light a fire, as much for the purpose of warming ourselves as for drying our clothes, for in these latitudes, although the days are intensely hot, the nights are almost cold. We shared in common some eatables, which had been forgotten in the bottom of the canoes, our supplies of rusks, rice, and other provisions

[1] Micromégas is the hero of a philosophical or semi-allegorical story by Voltaire.—Tr.

being on the rafts, and consequently out of our reach. Having thus supped as well as might be, we made the necessary arrangements to pass the night as comfortably as possible.

On looking for a place where I might stretch my wearied limbs, I descried at some twenty paces from the shore, just above a shelving bank, two dwarf box-trees whose knotty roots grew between the stones. Here I suspended my hammock, in which I lay down dressed as I was. The approximation of its extremities giving to my body the form of a capital U, brought the centre of the hammock so near the ground that a sharp stone moulded its pattern in my loins. The position was perplexing, nay, unendurable; but I tried to forget it by invoking the divine Morpheus, father of sleep and dreams. At the moment when the god had shed over my eyes his sleep-giving poppies—*soporiferum papaver*, as Virgil says—a hand touched my hammock, and at the same moment a voice said,

"Are you asleep already?"

I rose suddenly to see who spoke. By his lean and tall figure I recognized the chief of the Peruvian expedition.

"What the d—— brings you here?" I said to him; "what's up?"

"Something of which you are ignorant, and which it will be disagreeable to you to learn. Did you remark the strange manner in which Fra Astuto looked at you at the moment of our departure?"

"Indeed, yes!"

"Do you remember the assurance that he gave you, that you would always find in him a true friend?"

"I recollect it, and it has a little surprised me."

"You felt, in fact, that he said exactly the contrary of what he meant. The worthy Franciscan has sworn eternal hatred to you."

"Nonsense! what for?"

"Because you have written two explanatory but little flattering letters concerning him. Those letters, which you sent to Cuzco, were intercepted by him, and never reached their addresses. I had the facts from Fra Bobo our chaplain. The poor man cannot forgive his companion for having obliged him to undertake, at his age, a journey so perilous as ours. There now, try to go to sleep. As for me I have selected a place between three square stones for my sleeping chamber."

For a moment I felt stupified with this information, admiring with a certain sense of fear by what secret means Providence turns the arrows from the mark and letters from their addresses. Then the fatigue of the body reacted on the spirit; I felt as if the thread of my ideas was broken, and soon sank into a profound sleep.

NIGHT BIVOUAC AT MAPITUNUHUARI.

SEVENTH STAGE.

CHULITUQUI TO TUNKINI.

Hymn to Aurora.—Disastrous effects of a night passed in the open air.—The shore at Mapitunuhuari.—In chase of a raft.—The situation is aggravated and becomes more complicated than ever.—We are reminded, after an interval of three thousand years, of the wrath of Achilles and the pride of Agamemnon.—A raw ham regarded as poison.—Monograph on the cock-of-the-rock.—Copy of an authentic deed.—An oath taken on a breviary in the absence of the Gospel.—Farewell for ever on the shores of Coribeni.—A bad night passed at Sirialo.—The site of Polohuatini.—Evidence that the theories of M. Proudhon are more widely diffused than people generally imagine.—The Antis of Sangobatea.—Blue and purple dogs.—Anthropological studies.—Simuco the bowman, and how he bought his second wife.—A geographical lesson on the shore at Quitini.—A baptism.—A captain godfather, and a lieutenant godmother.—A musical phrase of Hérold confided to the echoes of Biricanani.—The calm waters of Canari.—A ready-made picture of *genre*.—The ajoupas of Manugali.—How the Franco-Peruvian expedition, following the example of Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, hung its wet linen to dry on the shore.—The disaster of Pachiri.—The impossibility of devoting oneself to a study in botany.—The rapids of Yaviro.—The orator of Sauiriato.—The rapid of Sintulini.—Death of Father Bobo.—How a captain of a frigate and his lieutenant lost their shirts while preserving their presence of mind.—*Date obolum Belisario.*—Story of a double nightcap.—Divine justice and vengeance follow crime.—From Charybdis to Scylla.—A chief of a scientific expedition suspended by the armpits.—The rapid of Tunkini.—Description of a gorge or cañon.—Sudden passage from darkness to light.—The American plains.

We were awoke at early dawn by the warbling of birds, which threaded with their silver sounds, like the tune of flutes in an orchestra, the roaring of the rapids, and

the yelling of the guaribas (howling monkeys, *Simia belzebuth*). Those amongst us who heard for the first time the harsh sounds produced by the cartilaginous glottis of this species of ape, were inclined to attribute the uproar to a dozen bulls bellowing in concert. As for those whose ears were familiar with it, they prayed devoutly for the rising of the sun, which could alone put an end to the hideous discord, as the quadrumana in question only raise their voices at the approach of dawn and evening twilight, to bid good day or good night to Phœbus.

That first night passed in the open air had tried the constitutions of the most delicate of the party. Some had blood-shot eyes; others swollen faces and livid lips; all had stiffened limbs, and a feeling of heaviness in their heads.

A meagre breakfast, on the provisions found in the canoes—our commissariat stores being still on the rafts—dispersed in some degree these symptoms, and opportunely silenced our men, who were already disheartened by the misadventures which had signalized the commencement of our journey. We sent the balseros, accompanied by two Antis, to disengage the rafts; and leaving them to their work, we embarked and went on in advance.

After rowing about three miles we disembarked, and made our way along the shore on foot, while our men *guided* the canoes through the islets of sand and stones which made an archipelago of the river, and divided its main stream into many shallow but furious currents. (I must here advertise the reader that the verb to *guide*, which I have underlined, and am likely to use very frequently in this part of my narrative, is not employed in the sense of *conducting* and *directing*, according to the dictionary, but has a passive significance, which I will endeavour to explain. In the dangerous passages we disembarked, as in this instance, and walked along the shore. The rowers then attached a liana, by way of a cable, to the stern of the boat or raft, which was allowed to drive with the current, but was steadied and prevented from dashing against the rocks by all the force that the men could exert on the end of the liana. This mode of guiding a boat, while being dragged along by it, is, I need not say, entirely unlike anything seen on European rivers.)

After two hours of navigation interrupted by halts to give the rafts time to rejoin us, and nothing having yet been seen of them, we landed for the purpose of camping on a spot called Mapitunuhuari. This curious name, according to the Antis, who, as pseudo-Christians, gabbled a little Quichua, was that of an individual of their tribe whom they called a captain, and of whose prowess they vaunted. The dwelling of this savage, situated at the extremity of a narrow and winding gorge, was so well defended at the entrance by bushes bristling with wiry shoots and thorns, that the fear of tearing our shirt, and perhaps our skin, prevented us, although we wished to do so, from paying a complimentary visit to the valiant chief.

The two shores of the Quillabamba Santa Aña, which since leaving Chulituqui I had only been able to glance at in haste, as the rocks which closed in the stream, and the rapidity of the navigation, did not permit of their being studied in detail, seemed to me now of secondary interest so far as regarded their topography, and but little attractive in respect to their vegetation. The sandstone blocks observable since

we left Chahuaris, with the constantly-recurring shades of yellow ochre or faded pink, whether upstanding, inclined, or horizontal in their stratification, formed the principal feature of the scene, and served like steps to the squat and sombre-looking cerros. These cerros, interlacing with one another in such a way as to form, when viewed

GROUP OF TARAPOTE PALMS (IRIARTEA VENTRICOSA.)

from a distance, a compact and homogeneous whole, gave to the landscape an aspect of wearisome monotony, which disposed one to yawn. In some places the rocky formation disappeared from view, and the vegetation suddenly re-appeared, seeming the more vigorous for having been so long stifled. Peeps of landscape, delightful for their shade and freshness, appeared as if framed in stone. The slopes of the two shores were clothed with a fine green grass like the rye-grass of English meadows. Sand-box trees, ingas, false-walnuts, oaks, guaiacums, and leafless jacarandas, mingled artistically their foliage, more or less sombre, with their flowers, more or

less brilliant. Here and there a tarapote palm, with its candlestick or bellied trunk, rising from a pedestal of roots, imparted to the site a tropical character, which contrasted rather than harmonized with the diffused light and the encumbering rocks, which recalled the Cordillera and its immediate neighbourhood.

The day was far spent, and yet the rafts did not make their appearance. Seated on the summit of the highest rocks by the shore, and searching the distance of the river with anxious looks, we kept asking one of the other, as Bluebeard's wife asked of Sister Anne, "Do you see any one coming?" But the day declined, the sun grew red in the west, the horizon was veiled in haze, and still nothing appeared. Our anxiety was the more painful as we had eaten but little in the morning, and the open air, the change from place to place, and the lapse of time, had given us a craving for food which we knew not how to satisfy, our provisions being, as already explained, on one of the rafts. At the moment when we had yielded to despair, the joyous exclamation of one of our look-outs apprised us that something was in sight. Instantly every eye was turned in the direction indicated by the man. A moving mass appeared far off in the perspective, and, driven by the current, rapidly approached us. We recognized one of our transports; but from the manner in which it descended the river, we surmised with a secret fear that it was abandoned to itself, and that no balsero guided it. As it whirled along opposite the spot where we were all assembled, a cry rung over the waters, and a dishevelled and streaming head, which one might have taken for that of a marine monster, but which we recognized as belonging to one of our Antis, appeared in the wake of the machine. From the manner in which the man struck out, it was easy to divine that an accident of some kind had separated him from the raft, and that he was struggling to overtake it. Encouraged by our cries and gestures he redoubled his efforts, and at length seized one of the timbers, and so climbed upon the raft. By the aid of a pole which he found ready to hand, he then directed it towards the shore, where his comrades welcomed him with transport. *Hinpiato*, for this was the name of the intrepid chuncho who had accomplished this important work of salvage, received our felicitations with a modest air. Among the little objects by the gift of which we desired to recognize the service he had rendered us, was a new and brilliant uniform-button, which he attached to a thread and passed through the cartilage of his nostrils.

Our joy was soon changed to mourning when we discovered the state of our provisions saved on the raft. The biscuit and grilled bread, after soaking all night in the river, were as soft as pap; the rice was swollen ready to burst; the smoked mutton had separated from the bone as if it had been cooked; and the ruddy flesh of a ham, which had been cut the evening before, exhibited that indescribable mixture of green, lilac, and blue, which our Parisians, as good colourists, would have compared to the tints of the drowned bodies exposed at the Morgue.

While we were deploring our hard fate the other rafts and their conductors arrived. The latter appeared to be in a very bad humour. Refreshment was distributed all round; each greedily swallowed his portion of soaked bread and livid mutton, and made such preparations as he could to pass the night. Fires were lighted on the shore,

the rafts were made secure, and after a mutual exchange of civilities, each went to stretch himself between the particular stones of which he had made choice.

The night that we passed at Mapitunuhuari was very similar to that we had enjoyed at Chulituqui. The only difference that we noticed was in the name of the places and the size of the stones, which were one-third larger here than there. Immediately on rising we gathered up our skins and coverings, and entering our canoes, gave the word to push into the stream. The balseros loosened the lianes with which the rafts were made fast to the shore, and prepared to follow us.

A considerable rapid named Quinquerutiné, about 200 yards from the place where we had passed the night, was the only obstacle we met with between there and Umiripanco, a distance of twelve miles. Here we halted to lunch and give the rafts time to rejoin us. Although our appetites were prodigiously increased by the rapidity of the navigation and the keen air of the river, we were forced to be satisfied with some spoonfuls of pap and a slice of the raw ham. The savages took their share of these good things, and after having smelled them, and smelled them again, as if to assure themselves of their nature, they ate them with fewer grimaces than might have been expected, considering these articles of diet were novelties to them. This meagre repast being finished, each occupied himself as well as he could by way of pastime. Some settled themselves down to take a nap; others amused themselves by calculating how long it would be possible for an adult to live on a shaving of ham and two spoonfuls of pap a day. These again—and they were the better philosophers—sat aside and charmed the flying hours by scribbling on their knees; while those mended their pantaloons, which had been damaged by the incidents of the voyage.

As it was now noon, and our people with the rafts had not rejoined us, two Antis were sent in search of them. By striking in a direct line through the wood the distance to be traversed was three-quarters of an hour's walk. Our messengers, who were to receive four fish-hooks for their trouble, set off running, and very soon returned. The account they brought was disastrous. Our rafts with the luggage had upset in the rapid of Quinquerutiné, and our balseros were occupied in disengaging the one and fishing up the other. It was enough to make us believe that some malign influence had interfered to prevent us from proceeding on our journey.

It was five hours longer before the absentees rejoined us. We expected some excuse on their part, or at least some sympathetic manifestation which might prove that our weary waiting and anxiety had been felt by them; but in this we were disappointed. Instead of a friendly smile, we were met with an ugly grimace; and, so far from excusing themselves for their prolonged absence, if they had even realized the fact, it was only to complain of the extra work that it had given them. Besides this, finding that the rations which were immediately given to them were not to their taste, they seized the opportunity when we had turned our backs, to relieve the sacks of provisions of a part of their contents.

Having appeased their hunger they drew aside, inviting our rowers to follow, and beckoning the savages to accompany them. A conversation which ensued among them was followed by an animated discussion, the purpose of which we shrewdly guessed

without quite comprehending it. From these stormy harangues, as from clouds charged with thunder, there came from time to time a flash of words which reached us like lightning, and revealed the situation as in clear daylight. At what given moment, and in what manner this revolt would ripen to action, was what none of us could foresee.

In the midst of this effervescence of spirits — a barrel of powder which only wanted a spark to explode it—the chiefs of the united commissions, who since our departure from Chahuaris had with difficulty restrained their ill-temper, saw in the hostile attitude of our people an opportunity to gratify it. The Count de la Blanche-Epine was the first to unmask his battery, and commenced fire by causing the remains of our provisions to be put in a secure place, alleging as a reason for doing so, "that a Peruvian balsero ate like four men and did less work than one; and that it was necessary in the general interest to accustom his stomach to the régime of a single ration." To this volley of his adversary the commandant of the frigate sharply replied, that "when people transformed his countrymen into cormorants, and employed them from morning to night in fishing up things from the bottom of a river, they ought at least to feed them sufficiently; and that if it had not been for the great lumbering trunks and almost empty boxes which the French commission dragged about with it for the sake of looking big, the journey would not have been hindered at every step by these accidents." This sharp exchange of incendiary phrases between the rival chiefs was kept up until night had stretched over us her sombre wings. As on the previous evening fires were kindled on the shore, and now, as then, we made our beds among the stones, calling on sleep to calm the nervous trepidation with which we were all agitated.

Our people fraternally mixed with the Antis, passed a part of the night in warming up, and cooking under our very eyes, and in our own pots, the provisions which they had stolen from us the evening before. Just at daybreak five balseros took the key of the fields, and carried off with them the sabres, muskets, and haversacks belonging to the soldiers of the escort. Left without means of defence, but preserving the use of their eyes and their two arms, these soldiers could still serve us by acting as rowers in place of those we had lost. We proposed therefore to arm them with poles, and mount them upon the rafts, a proposition which they accepted, but the execution of which they postponed. Wounded in their pride, and considering it a dishonour to have been despoiled of their arms by *churupacos (pékins*, paltry civilians), they only asked for the time necessary to take their revenge, swearing that before an hour was over they would bring the vagabonds back dead or alive. Before we could open our mouths to reply, they had disappeared in the wood. As neither the thieves nor the thief-catchers, neither the civil nor the military, ever appeared again, we concluded that this double evasion was the result of a plan concocted in the night; and, while lamenting the result, we tried our best to forget the annoyance.

It is probable enough that we should have succeeded in dismissing the subject from our thoughts, if the savages—hitherto indifferent spectators of these disputes—had not in their turn shown a like intention to go in search of some one or some thing. Such at least was the idea that occurred to us on seeing them gather together their bows and arrows, and pass over their arms the cotton bag or wallet in which they carried

their comb, their rouge-pot, their looking-glass, and their snuff-box. As they moved off towards the canoes, the chiefs of the united commission rushed forward and begged them to consider that they had been paid in advance with hatchets and knives to escort us as far as the country of the Chontaquiros, and that to abandon us on the road, as they seemed to intend doing, would be to abuse our confidence and break a treaty that had been made mutually binding. In the anxiety they felt the Count de la Blanche-Epine and the commandant of the frigate had spoken in French and Spanish respectively. The Antis, little acquainted with these languages, failed to understand one word of the speech addressed to them, and only laughed in the face of the speakers. This caused a fearful confusion of tongues, each expressing himself in his own language, Antis, Quichua, Castillian, and French, mingling with such a fearful crash their vowels and consonants that one might have supposed we were under the walls of Babel on the day the builders were dispersed. By degrees the tumult subsided, and calm was re-established. A cholo of the mission acquainted with the idiom of the Antis was designated by our chaplain, Father Bobo, to serve as dragoman, and, thanks to his conversation with the savages, an unexpected light was thrown upon our situation. Without knowing it we had been walking over a mine ready charged, which at any moment might explode under our feet.

The successive disasters which had happened to our rafts were not the effect of accident, as we believed, but the result of a conspiracy. It was the intention of the balseros to appropriate the objects which composed their lading, and of which they had offered one-half to the Antis if the latter had consented to aid them in their work of rapine.

In fine—and here we come to the dramatic feature of the situation—these same balseros, in order to convince the savages that the pillage of our goods was only an act of justice, had told them that we were *punarunacunas* (men of the plateaux), faithless and lawless, having no settled home, no king and no God, and that we would only lead them to their destruction. The food we had given to them at Mapitunuhuari, and especially the doubtful ham, were poisoned. If the Antis had eaten this rat's-bane and escaped with their lives it was because they had stomachs lined with copper; but on the next occasion we should be sure to double the dose, and not one of them would escape!

It is easy to understand the effect of such insinuations on these stupid savages. It was with the greatest difficulty in the world we could persuade them we had no wish to shorten their days. Father Bobo had to intervene in person and call to his aid the oratorical resources of the pulpit. He even produced his pocket-crucifix, and offered to swear upon the holy image that our intentions had always been honest and our hearts full of benevolence towards our allies.

Almost convinced by the discourse of our chaplain that we had never had the least intention to injure them, the savages seemed disposed to remain with us. Some trifling articles which we at once distributed among them, a little friendly banter, or a well-timed smile, restored some degree of serenity to their troubled souls. We took advantage of this change in their humour to prepare for departure, got ready our canoes, and presently invited our allies to resume their places. Scarcely giving them time to take

their seats we pushed out into the stream, and five minutes afterwards the shore of Umiripanco, which had witnessed the polyglot debates that had so well nigh been fatal to us, disappeared in the distance.

If the compass and the chronometer, which had been constantly under my eyes since our departure, had not indicated at this moment the direction of the river, it would have been sufficient to look at the shores to know that we were heading more and more to the east. The cerros and the rocks, it is true, kept us faithful company, but the aridity of their surface was hidden by the vegetation which seemed to have awakened from its long sleep. Here and there the view opened to deep gorges, the vegetation in which had the undulating appearance of the waves of the sea, and consisted of masses of foliage, or clumps of shrubs, which by their cordiform leaves, and their pyramidal adornment of white, pink, or carnation-coloured flowers, I recognized for cinchonas. It was natural to look in this region for the most remarkable of its feathered inhabitants, the Peruvian "cock-of-the-rock," a bird which travellers tell us they have seen assembled in dozens on the summit of an eminence or rising ground, where they execute such wild dances and fantastic galops as recall to one's mind the *ronde du sabbat* of Louis Boulanger.

Before going further, let me state that Cuvier has constituted these birds a species of the family of *manakins* of the order *Passeres*. Before him Linnæus had ranged them with his *Piprinæ*, from which Brisson separated them under the generic name of *Rupicola*. This premised, we proposed to substitute for the epithet of Rupicola given by Brisson, and adopted by Wieill and their successors, the name of *Tunki*, which is that of the bird in Peru. This patronymic, if the learned would be so condescending as to add to it the qualificative *Peruvianus*, would have the advantages of apprising the reader of what has hitherto been unknown to him—the true name of our bird, and that of the country which it inhabits.

The Tunki of Peru was known to the ancient Mexicans, who called it *iquequemilt*, from the cry of the animal, expressed by the syllable *ké* three or four times repeated in a harsh and drawn-out tone. After the conquest of Mexico, and the introduction by the Spaniards of European poultry, the Aztecs, and the neighbouring nations, who followed their example, gave to the domestic cock—the *œlector* of the Greeks, the *gallus* of the Latins—the name of *chiacchialacca* (chiac-chia-lacca), which, in the language of these peoples, is the onomatopœia of the animal's cry, like *co-que-ri-co* in French, and *cock-a-doodle-do* in English. This name they subsequently applied to the iquequemilt, on account of the instincts common to this bird and to our domestic poultry, such as dusting themselves and searching in the ground for food.

The Peruvian "cock-of-the-rock," to preserve his common appellation, differs from the individual of Guiana, the *Rupicola aurantia* of Wieill, in size, in the colour of his plumage, and especially in his habits. Like it, his head is surmounted with a longitudinal crest formed of a double curvature of feathers, but higher in situation and more thickly set than those of his congener. The eye of the bird, of a pale mauve colour, is dull and toneless, like that of the European jay; the colour of his plumage is a brilliant vermilion orange. The pinions and the tail feathers are a beautiful black,

the rump a bluish ash colour, the beak and the feet yellow, the claws black; the size equal to that of a wood-pigeon, but comparatively thick-set or squat. The female is smaller than the male, and her general colour is a rich chestnut, washed with carmine. Instead of living a solitary life in caverns like its near relation the cock-of-the-rock of Guiana, to whom naturalists have given the habits of an owl, the Tunki of Peru

TUNKI PERUVIANUS (PERUVIAN COCK-OF-THE-ROCK).

inhabits, in families of five or six individuals, the shady copses, and delights in the half-light of the woodland glades. The female clumsily constructs her nest with small sticks, grasses, and a few flocks of vegetable silk taken from the Bombax (*B. Ceiba*), in the cavity of one of those mossy rocks which are common on the banks of the river courses on the eastern side of the Andes. She lays two spherical eggs a little larger than those of the pigeon, and which she alone covers. When first hatched the

young birds are covered with a reddish brown down, and the first feathers which succeed it are of the same colour as those of the mother.

On leaving Umiripanco we had coasted along an islet of reeds by the margin of a bank of sand, avoiding some masses of rock, and by the time we found ourselves off Chapo, having made scarcely two leagues, we had already crossed seven rapids. It was evident, therefore, that the journey promised to be a tedious one.

Chapo, situated on the right shore of the Quillabamba Santa Ana, is a rallying point and halting place adopted by the Antis, who have built there two temporary ajoupas, under which they take shelter from the rain, and pass the night in case of need, when their humour or their hunting and fishing parties cause them to travel up or down the course of the great river. A tributary stream, some sixteen or eighteen yards broad, issues from the lower flanks of the Sierra de Huilcanota, between the valleys of Lares and Occobamba, and falls into the Quillabamba Santa Ana at this place, after a course of about fifty miles. It is recommended to notice by a charming group of palm-trees at its embouchure.

As we had no business at Chapo, we contented ourselves with this passing observation, and at a short distance beyond passed on our left the site of Chacamisa, perfectly desert, but remarkable for its great number of young palm-trees growing along the shore. About eleven o'clock, after being hustled along by the remorseless current, which allowed of no truce to our labours, we arrived, comfortably sprinkled by the waves of a dozen rapids that we had passed, at the shore of Coribeni, where by common consent we stayed to lunch.

This lunch, consisting of rice and meat, would have been very similar to the supper of the evening before, if since then the rice, being in a state of fermentation, had not had time to turn sour, and the smell of the meat to change into the odour of putridity. For a moment we hoped that the quantity of these provisions would compensate for their quality, but that hope was soon extinguished, a modest ration was delivered to each of us, and with a heavy sigh we slowly ate a little of it. Our people, more stoical than ourselves, refused to partake of it. On receiving their ration they abused us for its insufficiency, pointing at it with a sneer, and after smelling it with an air of disgust, throwing it away over their shoulder. Then, after a whispered conversation, they quitted the camp, signing to the Antis to follow them. We saw them disappear in the direction of a small affluent of the Quillabamba Santa Ana, which crossed the shore some two or three hundred yards from the place where we had halted. On the shores of this little river were built, as we afterwards learned, the huts of the Antis Indians.

Two hours passed away and our people had not yet reappeared. Judging that the day would be lost for the journey, we made our arrangements to pass the night, if arrangements they could be called, which consisted simply in picking out the driest and least stony places on the shore. The chiefs of the two commissions, careful about their comfort, employed themselves in the same way, and while looking about darted terrible looks at each other—*procellosi oculi*—which revealed clearly enough the nature of their thoughts. Each seemed to attribute to the other the

disagreeable incidents for which we were suffering in common. "With any other men but your miserable cholos," said the countenance of the one, "*my* journey would not have been retarded a moment." "Without your insatiate self-conceit and your ridiculous collection of empty boxes," said the face of the other, "*our* journey would have been continued without encumbrance." This pantomime, which drew my attention without diverting me, was continued the whole afternoon. In the evening, tired of dumb show, the two chiefs began to apostrophize each other; piquant observations and sharp words were exchanged like pistol-shots. At one moment I feared they would call to their aid more decisive arguments, but I was reassured on remarking that the

SITE AND RIVER OF CHAPO.

more savagely they spoke the more careful they were to turn their backs on each other at the right moment; from which I inferred that this Parthian manner of waging a war of epigrams was not very likely to result in blows or the effusion of blood. At nightfall our quarrelsome heroes went to camp at the opposite extremities of the shore. Notwithstanding their friendly advances, I remained neutral, and established myself on the confines of the two camps, like Punchinello between the devil and the priest.

Our people did not return till nightfall. Some bowls of *mazato* or chicha made of manioc, which they had emptied in company with their good friends the savages, had rather disturbed their brains and aggravated their natural insolence. The reflections which they made, in a tone of voice which we could not fail to hear, clearly showed their future intentions towards us. They spoke of nothing less than leaving us to continue the journey alone, alleging as a pretext for their desertion, "that it was ridiculous in them to risk their skins to please these *foreign nobodies*,[1] come they knew

[1] *Estrangerotes.* To the reader who might be inclined to think we have a sufficiently fertile imagination to invent details of this kind, we would simply reply that they have been taken day after day, and hour after hour, out of our notebook spread open before us while we write.

not whence:"—none of them seemed to recollect that they had not only been paid double the ordinary charge for their labour, but that they had received the price in advance. The conversation of these men being held in Spanish was unintelligible to the savages; but with the eyes of the latter incessantly turned upon us, eyes that looked foolish and curious rather than wicked, it was easy to guess that they knew the purport of the discussion, and that, following the example of the cholos, they would not hesitate to abandon us, while taking good care to keep our knives and axes as a souvenir of our acquaintanceship.

In the evening the symptoms of mutiny became so alarming that the chiefs of the united commission, recalled to their better selves by the imminence of the common danger, met in council, and invited us personally to take part in it. The sitting hardly lasted ten minutes—judges and assessors find themselves all of one mind. The result of the deliberation was that each of us in turn was to do duty for two hours, in order to prevent the mutineers from possessing themselves of the canoes. For their greater safety I myself went and fastened them with ropes, to which I added a padlock. Two or three cholos belonging to the most influential part of the band by their social position at Cocabambillas, and who had remained faithful to us, lighted a great fire by our order on the shore. At eight o'clock each of us draped himself like a Roman in his cloak, and tried to sleep while awaiting his turn to mount guard. The captain of the frigate, who had suggested the arrangement, was willing to set the example by taking the first turn of duty. Armed with a soldier's musket, which for greater convenience he carried on his shoulder with the butt end in the air, I saw him pacing the shore, where his figure stood out like a black shadow against the starry heavens. His tall and bony figure, added to the bellicose air and regular step which he adopted for the occasion, gave him an aspect so supernatural that I regretted I had not the eyes of an owl to enable me to make a sketch of his person.

At four o'clock precisely a friendly hand disembarrassed me of my Roman drapery and shook me roughly. My turn of duty had come. I rose, stumbled to my feet, and went straight to the river to make my ablutions. When thoroughly refreshed I made the tour of the encampment, not as a measure of security, as might be supposed, but from love for the picturesque, to observe the attitudes, more or less classic, in which our friends were reposing. The members and servants of the French commission, gathered round their chief, slept like the blessed, some upon their backs with their mouths open, others bent like a Z, with their knees against their chin. The chief of the Peruvian expedition, following the example of his neighbour, was buried in a happy sleep, which the snoring of our chaplain assisted rather than interrupted. A few steps from these, near an expiring fire, the Antis, huddled up in their sacs, and showing neither arms nor legs, looked like turtles protected by their shells. Our rebels were not in the company. They were probably brewing their mazato in some quiet corner.

That landscape, half-drowned in the vapours of the dawn, bounded on one side by the gray surface of the river, on the other by the sombre line of the forest; that sky, whose stars paled like dying eyes as the night approached its end; the whole ensemble of mixed tints, of undecided lines and unfinished contours, constituted the sketch of a

picture, rather than a picture itself, and left the eyes and the spirit to float in a dreamlike space. The bodies of our friends stretched pell-mell, dead in appearance, but living in reality, added to the character of the scene a curious and almost supernatural effect. For a moment I had the felicity of being the only moving figure to animate the landscape, of going and coming in perfect liberty, of musing at my pleasure, of dreaming as I listed, without a discordant sound to trouble my meditation or disturb the creations of my phantasy. The increasing whiteness of the eastern horizon made me sensible that this pleasure could not last. At that instant I regretted with all my heart that I was not living in the time of the fairies, and that I had not had for a godmother some Urganda or other. I should certainly have entreated her to adjourn for a week, by virtue of her magic wand, the rising of the sun, and especially the awaking of my companions.

When the day had fairly broke, the savages stretched their heads out of their sacs, passed their arms through the two lateral openings, and stretching their legs, were on their feet at a bound, dressed, and ready to start. The united commissions took a little more to awake up and repair the disorder of their toilet. At the moment of transporting our baggage into the canoes, we discovered, with surprise and a little fear, that the guns and haversacks of our escort had disappeared and with them a considerable part of our provisions. As none of the rebels presented themselves on the shore, we naturally attributed to them this double larceny, and concluded, that after having committed it, they had fled. Each naturally asked himself, At what hour and in what manner had this audacious theft been committed? Considering the surveillance exercised during the whole night, there was only one logical answer to this question, that one of us, inexperienced in the duties of the watch, had slept on his post, and that the rebels had profited by the opportunity to escape with their plunder. Our sentinels, however, and myself last of all, being questioned in this respect, swore by all we held sacred, that during the time of our watch, our eyes had remained as wide open as louvre-windows. The chiefs of the two commissions, from the very fact that they were not certain of having resisted sleep, spoke of nothing less than a court of inquiry and the application of martial law to the delinquent. Our chaplain, Father Bobo, who took the proposal seriously, begged them to do nothing of the kind, alleging piously that if the cholos had fled after stealing our guns and provisions, it was because God, who directs at his pleasure the actions of men, had willed it so and not otherwise.

Notwithstanding this Christian-like philosophy, or perhaps by reason of it, feeling that the five cholos who remained faithful to us might take it into their heads to join our companions, and that there was no stronger reason to prevent the Antis flying also, we resolved on a *coup d'état.* We at once made a distribution of knives, fish-hooks, and looking-glasses amongst the savages, who showed themselves, if not grateful, at least delighted with these acquisitions. We then made the cholos draw up in line upon the shore, and after a touching address, intended as a prologue to the drama that was to follow, we asked them if they were willing to accompany us as far as Sarayacu, the central mission of the plain of Sacramento, offering them, in that case, double their salary, and recommending them afterwards to the generosity of the government. Upon

the cholos replying that they would follow us to the end of the world, supposing it had an end, the chief of the Peruvian expedition signed to his lieutenant to approach, and using his back as a desk, wrote out the form of an oath, of which, by special request, I made a fair copy. It was then read to our people, who signified their approval by a nod. Being requested to affix their signature at the bottom of this protestation, they frankly confessed they were unable to write, and contented themselves by tracing thereon, with an uncertain hand, the sign of salvation. The two chiefs having legalized this important act by adding their names in full and their designation surrounded with a handsome flourish, we were invited by them to take the pen and to affix our signature also, which we did, but not without adorning the document with a dozen blots.

As there may possibly be among my readers an ethnologist, a philologist, or some one simply curious about the character of a document written by the captain of a frigate on the back of his lieutenant, in the middle of a desert, and in circumstances so critical, I subjoin an exact copy of it. It is hardly necessary to say, that I decline to take any responsibility for faults of grammatical construction or feebleness of style with which this historic document may be chargeable.

"Yo Antonio Salazar,[1] *vecino de la mision de Cocabambillas en el valle de Santa-Aña, digo que me comprometo á conducir á los señores . . . hasta Sarayacu, empleando con este objeto para que tengan un feliz viage, la posesion que he adquirido de varios idiomas de os Chunchos y cuantos esfuerzos personales sean precisos en union de José Gabriel Anaya quien asi mismo se ha comprometido para ayudarme, debo recibir de los señores . . . cuatrocientos pesos en el mencionado lugar de Sarayacu y a mas quedo obligado el comandante de la espedicion peruana de recomendarme al supremo gobierno paraque recompensa mis servicios y a su cumplimiento he prestado el juramento de la religion sobre los Santos Evangelios en las sagradas manos del Reverendo . . ., firmando dos de un tenor en la playa de Coribeni."*

It remained to give effect to this asseveration according to the formula indicated in the act. Father Bobo took out of the green chest his alb, still wet with the last waves of the rapids, and having put it on, put the stole round his neck, and suspended from his arm the maniple, he took his breviary—not having a copy of the Holy Gospels—and holding it open, the cholos approached, one after another, and placed their hand on it, repeating after the chaplain an oath, which bound them so securely on the earth and in the heavens that they could not perjure themselves without drawing down on their heads the execration of men and the curse of God.

This ceremony finished, the reverend father took off his sacerdotal ornaments and put them back into the box, which he instantly shut, to the great disgust of the savages, who had approached, and supposing, from the old embroidery of gold on the stole and maniple, that the chest contained a brilliant collection of objects in hardware and toys, were pointing to it in a state of intense delight.

To this religious ceremony succeeded a scene of a less elevated character perhaps, but one, on the other hand, that was more touching, and which the greater number of us were far from expecting. Since the morning, or rather the evening before, it had been agreed between the Count de la Blanche-Epine and his companions that one of

[1] This form of asseveration was written in the name of Antonio Salazar, the most civilized of the cholos who remained faithful to us. At his request we joined to his name that of José Gabriel Anaya, his neighbour at Cocabambillas, and his intimate friend.

them should return into the valley of Santa Aña, carrying with him the instruments of observation and the baggage belonging to the French commission, the transport of which had become impossible in consequence of the desertion of the balseros and some of the rowers. The geographer, my companion in the canoe, had been charged with the execution of this measure, and his downcast look bore witness that he had adopted it under the compulsion of circumstances. His itinerary was traced out for him in advance; he was to re-ascend the valley of Santa Aña, return to Cuzco, and then take the route overland by way of Andahuaylas and Pisco to Lima; arrived there, he was to

A SOLEMN OATH.

go by sea to Truxillo or Lambayec, then pass on to Jaën de Bracamoras, embark on the Marañon and descend that river to its junction with the Ucayali, where the French commission would await his arrival. It was a journey of at least 1800 miles.

These details were given me in a low voice by the poor young man while we took a short turn on the shore together. The ostracism with which he was visited affected him so deeply, that while speaking with me it was with difficulty he could restrain his tears. I felt it right to reply to his confidence, that the measure adopted by the chief of the expedition seemed to me a very strange one; that there were still five cholos and a dozen of Antis to manœuvre our craft, and that this number of men was sufficient to reach Sarayacu. As to the instruments and the baggage of the commission, their intrinsic or imaginary value was so small that I could not understand the necessity of obliging a man to part from his companions, and to undertake alone a journey of 1800 miles, for the sake of preserving such objects.

The instruments whose fate was the cause of so much solicitude were represented by an octant, a barometer, and some copper-plates of scientific subjects already marbled with verdegris and rendered unserviceable by their frequent contact with the stones and the damage occasioned by water. As to the baggage, it consisted of two or

three boxes of insects, which had been continually wetted since our departure from Chahuaris, and were half-rotten; of a quire of blotting-paper, transformed into a herbal, and inclosing between its leaves seven or eight plants collected on the eastern flank of the Cordillera, at the entrance of the valley of Santa Aña; and finally, of a little bundle of notes in pencil, and a leathern trunk, some two feet square, belonging to the geographer, and containing some shirts and stockings, a few collars, and a blue coat with metal buttons.

Having run through the inventory of this collection of heterogeneous objects, which a dealer might have valued at a couple of guineas, I suggested to my companion that the difficulty of carrying such frippery, alleged by the chief of the expedition, seemed to me nothing but a pretext to conceal his real motive. The young man having begged me to explain further, I told him frankly that his honourable patron, judging of the future by the present, and thoroughly persuaded that we should all perish on the journey, either by the knives of the cholos or the arrows of the savages, had imagined that by detaching one of his party from the rest and sending him by another road there was some chance of his arriving in France to announce to the Institute that of that expedition, once so brilliant and glorious, there remained only a single man, lame, perhaps, but bringing, like the Greek from Marathon, a palm in sign of victory. My poor companion, without asking for any further explanation, went with a full heart to prepare for his departure.

For his part, the chief of the Peruvian expedition had no sooner apprehended the decision to which his rival had come, than, moved by that instinct of imitation common to the majority of bipeds, he thought it his duty to do something similar. Perhaps the idea of giving to his journey a little dramatic interest also inspired the thought. Without loss of time he called the young Cabo, whom the desertion of his men had rendered sad, and solemnly announced to him that the hour for their separation had come. As he had neither a box of Coleopteræ nor a book of blotting-paper, he gave him a copy of the oath taken upon the shore, with an order to convey it to the prefect of Cuzco, in order that that functionary might transmit it to his excellency the president. "Tell him faithfully all that has passed," said he, "and add that we are here by the will of the government, and that we will pursue the adventure until compelled to abandon it by the arrows of the infidels!"

The moment had come to abandon our companions to their fate. A canoe, managed by two cholos, was assigned to them, and was to take them as far as Chahuaris. I presented the geographer with a bottle of cacao-brandy, the only one in the possession of the expedition, and which I had managed, not without difficulty, to subtract from the perquisites of our people. To this little *cadeau* I added a handful of cigars; then, as I shook him by the hand and exhorted him to patience, assuring him that before two months were over we should meet again, he threw himself into my arms and between two sobs uttered these words, the sense of which I have never understood to this hour:

[1] We should have said *two;* one of the number of that expedition having separated from it at Santa Cruz in the Sierra, to continue his journey alone through the provinces of Bolivia.

"We have not sufficiently known each other: *everything has tended to separate us;* I believe, however, that we should have ended by loving one another."

Ten minutes afterwards we were *en route.* About three in the afternoon we arrived at Sirialo. In the course of the twenty-four miles which separates this latter point from Coribeni we had passed eleven rapids, and my canoe had been twice filled to the point of sinking. Nor had my companions been better treated than myself by the frightful river; our trunks and packing-cases, knocked about by the waves and thrown against the rocks, were either forced open or broken, and their contents partly lost and partly

THE SEPARATION ON THE SHORE OF CORIBENI.

damaged. A glance at my book of rhumbs gave me the explanation of this disaster. The direction of the river after passing Coribeni had continued between west-south-west and west-north-west, so that it was evident we were sailing right on the Cordillera. We might then have been about sixty-three miles from Chahuaris.

After the first moment of stupor we endeavoured to draw all the comfort possible from the situation in which we were placed. Some collected sticks and made a fire upon the shore. Others got together a quantity of reeds, which we fixed in the ground and joined together by their long leaves, so as to form a shelter against the dew. When these huts were built, an operation which occupied half an hour, we seated ourselves round the fire both to dry our clothes and to warm ourselves. A sorry distribution of rations was made all round, and each having had his mouthful went to stretch himself under the canopy of foliage which served as the top of a bed in the absence of the bed itself.

An hour before daybreak, and while we were still in a profound sleep, the clouds which had gathered during the night suddenly burst in a storm upon our roofs of leaves, and made them bow down like the heads of ripe corn. Taught by experience in my previous journeys through the valleys in the rainy season, I instantly doubled

myself up in such a fashion as to expose the nape of my neck and my back to the pelting of the storm, and thus awaited the end of the shower. My companions were awoke by the rain, and in their dismay ran out on the shore crying like hawks, so that in a few minutes they were drenched with rain whilst I remained very nearly dry to the end. The storm lasted half the morning, when a brilliant sun scattered the clouds and seemed to smile ironically on our misery.

Notwithstanding the hunger that we all felt after this prolonged bath, none spoke of dining. In the first place, the idea would have been absurd, seeing that our provisions, diluted by the rain, were transformed into streams, and streams, as we know, are tributaries to rivers. But besides this, something more serious than the claims of the stomach demanded our immediate attention. The cascades of Sirialo, which we could not yet see, but the roar of which was audible, were at hand like voracious dragons to swallow us on our passage, and the fear excited by their near neighbourhood was great enough to make the pangs of hunger of very secondary importance.

Without losing more time in shaking ourselves than spaniels who had just left the water, we were seated in our canoes, which a rapid current bore quickly to the scene of danger. At this place the river had a formidable aspect: a double belt of rocks with a space between them stretched across the bed of the river, and caused two cascades from seven to eight feet in height, above and below which were rapids white with foam. Like timid birds our vessels approached the shore; we sprang out and made the transit on foot, while the canoes and rafts, guided by lianas held by our rowers, who were naked and plunged into the water up to their waists, accomplished the perilous passage. These incidents, which we have related in four lines, cost our people two hours of labour, compelled as they were to discharge cargo and reload the vessels in order to prevent them sinking, and this it was needful to do more than once, in order to avoid the fatigue of carrying the lading from place to place along the shore.

Between one and two miles from Sirialo we had to shoot the two rapids of Saruantariqui and of Imiriqui, fraternally united the one to the other, notwithstanding that the limits of each were apparently marked by great black rocks like the Celtic *men-hir*. Those of our companions who succeeded in passing the first rapid without accident had to pay toll at the second—or, to speak plainly, were soaked like sponges in passing it.

A little damped outside by contact with the waves, a little cooled within by the want of nourishment, we arrived in sight of a pleasant rustic spot, where the work of man had effaced the work of nature, and produced cotton, and sugar, and pine-apples in place of the tangled underwood of the wilderness. Our pilots, without an order from us, drew to the bank at this spot. The place, called Polohuatini, was one of those clearings made by the Indians round their dwellings, where they cultivate a little cotton for the manufacture of their garments and wallets, a little rocou and genipahua for supplying them with colours, and some patches of sugar-cane, yuccas, arachis (a species of earth-pea or underground nut), and pine-apples for food. The plantation, provided with a dwelling, belonged to an Antis Indian

who was absent during the quarter of an hour that we stayed, and whose name I regret not having inquired. Out of respect for the property of another, not unmingled with a little fear perhaps of an arrow winged from an invisible bow, my companions and myself walked through the alleys of this plantation admiring its fruits, ripe or green, but without daring to lift our hand to them. The Antis convinced us that our fears and our scruples were groundless, by audaciously cutting down the sugar-canes, and helping themselves to some of the pine-apples. Encouraged by their example, and certain of impunity, we plied our knives so well that after a quarter

AN INDIAN CLEARING AND HUT AT POLOHUATINI.

of an hour of this exercise it might have been thought a cloud of locusts had visited this plantation. Throwing some armfuls of sugar-canes into the canoes we immediately pushed into the stream. If any one looking from a point of advantage could have seen us, great and small, red-skins and white-skins, savage and civilized, rowing with the current, each sucking the end of a cane, we might have been taken for Arcadian shepherds floating down the stream to the sound of their flutes.

This razzia of the Antis upon the property of one of their brothers, apart from its picturesque aspect, philosophically substantiates the system once so enthusiastically promulgated by M. Proudhon. Without knowing it, that distinguished philanthropist agreed marvellously well with our unsophisticated savages. In their eyes also, *la propriété c'est le vol.*

At five o'clock, after taking counsel with our pilots, we went ashore at Sangobatea to pass the night. This place, though quite a desert, should, according to the Antis, offer us some resources in the shape of food, which the poverty of our larder and the craving of our stomachs had rendered doubly precious. In fact we had hardly selected a convenient place for camping, when seven or eight savages, clothed in loose sacs, with dishevelled hair, and their faces suitably daubed with red and black, started out

the sculptor Bosio, clung timid and smiling to the arm of one of her companions. Her only clothing consisted of two pods of vanilla strung on a bit of bark and hung round her neck.

Without losing time in the preparation of a meal, we prepared to depart. At the

HUITOCH (GENIPA AMERICANA).

moment when we were about to push into the stream, four Antis of Sangobatea showed their willingness to join our rowers, and assist us in the descent of some dangerous rapids that we should have to encounter. Such a reinforcement could not be otherwise than agreeable to us; we therefore accepted the offer, and by way of acknowledgment presented our friends with some knives and fish-hooks, which at once won their hearts. Two of them took a place in our canoes, and the third squatted on one of the rafts. As for the fourth, he went to fetch from a little creek where it was concealed a small canoe of his own, in which he seated himself, accompanied by one of the ladies of the band

and the little girl in the vanilla costume. We soon discovered that the first, about eighteen years of age, and the second, whom we had taken for a child, were both the wives of this lucky fellow.

At our first halting-place I tried to learn something about this Indian, whose youth and mobility of countenance, but above all his daring and presence of mind in the dangerous passages we traversed, much interested me. The pilot of my canoe, an Antis of Coribeni who spoke a little Quichua, had known him previously, and was able to give me the information I desired. His name was Simuco, and he lived with his brother in the little quebrada of Chiruntia, which we had passed by the day before. During a ramble along the river-side in company with his brother, Simuco had been hospitably received by an Antis of the quebrada of Conversiato, whose family, including the old people, consisted of ten persons; among the number of

SIMUCO, AN ANTIS INDIAN OF CHIRUNTIA.

the children was our Salmacis, the little girl with the vanilla necklace. Charmed with her natural grace, Simuco proposed to the father to give him in exchange for her an old hatchet which had been presented to him by the missionaries of Cocabambillas.[1] The father of the girl accepted the offer, but when he had received the hatchet, considering it a very poor one, he declined to complete the bargain, and kept both hatchet and child. A similar case in Europe would have been referred to the mediation of an arbitrator or to the legal tribunals, but it is not in this way that differences of opinion are settled at Conversiato. Simuco and his brother, without even taking the trouble to remonstrate with their host on his breach of faith, took a brand from the hearth and set fire to the cabin. One-half of the family being

[1] These Indians are always more willing to part with a child than with an article which they might have some difficulty in procuring, and they do not scruple to express themselves accordingly in the most direct language at their command. During the journey a Conibo Indian of Paruitcha, of whom the author proposed to buy his musquito curtain, to avoid the trouble of making one, replied through the cholo who had been commissioned to negotiate this business, that he would willingly sell him one of his children, because he could supply its place when he pleased, whilst, on the other hand, before he could procure sufficient cotton for a musquito curtain, and his wife could find time to spin and weave it, he might be devoured *any number of times (panta china)* by the musquitoes.

burned, they shot the others with arrows, seized their hatchet, and triumphantly carried off the girl, whom Simuco made his wife in addition to the one he had already.

This splendid feat of arms, worthy of the age when the Romans carried off the Sabines, raised Simuco to the rank of an epic hero. With a view of gratifying my readers with a portrait of this illustrious youth, I begged him to stand for me a few minutes, and he complied with the best grace in the world. I showed my appreciation of his good nature by making him a present of four little bells, which he immediately divided between his odalisques, who after ringing them for some time by way of amusement, attached them to one of their seed-necklaces.

Continuing our course we passed on our right the little rivers of Santuatu and Casungatiari, which we should hardly have noticed if the rapids at their embouchure, which bore the same name as themselves, had not given them some degree of relative importance. In the first of these rapids one of our canoes was filled by the waves; in the second, some boxes carelessly loaded on the rafts slipped off and disappeared in the river.

The cascade of Camunsianari, which we descended a little more rapidly than we could have desired, procured us the advantage of adding a complete bath to the partial douches of the day. At Cominpini, an unknown point of the desert, but remarkable for a succession of frightful rapids whose waves mingled together, rolled over each other, and whirled about as if they had been made to boil by a blazing furnace beneath, the Antis Simuco, who had attached his canoe to a raft manned by his brother, and was standing up holding by its side to assist if necessary, executed before our eyes a *véritable tour de force.* At the moment when the raft, towing the canoe with the two women seated in it, passed between the rocks, the sharp eye of the savage discovered in the midst of the tumultuous waves a *sabalo* or shad (*Salmo andensis*), which was mounting the current. Stooping down he seized his bow, placed an arrow in it, aimed at the fish, and pierced it through and through, and all this with such rapidity that had it been night the whole action would have been visible in the gleam of a single flash of lightning. If the danger that surrounded us had not counselled prudence, I could have sprung to my feet, clapped my hands, and cried "Encore," so superb was the Indian in artistic *verve* and activity of movement, with his hair streaming in the wind, his sac inflated by the rapidity of the course down the rapid, and flapping in the air behind him. Some minutes afterwards we reached a gentler slope, the canoes and rafts slackened their speed, and the sabalo which we had seen from a distance floating like a buoy, with the arrow struck through its body, came near enough for Simuco to secure, who gave it to his wives to make a *bouillabaisse.*

Hardly had we escaped the rapids of Cominpini than our little craft rushed down those of Quitini, where again we were well splashed by the waves. Though it was hardly four o'clock in the afternoon the day had been such an arduous one—five cascades and sixteen rapids that we had descended had so fatigued our men—that a halt was resolved upon. We went ashore at Quitini as thoroughly drenched as our baggage. The shore, here strewn with blocks of sandstone of every possible

configuration, from that of the cube to the polyhedron, offered few conveniences for an encampment, yet none of us thought of making this the subject of remark. During the seven days that we had been travelling we had had nothing but stones for a mattress, and we were beginning to feel accustomed to their hardness. As in all other things, the first step is the greatest difficulty. Some of us who at the beginning of the journey would have cried out like Sybarites that they were hurt by so much as a crumpled rose-leaf in the bed-clothes, slept quite comfortably now with six stones for a mattress and the hard rock for a pillow.

THE SHORE AT QUITINI, ANTIS COUNTRY.

Hardly had we disembarked upon the shore of Quitini, than we were visited by a number of Antis armed with bows and arrows, and followed by speckled dogs. These natives dwelt further in the interior, on the shore of the little river of Quitini, which debouched in the larger stream about a hundred paces from where we stood. They had come here to inquire about the welfare of an Antis couple, their friends, the woman having been recently confined. The hut in which they lived was concealed behind the trees which bounded the shore, but we remembered having seen its thatched roof. Our visitors, so they told us, had business-relations with the inhabitants of the valleys of Huarancalqui and Yanama, which were near neighbours of that of Santa Aña. A short distance in a straight line separated the village of Echarati from the sources of the river of Quitini, which emptied itself by three branches into the Quillabamba Santa Aña. Thus it would only have been necessary to make a road, eighteen miles long, over the Urusayhua mountain, for the inhabitants of Echarati to have placed themselves in direct communication with the Antis of Quitini, whilst the road by which we had come was a navigation of about 126 miles, including fourteen cascades and sixty-eight rapids, so that it was two to one if a traveller between the two places ever arrived at the end of the journey.

However instructive and varied might be the conversation of the new-comers, the cravings of our stomachs prevented us from giving more than a very divided attention to them. On gathering together the remains of the previous evening's repast, we were dismayed to find that it would be insufficient to satisfy the mouths already gaping around us. Happily these very Antis, on whom hunger had made us turn our backs, thinking they had nothing to offer us in the shape of food but their geographical dissertations, kept in reserve under a shrub, the ordinary larder of a savage on the tramp, some small bunches[1] of bananas and a quarter of smoked peccary, which they willingly let us have in exchange for a pocket looking-glass. When they had seen us seated in a circle, each commission apart, in evidence of the cordial understanding between them, they took their departure, first having received our promise to visit their happy friends on the morrow before our departure, and congratulate the Antis on the felicitous addition to his family.

After sleeping for eight hours, and while our eyes were still closed, notwithstanding that Aurora, according to the expression of Shakspeare, had drawn aside her saffron curtains, we were suddenly awoke by a noise of voices and laughter. Since our departure from Chahuaris we had slept with our clothes on, so that our toilet was soon made. At a bound we were on our feet and ready to receive our visitors, in whom we recognized our worthy purveyors of the evening before. The Antis couple were with them. Sensible of the compliment we had intended to pay them, they had desired to save us the trouble of making the call by coming to us, bringing the newly-born infant with them. The savage little cherub was nearly as black as night, somewhat homely in her appearance, and not much improved by the faces she made; nevertheless, out of regard for her father and mother, who seemed to devour her with their eyes, we all expressed our admiration of her pretty face and genteel figure. "*Quel monstrico!*" said the assistant-naturalist to me in an undertone, while trying to attract the baby's attention by his enticing gesticulations. By the delighted smile which illumined the faces of the father and mother—their heads were shaved close, on the occasion of the birth of their first child—I concluded that the flattery which is addressed to the heart is understood in all languages alike.

At the sight of this wretched little mortal, born the evening before, and who, notwithstanding the weakness of her sex, howled with the vigour of a boy of three months old, our chaplain, Father Bobo, was seized with a desire of snatching her young soul from the claws of Satan, and of placing her by the help of baptism under the safeguard of God and the church. The chief of the Peruvian expedition offered to stand godfather, and proposed that his lieutenant should serve as godmother, a substitution to which the latter was quite agreeable. The reverend father took out of the green box his sacerdotal ornaments, to which the heat and moisture combined had given a rather mouldy appearance, and having aired them for an instant put them on, sprinkled the infant, gave her the Christian name of Juana-Francisca, and pronounced over her the customary prayers. At the end of the service, in default of the usual assortment

[1] The entire cluster of the banana fruit is called a *régime;* the French *patte*, here translated *small bunch*, is one of its divisions. It is to the *régime* what the twig is to the branch, or the *grappillon* to the cluster.

of gloves, fans, and essences to present to the happy mother, the godfather gave her, gallantly wrapped up in an old newspaper, a cotton pocket-handkerchief printed in a square pattern, a winding-reel, and a little knife with a horn handle. The jolly godmother, with the consent of his captain and *confrère*, presented the father with a new hatchet. A general distribution of buttons, little bells, and fish-hooks among the rest of the company took the place of the usual christening sweets. We then left, followed by the good wishes and blessings of the entire band.

The good wishes and blessings of these honest people, which we thought should have averted from us the perils of the journey, seeing that the prayer of innocence is

A CHRISTENING BY THE RIVER SIDE AT QUITINI.

always acceptable to God, did not prevent us from getting up to our knees in water in the rapids of Capiniari, and from being completely drenched in the cascade of Biricanani. We were compensated for these successive douches, however, by the charm of the locality we were now passing, and where for half an hour we enjoyed entire security. At this place, called Biricanani, from the name of the roaring cataract by which it was approached, the river seemed to sleep between the great perpendicular walls of basalt which formed salient and re-entering angles along the shores. These basaltic walls were crowned by beautiful masses of vegetation, which the water reflected with singular clearness. Here no breath of air ruffled the calm surface of the river, incessantly furrowed by white gulls, the first we had seen. The absence of every natural sound added to the magic of this scene. Sensible of the beauty of the situation, which they instinctively enjoyed, the savages had laid up their oars, and with arms folded looked around them. Our vessels, left to themselves, moved with the stream almost imperceptibly. I profited by the opportunity to take two casts of the lead. The first marked seventeen fathoms, the second twenty-nine, proving a great inequality in the bed of the *remanso,* as I have elsewhere said these calm waters are called.

Unfortunately nothing is stable in this world, and the most beautiful things are precisely those which are the least enduring, as the illustrious Malherbe has observed in his letter to du Perrier. The assistant-naturalist, who till now had been contented to admire in the silence like the rest of us, conceived the unhappy idea of treating us to a little music, and without troubling himself to inquire if it were agreeable or not, gave in ear-splitting tones the lyric recitative of Mergy in the *Pré aux Clercs:*—

Ce soir, j'arrive donc dans cette ville immense,
Qui m'a ravi tout mon bonheur.

THE CALM WATERS OF DIBICANANI.

I can with difficulty describe the effect produced by this strange couplet, suddenly intoned in the silence. It was like a tempest of noise let loose in the air. The sound-wave, striking from side to side against the double walls of assault, was engulfed in their cavities, or, breaking against their angles, went roaring through the whole extent of the remanso. For a moment I thought these antique walls, like those of Jericho, might come crashing down on our heads and bury us under their ruins. At the sound, magnified and multiplied a hundred-fold by the acoustic arrangement of the place, if the still current itself did not shrink back affrighted as from the marine monster described by Racine, the white gulls, which had escorted us so gracefully, and skimmed the air around us without fear, fled with every sign of terror. Farewell the calm and

poetic harmony of the landscape! The charm was broken. Each of the company in turn, as if ashamed of his silent admiration, added his exclamation or his phrase to the echo of Biricanani, which, since the formation of the American continent, had never repeated such absurdities, nor reproduced such discordances. Even the savages abandoned themselves to the *delirium tremens* with which the two commissions appeared to be affected, and not finding in their memory any melodious phrase to confide to the air, beat the river with their paddles, and, laughing, splashed the water in each other's faces.

This scandalous conduct, little worthy of an expedition of savants, received due chastisement at the cataract of Huantini, a short distance from Biricanani. One of our canoes filled with water, another struck on the rocks with such violence that the pilot who guided it, seated in the after-part of the boat, was tumbled into the river. Having myself observed this incident, I had scarcely given the alarm when the head of the shipwrecked man appeared above the waters. Our craft were always emulous to outdo each other. With a few strokes the Antis was able to overtake his own, and the manner in which he then proceeded to get on board proved that the danger he had run had not in the slightest degree deprived him of his self-possession. Instead of clutching desperately at the side of the canoe, and of bearing with all his weight upon it in order to climb up, as one of ourselves less self-possessed would certainly have done, the Indian, knowing well that any attempt of this kind would only upset the frail boat, seized it with one hand only, so as to support himself without weighing upon it, until he could get in at the stern, where the weight of his body would cause no inconvenience.

Between one and two miles from this spot we passed on our left the little river of Conversiato, which witnessed the feat of arms of the Indian Simuco. I cannot say if the child-wife of the savage felt any tender emotion on passing in sight of the quebrada which had been her birth-place, and dropped a tear to the memory of her relations so cruelly murdered by her husband and brother-in-law, and whose bones even yet remained unburied; but I have every reason to believe, knowing the mobility of spirit of her sex—I am speaking of savages—that she did not even dream of them. Less oblivious than she, I bestowed a moment's thought on Conversiato, by noting in my journal that the river of that name, some twenty paces broad at its embouchure, and which apparently flows in a direction west-south-west, has its source, like the neighbouring rivers of Quitini and Cuchini, in the lower eastern flanks of the central Cordillera; that its shores also, like those, are inhabited by the Antis Indians, and that it waters, like them, the valleys of Yanama and Huarancalqui.

Having passed these points, we floated into the still waters of Canari, inclosed, like the remanso of Biricanani, between walls of basalt, alternating with formations of freestone. Both alike were crowned with rich tufts of foliage, which the water, here of an aqua-marine tint, reflected so distinctly, that a second landscape, the counterpart of the first, was unrolled beneath our boats, which seemed to float in the void between them. The approximation of the mineral walls, had endowed the echo of the locality with a sensitiveness approaching to irritability. The noise of the paddle, the suash of the water, the least word spoken in a low voice, were

reproduced with surprising quickness, and with a power of organ of which we could never have believed the poor nymph was capable, who, as the story runs, bewailed the beautiful Narcissus until nothing was left of her but her breath. Large brown ducks, white gulls, black swallows with a white breast and long forked tail, the habitual companions of this echo of Canari, swam upon the still waters, or gently brushed the surface with a stroke of their wings. I cast the lead twice, and found that it marked thirteen and eighteen fathoms.

In the course of a league we passed only a single rapid, a prodigy which filled

THE REMANSOS, OR QUIET NOOKS OF THE RIVER, AT CANARI.

us with wonder. While we were reflecting on this singular fact, the little river of Chigalosigri was seen cutting the beach on our right. It is probable that we should have passed this spot with no further notice than a simple geographical record in our diary and book of rhumbs (a reckoning taken by means of the compass of its apparent direction), if our attention had not been arrested by a fresh and charming detail, which won for the place one of our most gracious smiles, as it has also secured for it a pictorial illustration framed in our descriptive prose. Just at the entrance of the river, which was scarcely more than ten steps across, and in the greenish half-light formed by the luxuriant foliage of its shores, there appeared a raft, on board of which were three Antis. One might have supposed it had been placed there for the express

purpose of delighting a painter of water-colour. Upon this raft, very clumsily constructed, two of the savages were squatted; one of them in the foreground, and with his arms crossed, gazed open-mouthed at the swallows; the second, a little behind, caressed a large black ape—the *Ateles niger* of naturalists—or what is more probable, was suffering himself to be relieved by the animal of the hosts of parasites established

ANTIS INDIANS ON A RAFT AT CHIGALOSIGRI.

in his hair. The third savage, standing up, with a bow and arrows in his hand, dominated the composition, the spaces in which were filled with bunches of bananas, sweet cucumbers (*Coloquintida*), custard-apples (*Anona*), and a few fish laid upon leaves of the Heliconia. I had almost forgotten an ingenious kind of perch, formed of three sticks tied together like a tripod, and provided with a few cross sticks, upon which were quietly perched a crax or curassow bird, two macaws, and two toucans, which their superlative beaks, so like to certain noses of our acquaintance,

recommended even more strongly than their plumage to the attention of caricaturists.

A few minutes sufficed to open a conversation with these natives, and to purchase from them the living animals, as well as the fish and fruits, that were on the raft. I do not know exactly what passed between them and our people, nor what information they received about us; but from the result of the conference, it was easy to judge that the pilots and the Indian rowers had said all that was kind in our behalf. These strangers loosed their raft from the shore where it had been tied, and joined convoy with us without troubling themselves about the dangers of the journey.

We passed in their company the cataract of Chigalosiato, where the canoe of the chief of the Peruvian commission was half-submerged by the waves; that of Tinsani, where mine struck against the rock and was almost wrecked; and then in succession those of Quiempini, Camasiqui, Chicantoni, Cominconi, and Talancata, where each of our companions had to undergo the rough buffeting of the waves, to say nothing of their occasional losses. On casting my eyes over my note-book, I find under date of this unlucky day, and in the space of fifteen miles which separates Chigalosigri from Manugali, these words repeated every third line—"*my* canoe is filled"—"*his* canoe was nearly sunk"—"*their* raft was submerged." At this distance of time these pencilled notes make but a slight impression, and cause me to smile and dream; but at the time they were written, my hand trembled a little, if I may judge by the almost illegible style in which they are written.

After passing on our right two unimportant streams, called respectively Pamocuato and Tanaquiato, we arrived, wet and hungry, at Manugali. Although the sun was still high above the horizon, we disembarked at this place with the intention of finishing the day there. Our canoes and rafts were made fast to the trees on the shore. Guided by the Antis we penetrated behind a curtain of verdure, which we at first took for the edge of the forest, but which in fact was only a trick to deceive strangers,[1] and perceived, in the midst of a plantation of maize, arnotto, pimento, manioc, and sugar-canes, two ajoupas, towards which we directed our steps.

These ajoupas, furnished with the utensils and other things necessary to savage life, were for the moment deserted. From the still warm ashes of the hearth, and the pitchers and pots scattered on the ground, we guessed that the inmates were not far distant, and were likely to return at any instant. Notwithstanding their knowledge of this fact, or perhaps because of it, our Antis ferreted in every corner, and helped themselves to whatever suited their convenience. One possessed himself of a still fresh tapir's skin which had been stretched to dry over two crossed sticks, another appro-

[1] The Antis, and, following their example, many other savage nations with which we shall by-and-by make acquaintance, erect their dwellings in the quebradas or gorges which open to the great river, rather than on the shores of the latter, and this to prevent their huts and plantations from being visited and pillaged by other savages who are out hunting or fishing on the shores of the river. When, however, they decide to build their dwelling on the shore of one of these great water-courses, they are careful to mask it by means of a curtain of trees or lianas; that is to say, leaving the vegetation of the shore as it came from the hands of nature, they make their clearing some twenty, fifty, or a hundred paces in the interior of the forest. A European navigating the river would never suspect that a hut and an Indian plantation existed within a few steps of him; and the savages themselves, unless they belong to the same people as the proprietor, and know of his residence, are sometimes deceived.

priated a bundle of the flowering stems of the giant arundo, used for making arrows. Here, one turned out of the wallet in which they were kept the kernels of the arnotto and fruit of the genipahua, used as pigments for painting the face; there, another liberally provided himself with those dried peppers called *quitun-quitun*, which are cultivated by the hacienderos of the valleys of Peru.[1]

While helping themselves to these various articles, our people preserved so tranquil a manner, seemed so thoroughly self-possessed, and treated the property they were appropriating so entirely like a thing to which they had an indisputable right, that,

AJOUPAS (STRAW-ROOFS) OF MANUGALL

encouraged by their example, and concluding that if they had no very sufficient reason for acting as they did, neither were they perhaps altogether in the wrong, we in our turn selected a few things, taking care to excuse ourselves by calling to mind the demands of science. When there was nothing more to take we lighted a fire, filled a pot with water, and threw into it, with a certain number of bananas and yucca-roots and a little pepper and salt, the fish that we had bought of the Indians of Chigalosigri.

While this *court-bouillon* was in process of cooking, the proprietor of the ajoupas arrived, followed by his wife and child, a young scamp of about a dozen years of age, economically dressed in his natural buff. If the Indian was disagreeably surprised to find under his roof a score of people of various colours and nationalities—if, with that *coup-d'œil* of the savage which sees everything, while appearing to see nothing, he observed that his place had been pillaged—I must say in his praise, that not only did he let

[1] The markets of the great cities are supplied with this variety of pepper, which is so strong as to have given rise to the local saying: *Faltale un grado para ser veneno*, "It is within a very little of being a poison." This pretended poison is highly esteemed by the indigenes, and more especially by the fair sex. We remember having seen, in the summer-baths in the valley of Arequipa, a girl of twelve, belonging to one of the first families of the city, eat greedily while fasting—as a child of her age might have eaten sugar-plums and almonds—a handful of these fiery peppers, the very smell of which would have made a European sneeze and shed tears.

nothing of this appear, but that he smiled on all around him, and pushed his magnanimity so far as to shake hands with the Antis of Chigalosigri, who still carried, rolled up under his arm, the tapir-skin of which he had robbed him. I felt no doubt, however, as it is an old custom of savages to pillage one another, that our host, on the first visit he should make to his good friends the Chigalosigris, would take care to recoup himself for his losses, and leave very little under their roof.

By a delicate attention which we highly appreciated, the proprietors abandoned to us the entire possession of their ajoupas, and went, accompanied by our rowers, to

THE TRAVELLERS DRYING THEIR LINEN AND OTHER EFFECTS.

camp on the shore round a great fire. We heard them laughing and chattering until sleep came to close at once our eyes and our ears. The night that we passed stretched on the ground under the thatched roofs of Manugali was the pleasantest we had experienced since the commencement of our journey.

In the morning we awoke refreshed and ready for work. Our first care was to ascertain if our canoes and rafts were safe where we had left them. Our trunks and boxes, which we took the fancy to open and overhaul, were lined in the interior with a bluish mould, produced by damp. The linen they contained was in a sorry condition. Each took his stock of clothing out of the receptacle, in which it would soon have rotted, and exposed the various articles in the open air. During the whole day, waistcoats,

pantaloons, and shirts, even drawers and night-caps, were spread on the stones, or hung on lines, shrinking up in the sun, or floating at pleasure in the wind. Each owner of the property, seated a few steps from his wardrobe, kept his eye constantly fixed upon it, for fear some savage, captivated by the fashions of Europe, should dress himself at his expense. In the evening the trunks were repacked and placed on the rafts. We then made a poor supper, as usual, and slept till the morning.

A brilliant sun shone on our departure. We paid our debt of gratitude to the proprietor of the ajoupa of Manugali by a present of some copper buttons and a rusty key belonging to a padlock which had been lost. No doubt the industrious Antis would make a harpoon of this key by applying some kind of friction to it. As we went towards our canoes, Simuco and his brother, followed by their wives, came to take leave of us. "The time they had passed in our company, short as it had been, had sufficed for them to appreciate our many qualities, and any number of days longer could have added nothing to the affectionate regard which they felt for us." This little speech, delivered in a breath by Simuco to our polyglot chuno, who translated it well or ill, proved that this heroic savage had begun to shrink from the cataracts and rapids, and was desirous of returning to his ajoupa in the gorge of Chiruntia. The desire was too natural for us to raise the least objection to it; we therefore received his adieus and offered ours in return, and as he stretched out his hand with the palm upwards, as if expecting a *pourboire*, we shook that valorous hand but put nothing in it.

We now re-embarked and rowed out into the stream. Two little stony and reedy islands barred the bed of the river at a few bow-shots from Manugali. We threaded the narrow canal left between one of them and the right bank, bordered in this place by two or three charming varieties of Cyperus. This bit of landscape had a mock-Egyptian aspect, which would have charmed the recent editors of Champollion. A dozen rapids that we had to descend in quick succession dissipated the oriental dreams in which we had begun to indulge at the sight of that fine clump of the pseudo-papyrus.

We soon found ourselves at the entrance of a narrow and winding gorge overshadowed by large trees. A river ran noiselessly through it, and brought its tribute of limpid waters to the Quillabamba Santa Aña. On the clayey slope of its right bank, half-hidden by the charming vegetation, were two Indian huts, which we looked at as we passed without visiting them. This place, called Pachiri, so veiled in shade and mystery, so fresh to the eye, and so soothing to the spirit, that a painter might have wished to fix it on his canvas, and a poet to celebrate it in musical strophes, could only be remembered with disgust by the chief of the French commission, whose canoe filled in a rapid which barred the river some twenty steps distant. This rapid, in which our companions saw nothing but a vulgar obstacle, appeared to me, on the contrary, to have been placed by the heavenly powers before the *ouaddi* of Pachiri, expressly to teach mankind that in this world, where nothing is perfect, sorrow is always the close companion of pleasure, as in Greek or Latin verse the *spondee* is always found side by side with the *dactyl*. I do not know if the Count de la Blanche-Epine was of my opinion, the physical and moral depression of which I saw him the prey having prevented me from questioning him on that point.

The poor fellow grieved so sorely, and seemed in such despair on feeling that his pantaloons were so thoroughly soaked as to be pasted to his thighs, while his jersey stuck to his back, that out of respect for his very legitimate grief we halted, and lost two hours while we looked at him making himself comfortable.

This catastrophe enabled me to take a stroll and collect some plants. I invariably did so when the dangers of the river obliged us to abandon temporarily our canoes and walk along the shore. These plants, of which I collected some armfuls, and threw into my canoe to study and sketch at leisure, never remained very long in my possession. While I examined one of them a cataract or a rapid would bar the passage,

RIVER AT PACHIRI.

a wave coming from I know not where would suddenly break over the vessel, soak me from head to foot, and when, recovering from my first surprise, and spluttering the water out of my mouth and nostrils, I reopened my eyes and looked about me, behold my botanical specimens floating far away on the river! This sort of study, obstinately resumed many times a day, was always interrupted in the same manner.

I have remarked that the accident which befel the chief of the French commission, and the profound affliction he felt in consequence of it, had made us feel that it was a duty to wait while he arranged his toilet. While his slaves were wiping from his body the last tears of the naiad, I walked up the shore to make a sketch of the gorge of Pachiri. This done, I strolled along the banks of the little river, clothed with a rich carpet of *Canacorus*, *Heliconias*, and *Maranteæ* (a species of arrow-root). Out of their foliage shot up long stalks with thyrses of red, pink, or yellow flowers, which contrasted charmingly with the satin-like green of the large leaves of these plants, apparently fashioned by nature to be used as a dinner-service by the poor traveller. What roast game and boiled fish I have eaten out of these vegetable platters!

While I was selecting from among these *Musaceæ* some individuals which were new

to me, I discovered, tangled in the branches of a shrub which it strangled in its embrace, a *Bignonia jasminium*, with dark shiny leaves, and a pure white corolla with a purple spot in its centre. The penetrating odour of this flower reminded me of the tuberose. It was the first scented bignonia I had yet found either in nature or in the reports of travellers. I rushed at it like a kite seizing its prey. At the moment when I was making a section of one of its stalks, the cry *vamos!* which may be freely translated *embark!* was raised by my companions. I seized with one hand my bundle of reeds, with the other my scented bignonia, and running all the way to the shore had but just time to throw myself into my canoe when we pushed out into the stream. I had hardly got settled down when it occurred to me to arrange my plants and sharpen my pencil, in order to make a sketch and a description, as faithful as possible, of each of them. I had commenced working when we arrived at the rapids of Chimiato. The Indian who managed my canoe, and amused himself by looking over my shoulder at my pencilling, could not avoid in time a sunken rock. The canoe was thrown upon its side, and two or three waves washing over me carried off my odoriferous harvest. "Lightly come, lightly go," I said to myself on seeing my bignonia and my musaceæ struggling in the current, which carried them far away from the shore that had given them birth. Seeing the impossibility of continuing my botanical studies, I took off my clothes to dry, only retaining that garment which the late Abbé Delille, of modest memory, would never have dared to name without the aid of a periphrasis.

Between Pachiri and the embouchure of the river Yaviro, where our day's journey terminated, we passed five affluents, very insignificant in themselves, but which acquired an importance that we each appreciated in his own way, from nineteen rapids situated in their more or less immediate neighbourhood. Our first care on landing at Yaviro was to ascertain the breadth and apparent direction of this affluent on the right of the Quillabamba Santa Aña. The former we found to be about sixteen yards at its embouchure; its direction we ascertained to be south-south-west. We learned besides from our rowers that it takes its rise at Iñahui, in the same place as the river of Chapo, which we had passed near Umiripanco on the third day of our journey. Eleven streams which take their rise in the delta formed by the junction of these two rivers at their common source bear their tribute of waters to the Quillabamba Santa Aña.[1]

This geographical study, trivial as it may seem, and the discovery in the neighbourhood of our camp of a number of dead tapirs, and apes mortally wounded by the arrows of the savages, and which had come to the shore to quench their thirst before dying, were the only incidents which signalized our stay for an evening and a night at Yaviro, where we made a supper of yucca-roots, and obtained only a few hours' sleep in consequence of the fine and continuous rain which had set in and broken our rest. In the morning we were thoroughly benumbed, there was a feeling of heaviness in the head, our bones ached, we were sneezing every minute, and felt a strong tendency to dissolve into water like Biblis. By these symptoms we knew we were suffering from catarrh, and having no sudorifics at our command, we could only leave to Providence the care of curing us.

[1] See map, No. III.

At a quarter past eight precisely, as shown by my book of rhumbs, which is now open before me, and which it is my practice to consult in case of doubt, we quitted Yaviro, and recommenced our descent of the stream. It was a gloomy time. Parrots and perroquets perched on the tops of the trees, and, hidden from sight by the colour of their plumage, split our ears with their screams. Clouds of swallows wheeled around us. Our canoes, driven by a furious current, swiftly approached the rapids of Yaviro, which the savages had boasted of in advance as wonders of their kind. On passing a tongue of land the space widened before us, and three belts of foam, in the

RAPIDS OF MANTALO.

midst of which were visible the tops of great black rocks, appeared distinctly in the perspective. The scene was no doubt well worthy of our admiring observation, but it would have been dangerous to attempt resting on our oars; and our Antis, pulling with all their strength, drew to the shore, where they landed us. This shore was encumbered with enormous blocks of freestone, which we had to climb like goats, but from the vantage-ground of these natural observatories we not only obtained as the reward of our toil a fine view of the rapids of Yaviro, but had the satisfaction of helping our savages to guide the canoes and rafts among the rocks.

After an hour's labour for our men, and of delayed expectation for us, we were able to re-embark with no further accident to report than the submersion of a canoe which overset near the shore with its lading. We were felicitating ourselves on the success of our passage when a dull noise like the distant rolling of thunder struck on our ear. This noise, which for nine days we had heard at very frequent intervals without having grown accustomed to it, announced clearly enough that the action ended at one point was about to commence at another. From the doubtful looks that we exchanged the savages guessed our anxiety, and in order to end it informed us that we were approaching the *oboris* of Mantalo. These oboris, which the cholos of Cocabambillas,

for their part, call *tumbos,* were rapids. It remained to be seen if they exceeded in length, and breadth, and consequently in danger, those we had left behind us.

We were very soon satisfied on this point. The rapids of Yaviro were nothing but child's play compared with those we were about to descend. Each prepared himself for the event by gathering up in haste whatever he held most precious, and causing himself to be put ashore. As the canoes, weighed down by their lading, would not have been able to pass the archipelago of rocks which barred the river without being filled by the boiling waves, they unloaded them, and transported the goods on the backs

REMANSOS OR CALM REACHES OF THE RIVER AT HUINPUYU.

of the men to a spot below the rapids, which were nearly a mile in extent. Three hours were devoted to these various labours.

After we had left behind us these dangerous passages we breathed freely a moment in the remanso of Huinpuyu, which resembled those of Biricanani and Canari of Arcadian memory. On the shore of these sparkling waters, on a slope carpeted with verdure, grew slender bamboos like tufts of feathers. A group of tree-ferns of the genus *Alsophila,* which crowned one of the slopes on our right, gave to the place quite a tropical character. To the gulls and ducks, habitual companions in these solitudes, had succeeded a pretty variety of swallows, with an ash-coloured back and white head and belly, which skimmed lightly over the river, now dipping their beaks and now the tip of a wing in its pellucid waters.

A treacherous, because almost imperceptible, current soon drifted us far from Huinpuyu. In contrast with its fresh landscape we had now before us the rapids of Saniriato. Here, the bed of the Quillabamba Santa Aña, remarkably enlarged, was barred from shore to shore by a dike of rocks, which the waves one moment covered, and the next left plainly visible. The breadth of the current, divided into three unequal streams, rushed foaming and roaring through as many openings in this dam. At the

sight of this new obstacle each of us felt like Eliphaz, as if a spirit had passed before his face and his hair stood on end. A respite, however, on which we had not counted, was granted us by Providence, represented by the Antis, who declared with one voice that the day's work was ended, and, without asking our opinion of the matter, disembarked at Saniriato, near a torrent of the same name. This halt, which seemed to us premature, considering that the sun was still high above the horizon, was, in fact, rendered imperative by the necessity of laying in provisions for the journey, as the places we had to traverse on the morrow and succeeding days were absolutely desert, and offered no resource. Now the quebrada through which ran the torrent of Saniriato was inhabited by Antis known to our rowers, who, out of consideration for us personally, added to their love for the articles of barter with which our boxes appeared to be well supplied, would secure us, we were told, against the threatened famine. As the proposal was of a character to secure the suffrages of the majority, we signified our approval by a nod. Four Antis, accompanied by one of our cholos, went immediately in search of the natives of Saniriato, leaving their comrades to keep us company.

To charm away the tedium of waiting, and cheat our appetites, sharpened by a twenty-four hours' fast, one of the long-haired pilots, to whom the cholo Anaya served as interpreter, related some episodes of his savage life, which we will not attempt to repeat. These recitals, racy of the forest, need for effect the theatre of the action, the accessories and the personages, the action and the eloquence of the narrator,—things of which a traveller, on returning to his own country, vainly endeavours to give an adequate idea by writing. To these various stories of his life, the narrator thought it his duty to add some useful observations upon the manner of living in the woods, which he completed by recipes against the bites of serpents, stings of scorpions, myriapods, mosquitoes, and other animals, whose utility in relation to mankind has never yet been clearly demonstrated. None of us, however, felt any inclination for a sylvan life, and the advice of the Indian was received with indifference. As a practised orator he saw that he had taken a false step, and tried again to engage our attention by speaking of the route we had to follow, the lack of provisions, and the dangers of every kind which would await us beyond Saniriato; in a word, of the possibility that we might leave our bones at the bottom of the river. Never had our worthy Antis, whose name I have always regretted I did not ask, been so religiously listened to; never had any discourse of his been so deeply engraved in the memory of his auditors; above all, when he added, by way of epilogue, that the *obori* (rapid) of Saniriato, which we were about to descend, and in which two men and four women of his tribe were drowned the previous month, was nothing in comparison with those we should meet with further on. Struck with the idea that a similar fate might be theirs, the most hardened among our fellows were on the point of performing an act of contrition, and demanding absolution from our chaplain, Father Bobo. A thoughtful silence prevailed for some minutes amongst us. I took advantage of it to make a sketch of the orator, who wore as a hat or helmet the cover of a box of confitures which he had found in one of our canoes.

The arrival of our rowers, and of their friends of Saniriato, dissipated as by enchantment the melancholy which clouded our brows. At sight of the provisions which they

HALT OF A PARTY OF ANTIS INDIANS AT THE ENTRANCE OF A FOREST.

brought, every one of us, forgetting his momentary thought of death, felt the irresistible necessity of living, and, as a consequence, of getting something to eat. The new-comers were welcomed, surrounded, and relieved in the twinkling of an eye of the bananas, the yuccas, and the quarter of smoked peccary with which they were laden. We went so far even as to snatch from their hands two live curassows and a cage made of reeds, in which was imprisoned an *agami* or trumpet-bird (*Psophia crepitans*). Our dread of wanting food was so great that we emptied out of the wallet in which they were contained the very bow and arrows with which the Antis were armed, with the idea that in some emergency these objects might appease our hunger and prolong our existence. The assurance of these good savages, that before the end of the day they

THE ORATOR OF SANIRIATO.

would bring us other provisions, alone prevented us from stripping them of their very clothes.

After a moment passed on the shore, which they employed in taking particular note of our persons, our new friends departed, carrying off with them those of our rowers who during the absence of their comrades had kept us company, but promising to return before night. Our first care was to roll up our sleeves to the elbow, light a fire, fill a pot with water, and while the liquid was getting hot, to cut up the peccary, peel the bananas, and scrape the yuccas. Fearing that the pot, the object of our fervent adoration, might vanish in the smoke, or take to itself wings, and by flying away frustrate all our hopes, we all alike, great and small, drew near and kept our eyes fixed on it until the meal was perfectly cooked. The end of this quarter of an hour, for which our stomachs almost audibly groaned, arrived at last. A cholo took the smoking pot off the fire, and an equal distribution of its contents was made all round. We were swallowing the first mouthfuls when the Antis of Saniriato, faithful to their promise, returned accompanied by our rowers, some carrying a *régime* of bananas, others a basket of yuccas. To these fruits and roots were added some strips of tapir's flesh and some cutlets of smoked peccary. We smiled all over at our excellent purveyors.

After supper, at which they assisted, sitting upon their heels and wondering, as it appeared to me, at our ravenous appetites, we distributed among them some buttons, looking-glasses, and other trifles; to which we added, as a special favour, of which we made them sensible, a few knives worth sixpence a piece, when we knew that they intended to accompany us beyond the dangerous rapids we were so soon to encounter. On receiving our large cook's knives, the blades of which could be bent like tin, the joy of these simple natives knew no bounds.

The night we passed on the shore of Saniriato was rather tedious and uncomfortable, owing to the gusts of an impetuous wind, accompanied with bursts of intermittent rain, such as are called by sailors a squall. Suffering a little from the wet and cold,

RIVER AND RAPIDS OF SANIRIATO.

we rose with the day, and at once prepared for our departure. During the night the river had suddenly swollen, and carried off the smallest of our canoes, in which was one of my boxes, containing linen and papers, besides various articles in toy-ware, the current money of the desert. I stifled my sighs, and said nothing of my loss. With the rapids of Saniriato before us, and the question of life or death to be decided, it would have been puerile, nay ridiculous, to cry over the loss of a few shirts and little bells.

At a quarter before eight we left Saniriato and its turbulent stream. On arriving within a hundred paces of the first rapid we landed, and while we walked along the shore, encumbered with enormous stones, our canoes and rafts, guided by the Antis, passed the first obstacle without accident. From the top of the rocks that we had to climb, we were able to observe every detail of the manœuvring of the savages, who, naked, and with their only garment fastened upon their heads, looked like demons in the troubled waters.

Four of these cataracts, with waves curling like breakers, and barring the whole

breadth of the river, were successively traversed without any accident beyond the complete submersion of our baggage, which had been securely fastened on the rafts, in anticipation of the risk. Below the fourth rapid, the Quillabamba Santa Aña relaxed its fury somewhat, and the members of the Peruvian commission profited by the calm to re-enter their canoe, where our chaplain followed them. The frequent heavy showers experienced during our journey, the long fasts, and nights passed in the open air, had

FATHER BOBO AND HIS AIDES.

almost broken down the poor old man, and made him altogether ill. During the last two days his legs, which had swelled as far as the knee, refused their usual office, and in the steep or stony places the assistant-naturalist and myself had lent our arms to assist his trembling steps. If, however, his physical forces had sensibly diminished since our departure from Chahuaris, his appetite and his flow of spirits were, on the other hand, constantly maintained at a reassuring height. He ate like any other four men, laughed like any half-dozen, and the frequently doubtful pleasantries of our Parisian bird-stuffer, far from scandalizing the holy man, seemed but to revive the memories of his youth.

When he was seated in the canoe by the side of his companions, the rowers pushed out into the stream. Whether it was instinct or caprice, I know not, but for our part we continued the journey on foot. After walking for about ten minutes, a dull

rumbling noise seemed to come from a concealed source, and almost immediately afterwards a belt of foam, standing out in relief against the sombre back-ground of the foliage, announced that we were approaching another rapid. While we were quietly admiring the fine contrasts of colour which at this spot distinguished the landscape, lighted up, so to speak, with a sinister effect by the whiteness of the water, we saw the canoe of the Peruvian commission slacken its course, then stop and turn upon itself, as

DEATH OF FATHER BOBO.

if it were hesitating between several opposing currents. But immediately yielding to the most violent of them, it darted away like an arrow, describing in its course a curve which brought it near the shore. The situation appeared to us a critical one, but we did not understand its extreme gravity, until we saw the savages avail themselves of the momentary approach of their vessel to the shore to throw themselves into the water and swim to the bank. Following their example, the captain of the frigate and his lieutenant also sprang into the water and saved themselves. Left alone, the poor old chaplain rose to his feet, extended his arms, and appeared as if he meant to follow his companions; but his failing strength betrayed him, and he fell back into the canoe, which the current bore along into the midst of the rapid, where, overwhelmed by the waves, it instantly disappeared.

There was a moment of terror and stupor, during which every one of us who witnessed the accident stood as if he had been struck by lightning, and feared to raise his voice. But violent emotions are of short duration. Soon our spirits were a little calmed. Some hazarded a reflection in a low voice upon the misfortune that had

happened. Then others spoke of it in their natural tones, and some congratulated themselves on having walked along the shore instead of resuming their place in the canoes. Egoism and indifference reacted against the first impulsive beat of the heart, while oblivion, the second winding-sheet of the dead, spread its dark waters over the poor monk.

We rejoined the captain of the frigate and the lieutenant, who had undressed in order to dry their clothes in the sun. The canoe, when it foundered with Father Bobo, had carried to the bottom all that they possessed, from their gold-embroidered uniform to their very stockings. Like the vanquished of Pavia, the commandant of the frigate

THE CAPTAIN OF THE FRIGATE.

might have exclaimed, with a legitimate pride, "All is lost save honour!" Of his past splendour there remained nothing at this moment but a covering for his head made of vicugna's wool, turned up at the edges like a Chinese hat; an undershirt of green flannel, which concealed very imperfectly the leanness of his torso; a pair of pantaloons, from which the straps had been violently torn away; and a pair of shoes trodden down at the heels. A traveller's poncho, which he happened to have on his shoulders at the moment of the accident, and in which he draped himself as in a cloak, imparted to his wretched appearance a certain air of majesty. The costume of the lieutenant, to judge of it by the sketch which we made two hours after the disaster, was of a character to be much more faithfully represented by the pencil than the pen. A red ape (*Ateles rufus*) which had been fastened on one of the rafts, and which was the only piece of property left to the unfortunate young man, reconciled him by its grimaces to the hardness of his lot.

After a tear dropped in haste over the fate of these martyrs to science, we continued our walk along the shore, leaving to the savages, who had recovered all their good humour, the care of guiding the canoes and rafts down the river. It was not

long before we sighted the rapid of Impaniquiato, which for turbulence, noise, and foam, was in no degree inferior to that of Sintunili, of disastrous memory. At an exclamation uttered by one of the Antis I hastened my steps. The savage, plunged in the water up to his arm-pits, and bearing with all the weight of his two hands upon the liana attached to the largest of the rafts, pointed out to me among the rocks of the shore a wooden box which the waves had cast up after having bumped it open and deprived it of its contents. In that bit of *flotsam* and *jetsam* I recognized the box that had been carried away in the canoe by the swollen river during the previous night. "Another lost illusion," I said to myself, giving a kick at the box which the

THE ALFEREZ OF THE FRIGATE DOING DUTY AS LIEUTENANT.

evening before was full to the brim with linen, papers, and trifling objects of barter, and now, empty and dislocated, was condemned to rot unhonoured upon this inhospitable shore.

Meditating upon the fate of my box, which I compared to that of man here below, I rejoined my companions. The rapid of Impaniquiato was passed; the current was now running at a moderate pace, and at a distance of two gunshots from this spot on the left bank a sandy shore seemed to invite us to rest from the mental and physical fatigues of the day. We gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity it offered. Having re-embarked, we crossed the river diagonally, and landed on the spot referred to, which took the name of Mapiruntuni, from that of a rapid situated at some distance, but even now within hearing.

Our disembarkation having been effected, two canoes were sent to explore the inlets and irregularities of the shore in the hope of finding the body of Father Bobo. From two o'clock to five our cholos of Cocabambillas conscientiously beat up every creek, bay, and corner within a mile of the place. But their labour was all in vain. Instead of the Christian burial which we had destined for our unfortunate chaplain—whom the

assistant-naturalist, with that pitiless badinage of the *gamin de Paris,* who respects nothing, compared to Jonah in the whale's belly—the poor old priest had no other tomb than the stomachs of the fishes.

I must here confess, to the shame of human nature in general, and of the Franco-Peruvian expedition in particular—an expedition of which accident has made me the historiographer—that the disaster of which we had been the witnesses, and which should have caused us some despondency, had so little touched our hearts, hardened by ten days of suffering and nine nights passed in the open air, that on the afternoon of that fatal day, stretched upon the hot sand of the shore, and unrolled in the sun like snakes, we talked as loud and laughed as heartily as if Father Bobo, our chaplain and friend, had not been snatched from us by a violent death. But this contempt of the sacred laws of fraternity was to be speedily punished. Providence had His eye upon us. While we thus enjoyed ourselves on the sands, defying our present misery, and without a thought of future mischances, divine Justice and Vengeance had already prepared themselves—the one with her torch, the other with her sword and scales, and, as in the picture of Prud'hon, only waited for the night to seize us by the hair and inflict a terrible punishment upon our insensibility.

The lading of our vessels had been put ashore, and the various things were spread out to dry. The captain of the frigate and his lieutenant, having nothing but what they stood in, kept themselves apart, silent and miserable. Inspired by one and the same thought, the assistant-naturalist and myself selected from among the various articles of our wardrobe a few garments which we thought might be useful to our unhappy companions. These gifts, offered most freely on our part, were accepted on theirs with entire frankness. Moved by the scene, the chief of the French commission wished to co-operate in our pious work, and to avoid wounding the ticklish sensibility of his rival, secretly gave the assistant-naturalist a double cotton night-cap, which the latter cut in half, and so made two head-pieces of it. The lieutenant took his half, and remarking that it reminded him of the *chulio,* or Phrygian cap, imported into the country of Anahuac by his ancestor Manco Capac ages ago, placed it on his head. As to the commandant, whether it was that he guessed out of whose linen-chest the cap had come, or whether he was shocked by its pyramidal form, I know not; but in spite of all I could say, he refused to wear it. I therefore lost the pleasure which I had promised myself of taking the portrait of the Peruvian chief adorned with that remarkable appendage, which must have added twenty inches to his stature; nevertheless, in order to utilize the cap, which he consented to accept, he made four holes round the edge, to which he fixed four strings, and employed it during the rest of the journey as a wallet, in which he kept his bananas, his arachis (earth-nuts), and other eatables.

The emotions of the day had so reacted upon our stomachs that it was with a pleasure approaching to voluptuousness we sat down to the ragout of tapir's flesh and green bananas that was served under the name of supper. Meanwhile night had closed in, and after supper it only remained for each to select his sleeping-place and prepare his bed as he could. The commandant and his lieutenant, having neither skins

nor other coverings, stretched themselves fraternally side by side upon a carpet of green rushes. An hour later we were all asleep.

Towards midnight we were suddenly awoke by a clap of thunder. Each sprang up in a sitting posture and looked about him with a scared expression. Evidently we were in for a storm. The sky was densely black; constantly recurring flashes of lightning opened fantastic perspectives on the river and the shore. Then the wind

DIVISION OF A COTTON NIGHT-CAP.

roared through the forests in stormy gusts, lashing and bending the trees, which creaked ominously under its pressure, and was followed by a downpour of rain, which continued like a torrent the whole night. We presented a pitiful spectacle at dawn. Our faces were livid, and our teeth chattered as from an attack of fever. About eight o'clock the clouds were dispelled by a brilliant sun, which smiled upon us without having sufficient heat to restore our animation. The air was cold and clear, the ground, strewn with branches rent away by the storm, had already absorbed the water. The only trace that remained of the deluge of the night, setting aside these scattered fragments of vegetation, were the rain-drops, sparkling on every leaf and blade like liquid diamonds, and reflecting the light which made our misery visible in all the colours of the prism.

This tempest, in which my companions saw nothing but one of those vulgar storms

which we had often experienced since our departure from Chahuaris,[1] was in my eyes a manifestation of the wrath of Heaven, and a proper chastisement for the insensibility we had shown on the previous afternoon for the tragical end of our poor chaplain.

Leaving to the sun and air the care of drying our streaming bodies and clothes, we resumed our journey, walking along the shore while the canoes and rafts descended the river. In the rapid of Mapiruntuni our baggage was drenched by the waves, but as it was wet from the rain of the previous night when we started, a little more water was of no importance. At ten o'clock we passed a second rapid, named Chahuancani. Here the landscape suddenly changed its character. The shores disappeared, the line of forests was broken, and walls of a reddish freestone formed a high rampart on both sides of the river. In the impossibility of continuing our course along a perpendicular shore, we climbed the rocks, and made our way over their summits, where the vegetable débris, accumulated during many ages, had formed a sufficiently thick bed of mould to support a few clumps of Berberis, Mimosæ, and a species of box with spreading branches, in the knotty roots of which our feet were continually caught. Seen from our elevated position as from a balloon, the river, deeply intrenched between that double wall, whose shadow darkened its surface, reminded us—taking our canoes for gondolas—of the mysterious *canaletti* of beautiful Venice.

A deep rent, which we recognized as the bed of an ancient torrent, with the sand of which it was still strewn, divided the rocky wall and ran in a gentle slope to the river. Descending by this road, we rejoined our canoes and once more embarked. Notwithstanding the rapidity of the current the water was calm, and for an hour and a half we continued our course without meeting with any obstacle. Then, however, a slight disturbance of the water made us aware that we were in the neighbourhood of a rapid, and in a few moments hostilities were recommenced. According to the Antis we were approaching a place called Sibucuni, which our cholos translated by *Traga-canoa* (swallow-canoe). In our circumstances the conjunction of these two words was anything but reassuring. We therefore kept watch, ready to struggle for our life with the perfidious element which had served us so many bad turns.

The unnatural aspect suddenly assumed by the river appeared to justify our apprehensions. The inclination of its bed was so apparent as to strike us with terror. The broken rocks, heaped together with increasing wildness, as if to forbid our further passage, so affected our spirits, that we requested the rowers to land us as quickly as possible, not on the left shore—the shores had disappeared—but on the half-submerged rocks which had taken its place. We thus recommenced our scramble along the crest of the cerros, while the savages, who had provided themselves with lianas, tied them end to end, and by this means obtained cables long enough to enable

[1] These continually recurring storms, which some might suppose to be a literary artifice designed to give to this part of our journey an interesting air of much suffering and endurance, and which usually cease at daybreak, to be succeeded by a clear sky and brilliant sun, are thus accounted for. We had left Chahuaris on the 14th of August, the end of the rainy season, and in descending the rapids of the Quillabamba Santa Aña we had been keeping an almost parallel course with the links of the Cordillera chain, whose summits attract the clouds. When, however, we entered on the plains, it was the month of September, and the Cordillera was left behind us, so that, the cause ceasing, the effect ceased also.

them, by lying flat on the rocks, to guide the canoes down the torrent. A rapid about three hundred yards in breadth, white with foam and furious in its turmoil of waters, terminated the descent of the Sibucuni, whose goodness to us had given the lie to its name. None of our canoes had been swallowed up in this gulf.

The place, nevertheless, had made such an impression upon us, that to prevent the recurrence of the danger we had escaped, we informed our rowers that we should continue along the rocks, and leave to them the care of guiding the canoes and rafts in

RAPID OF SIBUCUNI.

whatever way they deemed best. This plan, which prudence and perhaps fear suggested, was unhappily impracticable. Below Sibucuni the river ran between perpendicular walls of rock, and all communication between ourselves and our canoes being completely intercepted, we were compelled to make an attempt to rejoin them, which a hundred steps farther on would have been impossible. The descent was therefore resolved upon. Each, helping himself as he could with his hands, his finger-nails, and his staff, clinging to the angles of the rock or slipping over its smooth surfaces, reached the bottom without accident. The chief of the French commission, prudent as the king of Ithaca, had a cord passed under his shoulders, and thanks to this ingenious precaution, which made him look like a pail descending into a well, reached without accident the bottom of his canoe, where the strongest of his slaves received him in their arms.

According to the savages it only remained to descend one more rapid before we found ourselves in calm waters. As, for the last two days, these rapids had become more and more perilous, we thought it not unlikely that the last of them might be to our journey what the dessert is to the dinner, or the bouquet to a display of fireworks.

DESCENT OF THE ROCKS AT SIBUCUNI.

This thought, coupled with the impossibility of avoiding the danger by disembarking and making our way along either of the shores, as we had previously been able to do, made us rather serious. It was with a perplexed air, and with such a feeling of nervousness that every sound grated on our ears, that we seated ourselves in our canoes, and once more launched into the stream.

The river, intrenched between two walls of freestone, was about sixty yards broad at this spot. As we advanced, it gradually became more contracted, until between one

and two miles from Sibucuni it scarcely exceeded a dozen yards in breadth. There the double wall of rock suddenly sunk away. A belt of foam, above which rose a light mist barring the bed of the river, warned us of the approach of danger. The eyes of the savages twinkled, the rowers bent to their stroke like jaguars about to make a spring. Those who steered half rose, and with their nostrils inflated and their hair streaming in the wind, pressed firmly against the sides of the canoe the oar which served as a rudder. There ensued a moment of feverish expectation and terrible anxiety, during which no one could foresee whether we should be able to descend the rapid in safety, or should be swallowed up by it. Like black snakes, slender and alert, our canoes glided into the

THE COUNT DE LA BLANCHE-ÉPINE.

whirlpool of foam and disappeared from view. The most resolute among us shut our eyes. A few seconds elapsed; then the hurrah of the savages announced the issue of the struggle—the rapid of Tunkini was safely passed.

Below this dangerous passage the river contracted still more, and continued its course between two walls or dykes of basalt, which succeeded to the freestone. The summits of these formations, covered with a dense vegetation, were joined one to the other by a network of lianas and *Sarmentaceæ*, which formed, at an elevation of some thirty feet, a dome of verdure impenetrable to the rays of the sun. It was some minutes before our eyes, dazzled by the light outside, became accustomed to the greenish obscurity of this gorge, the most remarkable work of nature that we had yet met with on our journey. When, from the scene regarded as a whole, we extended our appreciation to its details, that which at first sight had only awoke the sentiment of surprise assumed a marvellous and fairy-like character which filled us with admiration.

The natural tunnel or gorge, by whatever name we choose to designate it, might be half a kilometre (somewhat less than a third of a mile) in length, and at [illegible] feet wide, terminating in a luminous point like a star. Its walls were furro[illegible] vertical trenches, serving as beds or conduits to the little streams which fell from the[illegible]

summits into the river, with no other noise than a kind of gentle trickling. We counted in our passage through the gorge twenty three of these pretty falls; in the unequal intervals between which we could see in the dim light, now a compact group of little columns, now a truncated shaft; the incessant dripping of the foliage, drops of rain, and tears of dew, during an incalculable number of ages, having sculptured the basalt, and produced the most charming accidents of architecture, the most fantastic ara-

RIVER PASS (PORTE) OF TUNKINI.

besques, the most exquisite essays at ornamentation, which it would be possible for the imagination to conceive or the chisel to execute. All these caprices of a natural art—all these flowers, leaves, and branches fashioned in stone by an invisible artist—seemed, by contact with the real leaves, whose shadows fell upon them, to participate in the mobility of the latter, and to vibrate with them as if they also were living things.

While we traversed this gorge—the fairy-like wonders of which, indicated rather than defined, to borrow the terms of art, were such as one sees in the mist of dreams rather than in the clear light of day—we were tempted, like Abou Hassan, the false caliph, to bite our little finger to convince ourselves we were awake. The danger which surrounded us, however, was the ballast of reality, which brought us down from the heaven of sylphs and fairies, and kept us in the world of men. The river, rendered furious by its captivity within these basaltic walls, but concentrating its fury in the

depth of its bed, throbbed in its whole mass, and caused the bottoms of our canoes to tremble under our feet. In the sensation we experienced there was as much of fear as of enthusiasm. It was one of those nervous emotions which mingle laughter and tears. Soon the current, already rapid, redoubled its speed; the parallel sculptures of the two walls grew confused; the star-like point which had served as our Pharos, and on which our eyes had been steadily fixed, grew larger and larger until it became a portal, opening to a wide extended space. With the swiftness of an arrow our canoes rushed out of the darkness of the gorge; passed, some twenty yards further on, the *puncu* or pass of Tunkini (a notch or gap between two masses of rock), and suddenly shot out into the open, inundated with air and sunshine. Henceforth the Cordillera was behind us. We had entered on the American plains.

OUR SHIPWRECK AT ANTIHUARIS.

EIGHTH STAGE

(FIRST SECTION).

TUNKINI TO PARUITCHA.

A disappointed hope.—A wonderful tree.—The Antis fashion of bidding farewell to their friends and acquaintances.—The author avoids an imaginary danger only to fall into a real one.—Arrival at Antihuaris.—Ituriminiqui-Santiago.—A sultan and his odalisques.—Geology, botany, and hydrography combined.—A menagerie on a raft—About the antipathy of apes for music.—Fall of forest trees.—With what pleasure geographers will learn that the rivers of Paucartampu, Mapacho, and Camisia, which they have believed to be distinct, are one and the same river, under three different names.—Arrival at Bitiricaya.—First interview with the Chontaquiros Indians.—Jeronimo the tattooed Christian.—The question of the preponderance of the Chontaquiros over the Antis is for the first time discussed.—Lamentable history of the missionary Bruno, treacherously killed by a bell-ringer.—Dissertation on the past and present history of the Antis Indians.—It is proved by the formula of $a + b$ that the Chontaquiros Indians are at once excellent rowers and queer fellows to deal with.—Compulsory approximation of the chiefs of the united commissions.—How the Count de la Blanche-Epine finds to his cost that there are haricots and haricots, as there are eggs and eggs.—A house at Sipa.—Picture of the interior, with effects of light and shadow.—Collision with the trunk of a *Siphonia elastica*.—The author and his ape have a scuffle on the river.—Hospitality in a canoe.—Memorable combat between an *Ateles niger* and an *Ateles rufus*.—The shores of the Apurimac.—A box of preserved sardines.—A *coup d'œil, en passant*, of the river Tampu-Apurimac.—The mission of Santa-Rosa and its converts.—False Christians and genuine rogues.—Something about the Apu-Paro and the mixed population of its shores.—Man regarded as an animated

accessory of the landscape.—The three dwellings at Consaya.—How the chief of the French commission, when trying to ride a winged chimera, receives a kick from a fantastic animal.—Arrival at Paruitcha.—Dissertation on the past history and present state of the Chontaquiros Indians.

THIS sudden transition from darkness to light, this abrupt substitution for a comparatively contracted space of an unlimited extent of landscape, produced a singular effect. It was like the flashing of a drawn sword in the sun, which so dazzled us that it made us drop our eyes. To this sensation succeeded almost immediately astonishment, mixed with admiration, to which the thought that we were delivered for ever from the danger of cataracts and rapids added I know not what sweet sense of rest and heartfelt satisfaction. For some minutes our eyes wandered with delight from the slopes of the Quillabamba Santa Aña to the vegetation which characterized its shores. Like certain pictures of the old masters, the landscape was painted with remarkable sobriety; a decided blue for the sky, a yellow ochre for the river, a ruddy colour for the shores, a dull green for the forests, were the only colours employed by the great artist. In other circumstances we should perhaps have disapproved of this parsimonious use of the resources of the palette; but here it appeared to us to enhance the character of the composition. The attention, not being distracted by a diversity of tones and ever-changing shades of colour, was better able to appreciate at their just value the firmness of the first sketch, the harmonious development of the lines of the perspective, and the brilliancy of the distances sparkling with light.

Immensely enlarged after leaving the gorge of Tunkini, the river from that moment rolls the mass of its waters with the majesty of a stream capable of carrying vessels of war on its bosom. Curious to ascertain its depth, we dropped the plummet six times, at intervals of ten minutes, and obtained a mean of six fathoms. This was more water than was necessary to float our canoes; and besides the calm of the vast surface, the tranquillity of its course, almost insensible to the eye, removed so far all idea of danger, that the hope of finishing without accident a journey commenced under such unfortunate auspices, suddenly tinted with rose-colour the humour of my companions. The chiefs of the united commissions exchanged a grim smile, as if the happy influence of the scene had already modified their mutual hatred. This ambiguous gleam of pleasure which I surprised on their countenances, made me believe in the possibility of a good understanding between the rivals. But the illusion was of short duration. We had not accomplished three miles when the river contracted considerably, rocks appearing above its surface, and, opposing an obstacle to the current, created an unbroken succession of those frightful rapids from which we had fondly supposed we were for ever delivered. Almost at the same instant detached arms of the chain of the Andes of Avisca, tending east-south-east, lifted their bluish masses above the forests. As our course lay between north-north-east and north-north-west, we had nothing to fear for our canoes from the neighbourhood of these mineral formations; but their advent, no less than that of the rapids, had thrown a wet blanket over our gaiety, and destroyed, together with the idea that we had cherished of a navigation deprived of all danger, the probability of a reconciliation between the antagonist chiefs. To the half smile which for an instant had smoothed the wrinkles from their brow, there succeeded that

forbidding and sullen look which, since our departure from Chahuaris, each of them had maintained even in his sleep.

A bit of nature, which charmed us by its novelty, diverted our thoughts for some minutes from the anxieties which had been re-awakened. On the right shore a massy tree, which we at once recognized for an *Erythrina corallodendrum*, bent over the waters, and reflected therein, with every exact detail, its rugged trunk, its splendid flowers, and the mass of its foliage. There would have been nothing extraordinary in the mere fact of this tree being found on the spot, had it not been loaded with wonderful fruit of a mixed indigo blue and golden yellow colour, such as we had never seen before on any individual of its species, and which harmonized admirably with its clusters of purple flowers. We had just prepared ourselves to take note of this vegetable wonder, unknown to the learned world, when we saw the beautiful fruits of turquoise and gold detach themselves one by one from the branches, and fly away with a croaking noise, in the form of araraunas,[1] disappearing in the forests of the opposite shore. This was our only adventure during the day. After having followed many windings of the river, and coasted their shores, invariably bordered with cecropias, bamboos, and giant reeds, we reached Quimariato, where we landed to pass the night. A sandy shore, an ajoupa of dried reeds, erected in sight of a rapid which cut the river obliquely, made of this desert site the most soberly composed landscape that we had ever seen. The first of our company to disembark used their right of conquest to instal themselves under the ajoupa; those who followed them settled down in groups round the sheltering stubble; the rest, who were still later to land, and of whom I was one, had no other shelter than the vault of heaven, or that which was so called. After a frugal repast, I stretched myself on the still warm sands, with my head to the south and my feet to the north, and went to sleep while trying to count the stars.

Those of our rowers who had engaged to accompany us as far as the cataracts of the river, and who out of condescension had kept us company as far as Quimariato, left during the night without inquiring if we had any further need of their services. Their desertion was the first thing that we ascertained on opening our eyes. At first this sort of behaviour appeared to us rather sharp and even uncivil practice; but after reflection we were obliged to admit to ourselves that these children of barbarism, having religiously kept their word and got a hundred times the pay we had agreed to give them, were justified in considering we had no further claims upon them. To compel them to show us any additional courtesy we should first have set them an example of politeness and consideration; but we had been content to pay them for their work

[1] The name of *araraunas*, given by the natives of Brazil to the larger individuals of the *Psittacidæ* family, is, in the Tupi idiom or *lengoa geral* of some provinces of that empire, the onomatopœia of the croaking of these birds. To this generic name the natives add a qualifying adjective to designate the ara with a blue back and a yellow belly, the red ara or macaw, the ara of an indigo-blue colour or dull green, the ara with white cheeks, and other varieties of the kind. Of the name *ararauna*—which naturalists, I know not why, have cut in two—they have made the words *Ara Rauna*, by which they designate the individual with a bright blue back and a yellow belly. Their ornithological etiquette is, however, inapplicable. Following the example of the natives of Brazil, they should have given to the individual in question the generic name *Ararauna*, which of right belongs to it, and have joined the qualifying adjective *cœruleus*, *luteus*, or even *aureus*, to designate this bird either by the azure colour of its back (*chape*), or the golden yellow of its belly. In the Guarani idiom, from which the Tupi appears to be derived, the blue ara with a yellow belly is called *arárácá*, and the individual of a red colour, with blue wing and tail feathers, *araraguaá*.

without giving them so much as a copper button, a needle, or a bell, as a mark of our affectionate esteem. In turning their backs upon us without so much as saying adieu, they had only copied our own want of manners, and paid us in our own coin.—"Give, give!" says the proverb.

The unfortunate consequence of their disappearance was to reduce the complement of each vessel to a single rower and a pilot. Such a crew was insufficient for a navigation which appeared to be still surrounded with danger; but we each did what we could to improve the occasion by taking an active part in the work. The Count de la Blanche-Epine alone raised an outcry at not having more than two men in his canoe. To silence his clamour, which quite deafened us, we united the three rafts end to end, and intrusted the management of them to a single man. This device enabled us to put four rowers at the service of the chief of the French commission, who could now descend the river without fear of hazarding a life so precious to science.

When we left Quimariato the sun had not yet risen. The landscape was sweetly fresh and calm; everything in the foreground was sharply defined and clear, while the distance was shrouded in the matutinal vapours, which were pierced here and there by the rounded top of a great tree, the chief of the forest, or an angle of the shore overgrown with tall reeds. The sweet confused warbling which proceeded from the mist suggested the woodland scene that it concealed. We left without breakfasting.

Between Quimariato and Sabeti, where we halted about eleven o'clock, we passed the embouchure of two streams,[1] and descended a dozen rapids more noisy than dangerous. The depth of the river varied from one to three fathoms, and the speed of its current, which we had estimated at eight miles an hour, was less by one-third.

During our stay for two hours at Sabeti, we lighted a fire and roasted and boiled some bananas. Having partaken of this frugal repast, we awaited the return of the Antis, who had gone into the gorge of Sabeti, through which ran the stream of that name, to beat up the residence of one of their friends, in order to procure the provisions which the exhausted state of our larder rendered necessary. On starting they had promised to bring back a quarter of some sort of venison—say of an ape or a tapir—the vegetable *régime* to which we had been reduced for several days having become insufficient to recruit our strength. On the other hand, this kind of alimentation, though it only imperfectly satisfied our hunger, and sometimes revolutionized our digestive apparatus, left our spirits to enjoy a more perfect light, by which science might have profited if we had been occupied with science; but science—we may confess it now without fear—was the thing with which the united commission was least of all pre-occupied. One of the two chiefs, entirely absorbed by the sense of his misfortune, aspired only to a speedy return to the City of Kings; the other had enough to do with the incessant polishing of his nails, without troubling himself to discover whether the

[1] These streams, of some breadth but little length, have their source on the west flank of the Cordillera of Huilcanota, the extension of which is marked in the charts of Brué, edit. 1821-25, under the name of the *Andes of Cuchoa*. This designation, unknown to the Antis Indians and their neighbours, is replaced among them by that of the *Sierra de Ticumbinia*, which they give to the northern extremity of the chain of Tono y Avisca, an extension of the Cordillera of Huilcanota. The largest of the two streams which flow from that Sierra into the Quillabamba Santa Aña is called the river of Ticumbinia.

Quillabamba Santa Aña bore east or west, or whether the inhabitants of its shores descended in a direct line from Shem, Ham, or Japheth. There remained the "alferez," or acting lieutenant, and the assistant-naturalist, who, by making good use of their observing powers, might have made up for the *lâches* of their respective patrons, and enriched science with new facts and conclusions: but the lieutenant gave his whole mind to the improvement of his red ape, whom he was endeavouring to civilize with the aid of a switch; and the assistant-naturalist was the victim of a fixed idea—a *desideratum* he called it—which made him indifferent to everything else. This desideratum was the capture of the female partner of the king of the gobe-mouches, for

THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE GOBE-MOUCHES (A SPECIES OF THE MUSCICAPA OR FLY-CATCHERS).

presentation to the Museum of Paris, that collection not being fortunate enough to possess this interesting dentirostre. The determination, the energy, the patience of the young man were applied to the discovery of the bird in question; all his energies converged to this single end, which, if he had chanced to attain, we tell the reader confidentially, had won for him a high place in the esteem of ornithologists and other competent persons.[1]

While my companions occupied themselves, or whiled away the time, according to their fancy, I, in my own way, studied the effects of light and shade on the landscape: I cut up flowers, I dissected the leaves; I tried to note down the song of the birds and the murmur of the winds; I watched across the intervening space the cirro-cumuli or cotton-balls, those light clouds which, like the doves of Dante, *volan per l'aer dal volar portate.* In the midst of these various cares time passed swiftly away. The

[1] To the reader who may be interested in these researches, we may say, in advance, that it was not until we reached the plains of Sacramento that our assistant-naturalist was able to procure, by the interposition of the converts of the mission of Sarayacu, a specimen of the queen gobe-mouche, a little bird whose dull plumage contrasts strikingly with the splendid livery of her royal husband. We shall hardly get the credit of having sketched from nature, perched on the same branch, this interesting couple, so rare in European museums and private collections.

field of discovery which we had left fallow insensibly covered itself with weeds and thistles, without our self-love being affected or our tranquillity at all disturbed. To live as well as we could, to sleep as soundly as possible, to arrive at Sarayacu as speedily as possible—such were our only anxieties.

Confessions of this kind are rarely made by travellers, whose business it rather is to magnify their achievements, and cut the marble for their own statues. We are, therefore, pleased to think that the reader, if by chance we have in any way displeased him, will forgive us our faults in consideration of our frankness.

The Antis had now returned from their visit to the gorge of Sabeti, bringing with them, as they had promised, provisions of a more solid kind than we had lately been accustomed to, consisting of the half of a peccary, horribly flavoured, together with some sweet cucumbers (*Coloquintidæ*), and a few bananas and yucca-roots. Hardly had they returned when my companions launched out into the stream. At that moment I was at the entrance of the forest, at some distance from the shore, covetous of certain *siliquæ* which were beyond my reach, and which I declared, like the fox in the fable, not worth any further attempt. I heard the signal for departure, and ran as fast as I could. My canoe had been left to a single rower. The pilot who had guided it from Quimariato, moved by the attraction of novelty and the need of change which is the characteristic of man in the state of nature, had abandoned his companion, and gone off in one of the other vessels. To have exclaimed against this infraction of established order, would only have been an act of folly; to have demanded of my rower an explanation of the uncivil proceedings of his comrade, would only have been to waste his time. Besides this, I should have found some difficulty in expressing my sense of my outraged rights in the language of this savage, a young fellow of fifteen or sixteen, who would only have stared at me with a wondering air. I therefore entered my canoe and sat down without saying a word, facing towards the prow, leaving the office of pilot, *ad interim*, to the Antis seated behind me. When we started our party was about 200 paces in advance, and for an hour or so all went on satisfactorily. My young Indian managed his paddle with such dexterity, and passed several rapids so skilfully, as to win my confidence. I had, in fact, began to reconcile myself to the situation, and to think of the employment of several rowers as an unreasonable superfluity, when an alluvial deposit of sand and stones, upon which I had not calculated, barred the bed of the river, and divided into several arms the mass of its waters. The canoes in advance had passed through the widest of these channels without accident; so, turning to my pilot, I indicated with my finger that he was to follow their example. He did his best to follow my instructions, but the current was stronger than his will, and bearing our craft to the left, when we should have kept to the right, drove us along the longest and narrowest of the channels, where the water was engulfed with extreme violence. We nevertheless continued our course safely as far as the projection of a tongue of land at the other end, when I saw with dread an enormous rock, against which the water furiously hurled itself. The obstacle was still far enough off to give me the opportunity of warning my pilot; but the youth did not appear to be concerned. He smiled and shook his head, with an air which signified "There is nothing to fear."

His calmness, which I took for ignorance of the danger, rather exasperated me. I gesticulated more earnestly, but the more I excited myself the more pleasantly the fellow smiled. The current which bore us along seemed to double its speed. We were not more than twenty steps from the rock: I sprang to my feet, and, with my arms extended, prepared myself for the fearful shock. The Antis continued his placid smile. When the canoe, driving furiously with the current, appeared to me to be in close proximity to the rock, I bent forward and stretched out my arms, thinking to use the rock itself as a fulcrum and push our boat off. But I had miscalculated the distance, and my pilot had been quite right in his fearlessness. The canoe glided by the rock without touching it; only, the inclination of my body and the abruptness of my movements at this critical moment upset it, and in an instant I was under the water. On rising to the surface, with my pencil between my teeth, the canoe was floating keel uppermost, and the young Indian, clinging to its side, allowed himself to be towed along with it. I struck out, and having reached the canoe, climbed upon it and sat astride. Till that moment, moved by the instinct of self-preservation, I had nerved myself to meet the danger; I had conquered it, and, like Ajax, I felt myself strong enough to brave the wrath of the gods; but when I saw my sketching-books, my note-books, and my book of rhumbs carried away by the stream, and the box which contained many laboriously-accumulated documents tumbling about in the water, all my stoicism abandoned me, and I screamed like a peacock. My cries were heard by the Count de la Blanche-Epine and the assistant-naturalist, whose canoes had been distanced by the rest, and were rowing near each other. The chief of the French commission turned his head, saw a canoe submerged and two men in danger of drowning, but, overcoming his emotion, tranquilly continued his route. The assistant-naturalist, less master of himself, immediately turned his prow towards us. "Save my papers!" I cried, when he was sufficiently near to catch my meaning. The good fellow instantly put his vessel about, and went in pursuit of my floating lucubrations, which he picked up one by one. In a quarter of an hour he brought me all my scribblings, so soaked, however, that I did not dare to touch them, but received them in the skirt of my coat. With the help of his rowers we managed to push my canoe towards the shore, where we beached it; then having turned it over and floated it again, I resumed my seat, leaving my pilot, whose coolness had not failed him an instant, to take his paddle as before.

When we had resumed our course, gloomy thoughts possessed me relative to the articles of apparel, the hammock, the mattress, all objects of the first necessity, that I had left at the bottom of the river. This luckless day was for me one of those which ought to be marked with a black cross, in contrast with the white stone proposed by the satirist to distinguish the happy ones: *Hunc, Macrine, diem numera meliore lapillo.* A single minute had sufficed to work this great disaster, and had transformed me from a respectable traveller, properly provided with stockings and shirt-fronts, to a poor devil reduced to the merest necessities. From happiness to unhappiness or misfortune, says a Quichua proverb, is only a flea-leap. Alas! leaving out of consideration the flea, how true this proverb now appeared to me!

My companions, who had been ashore at Antihuaris for more than an hour, began to be uneasy on account of my prolonged absence. The Count de la Blanche-Epine, by replying carelessly to their questions on the subject—"I believe he has got a drenching"—had excited the most sinister apprehensions, as they told me when I arrived. The assistant-naturalist related, with his accustomed *verve*, the mischance that had befallen me, and the attitude, like that of Bacchus bestriding his barrel,

PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR AFTER HIS SHIPWRECK AT ANTIHUARIS.

in which he had found me. The fun of this comparison delighted my companions. As for me, I was only half-amused by it; the still fresh remembrance of my losses prevented me from joining in the chorus of my friends, and of laughing as heartily as politeness demanded.

The place at which we had halted was occupied by a family of Antis, whose temporary dwelling was situated on the skirt of a forest of reeds, at a short distance from the shore. The head of this family, one of the annual visitors to the mission of Cocabambillas, was the godfather of our interpreter Antonio, who, while holding at the baptismal font the last child of the savage, had made the latter promise that he would exchange his original name of Ituriminiqui, as a heretical blot, for that of Santiago, the James of the Spanish calendar. The Antis, like most of his compatriots, allowed himself to be baptized, partly from friendship for his godfather, but

more in the hope that his apostasy would be paid for by a present of a few knives, which proved to be the case. Since then the true Christian and the sham convert had lived on the best of terms, visiting each other once a year, and each taking care that his visit should be as profitable as possible.

When we arrived at Antihuaris, Santiago, accompanied by his wives, his children, and his several friends, was preparing to start for Cocabambillas, in order to exchange, as was his custom, apes and parrots for knives and axes. Our arrival rendered the intended journey unnecessary. In the twinkling of an eye we relieved him of his collection of animals, on more favourable terms than he could have made with the inhabitants of Cocabambillas and Echarati. He behaved like a perfect gentleman to

AJOUPA (HUT) OF THE ANTIS AND ANTIHUARIS INDIANS.

us, serving up a large earthen pan as big as a trough, containing a medley of flesh, fish, and vegetables, to recruit our exhausted forces.

While eating my dinner I examined with curious interest these indigenes, beneath the shelter of their roof of leaves, upon which the mid-day sun poured torrents of light. That shelter, constructed in haste and for the needs of the moment, simply consisted of a large hurdle made of reeds, and laid on the top of eight poles united by transverse sticks. Under this primitive roof were heaped up in picturesque disorder, the jars, the earthen pans, the bowls, the wooden spoons, the spatulas, and other utensils of an Antis household. The ground was covered with a litter of vegetable pickings, peelings of fruits, fish-bones, meat-bones, and other débris without name, without form, and without colour. Under the roof were suspended by lianas, in order to preserve them from the invading ants, provisions of every kind—quarters of sea-cows' flesh grilled on the embers, fillets of peccary dried in the sun, and slices of tapir's flesh smoked over green wood. Women half-naked came and went between the ajoupa and the river, some carrying water, some cooking, others trying to quiet the children, who, terrified by our beards

and our clothing, so different from that of their fathers, cried in the most piteous manner.

While we made these observations, and continued to regale ourselves with the contents of the earthen dish, the cholo Antonio was trying all his rhetorical skill to persuade his godfather Santiago to accompany us to the territory of the Chontaquiros. At first the savage refused, alleging the length of the journey and the impossibility of leaving his family on the shore of Antihuaris; but the offer of a few knives overcame his scruples. As soon as his departure had been officially announced, his wives, five in number, began to pack in the canoe of their lord and master choice provisions for the journey, without forgetting the pots and pans necessary for cooking. All this culinary baggage was delicately covered with the leaves and reeds of the *balisier* as a protection against rain and sun. For my part, I busied myself in making perches for the birds I had purchased. A trapèze was arranged between two poles, that the apes, my new guests, might have the advantage of gymnastic exercise. Santiago had requested twenty-four hours' delay, in order to make his domestic arrangements as a husband and a father, and confide to the friends who would be left under his roof the direction of his household, the education of his children, and the supervision of his wives. The ugliest and oldest of the savages was intrusted with the latter of these duties, resembling the functions of the kislar-agassi in a Turkish harem. On the youngest devolved the duty of maintaining discipline among the children, with full authority to pull their ears in case of bad behaviour and rebellion. The whole household, male and female alike, listened with a serious air to the instructions of their chief, and promised to conform in every point. This ceremony ended, we passed the night in rather a promiscuous fashion with these honest people, without being very seriously affected by their corporeal emanations, the smell of the animals of the menagerie, or the fumes of the viands with which we were literally surrounded.

The next morning at nine o'clock we quitted Antihuaris, accompanied by Santiago and his eldest son, a youth of about sixteen years of age, whose elegant figure reminded me of the fine types of adolescence created by the chisel of the Greek statuaries. The father, seated in the stern of the canoe, acted as pilot; the son took his place forward as rower. Our navigation was signalized by encounters with rapids, large and small, from which we suffered no serious inconvenience, their only effect having been to keep us constantly watchful. These rapids, confined to no particular spot, were not caused, like those below Tunkini, by the slope of the ground or the obstruction of rocks, but by alluvial deposits of sand and stones washed down from the heights, and driven together in such quantities by the action of the currents, as to form islands of two or three hundred yards in circumference. Sometimes these islands assumed the character of an archipelago, and divided the river into numerous channels, through which the volume of waters precipitated itself with turbulent violence.

Our only occupation, I might say our only resource, during the early hours of the morning, when we yawned enough to dislocate our jaws, was to sketch the most considerable of these rapids, and of certain unimportant affluents of the Quillabamba Santa Aña, which the reader will find in our map, and of which therefore we need not

further speak. Two short halts in which we indulged under some slight pretext on the shores of the Canapachiari and Sanguianahari enabled me to discover in the thickets and on the shores a bamboo with thorns as black as ebony arranged in a bunch; some ingas (*Mimosæ*) with siliquæ or pods of various lengths, and more or less spiral; two varieties of *leche-leche* (Siphonia); some charming convolvuluses with their many flowers, some of a beautiful golden yellow, others milky white tipped with red; a great number of Œnothereæ[1] with blossoms invariably yellow; some thorny Solaneæ of the genus Capsicum; an Anagallis with purple flowers; a myrtle with scented berries; and the *Erythroxylon Coca* in its wild state.

On leaving the shores of the river Sanguianahari, our canoes, which we usually kept

ANTIS DESCENDING A RAPID.

separate, were formed into a squadron and made a trial of speed. For some minutes this wild regatta presented an animated spectacle. It would have gratified me to make a sketch of the scene, if our Antis, with every stroke of the oar or paddle, had not splashed the water in my face, and so rendered any attempt of the kind impossible. These aspersions, considering the extreme heat, were not absolutely disagreeable; but as we were favoured with them *à l'improviste*, and did not feel desirous of being soaked from head to foot, instead of awaking our gratitude, they only tried our patience and excited our ill-humour.

It was otherwise with our winged companions on the raft, on whom this artificial rain conferred a momentary pleasure. Hoccos (the crax or curassow-bird), pauxis, and penelopes, squatted on their perch and opened voluptuously their wings to enjoy the

[1] On the shores of the little river of Saniriato alone, where six days before we had passed an entire day, perishing of hunger and awaiting the return of the Antis who had gone to procure food, we found, besides other plants, eleven varieties of *Œnothera* with yellow blossoms, of which there are now seventeen varieties. Hence the surname of the *chiendent du Quillabamba Santa Aña*, given by us to that Onograria.

freshness of the douche. The toucans clacked their huge beaks, and the aras, parrots, and perroquets, screeched a harsh chorus. All seemed emulous to show the pleasure they felt, except the apes, who alone were perfectly quiet. A remark that I had often occasion to make is inserted here, for the sake of such zoologists as it may interest. Whenever, for any reason, the birds of the parrot species croaked in unison, the monkeys behaved like fools or madmen. They ground their teeth, grew excited,

ERYTHROXYLON COCA.

struck their hands together, and made horrible grimaces. At that moment, if by chance one of the aras had his back turned, the angriest of the quadrumana would seize him by his long tail-feathers and drag at him, until his enemy, by a stroke of his beak, made him let go. Frequently, however, the tail of the parrot was left in the monkey's hand. The Antis charged with the management of the raft and the care of the menagerie was obliged to put an end to these continual attacks by the argument of the switch. But the aggressor was an ape, and the man who, while he slept, was relieved of the parasites in his hair by that animal, feared to lose his services if he too seriously offended him.

During the leisure of that day's navigation our attention was several times attracted

by a singular noise. We had heard it previously on the other side of Tunkini, but only at night-time, and always mingled with the roar of the wind and the crash of the tempest. Now, therefore, when the sky was clear and a profound calm reigned around, it sounded the more strange, resembling the discharge of artillery deadened by distance. This noise, which, whenever it occurred, had struck my companions with superstitious terror, was caused by the fall of decayed trees, or such as had reached their full growth, and, their roots being arrested by the living rock, had rotted under the continual oozing from the leaves, until a breath of wind was sufficient to determine the fall of the trunk. In thus falling, they crashed down upon the trees and shrubs that had grown under their shadow, and dragged violently out of the ground the lianas

A MENAGERIE ON A RAFT.

and sarmentous plants which had, for many long years, found in their sturdy forms a natural support. In the calm of these solitudes, and in that pure atmosphere, the noise of their fall, augmented by the echoes, might be heard for several miles.

A little before sunset we landed at Putucuato, where we found reeds enough to construct huts and mattresses of a more comfortable kind than those we had been accustomed to prepare. If we supped on nothing more substantial than boiled bananas—the peccary obtained from the Antis seeming to us a little too highly flavoured—our lodging and sleeping accommodation were so satisfactory that we did not wake till sunrise. Leaving Putucuato at six o'clock, we had arrived at eleven off the embouchure of the river Camisia, the largest affluent of the Quillabamba Santa Aña that we had seen since we left Chahuaris. The two hours' halt that we made to dine enabled us to make a careful survey of the mouth of this river, of which some map-makers have laid down the presumed course without always designating it by the name which it bears at its confluence with the Quillabamba Santa Aña. Will these gentlemen forgive me for a short digression?

When a traveller has been able to study at leisure, instead of observing cursorily, the orographic framework of the American continents, the direction of the principal mountain-chains and their ramifications, the rise of the water-courses which furrow them, and the juncture of these with other rivers, he acquires by that study a certain amount of practical experience, a certainty of *coup d'œil*, which enables him, in some degree, to form an opinion at first sight as to the probable length of the river, whether its course is more or less tortuous, whether its bed is strewn with rocks or free of obstacles. The colour of the water, the height of the shores, the nature of the soil in their neighbourhood, and even the vegetable species which grow there, are all indices which such a traveller consults, and which rarely deceive him. So, the savage who roams the forests examines the grass, the moss, the leaves, and guesses from signs which none but himself could appreciate, whether he is on the track of friends or enemies, and the probable lapse of time since they passed. The works of the American novelist Fenimore Cooper may be consulted for ample details of this kind.

We do not indeed claim for ourselves that amount of practical tact and infallibility of *coup d'œil* and judgment which almost resembles prescience. But sixteen years' experience in travelling, twelve of which have been devoted to the study of the places of which we are now speaking, have developed in us certain faculties of observation, which can neither be imparted by reading travels or studying maps. Thus, we had no sooner cast a glance at the embouchure of the Camisia, than the colour of its waters and the constancy of its course, which, so far as visible—say, for about three-quarters of a mile—preserved an east-south-easterly direction, satisfied us that this affluent of the Quillabamba Santa Aña had come from a greater distance than any of the tributary streams we had hitherto passed. Now let us hear what the Antis have to say about this river. If we chose to follow the example that others have set, we might affirm, without the least fear of being contradicted, that, after enduring fatigues and risking dangers without number, we had made the discovery unaided. But we feel nothing but repugnance for this kind of vain-boasting, and prefer to render honour to whomsoever the honour of the discovery is due. *Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo,* says the gospel.

"At the distance of three miles from its embouchure, the river Camisia, which preserves a constant course between east and south, flows between high shores, covered with a thick vegetation. A few miles further these shores are succeeded by perpendicular rocks; the course of the river presents but few sinuosities, and its current is almost imperceptible except off Tunkini, where two cataracts are caused by the rocks which obstruct its bed. Beyond this spot the river again becomes calm, and flows from north to south, between a double line of forests, alternating with steep shores. The only affluents known are two or three unimportant streams flowing from the west. The Pucapacuris Indians inhabit both shores, and cross the river by means of rafts. These indigenes maintain friendly relations with the Impetiniris, who live to the north of their territory; and communicate on the south with the Tuyneris of the river Chaupimayo, the Huatchipayris of the river Coñispata, and the Siriniris of the river Coñi or Marcapata. All these Indians go naked, speak the same language, and have similar

customs. The Pucapacuris are at open warfare with the Antis and Chontaquiros of the Quillabamba Santa Aña."

As the net-work of streams in the eleven valleys which extend between Apolobamba and Santa Aña was so familiar to us, as we have on a former occasion[1] taken a passing glance at the sources of the Mapacho or Paucartampu, and as the direction of that river, which certainly flows towards the north-north-east, had struck us no less than the approximation of the two mountain-chains of Tono and Avisca between which that river is entrenched, we could not hesitate in believing that the river Camisia, now before us, was the same that we had seen at its source in a little circular lake surrounded with snows on our way to Marcapata. It is for geographers to discuss our opinion or to admit the fact without dispute as they deem fit.

SOURCE OF THE MAPACHO-PAUCARTAMPU-CAMISIA.

While our people cleared up the pots and kettles, I explored the shore, and collected in shady places two varieties of ferns—one *Adiantum* with large leaves—and some new *Œnothereæ*. Cotton-trees, figs, and *Mimosæ* with large pods, as well as gum-trees, grew at the entrance of the wood. In dry and sandy places the *Gynerium saccharoides* formed vast masses of underwood, at the edge of which grew dwarf convolvuluses of a pale pink colour, and an abundance of a small-leaved vervain with a loose spike and the odour of citron. I had scarcely had time to remark that in this place the vegetation of the Quillabamba Santa Aña and its affluent the Camisia was wanting in any special character, when the call to re-embark was heard. In five minutes we were once more floating down the stream.

Our navigation that day was marked by nothing particularly noticeable. We descended five or six rapids, and passed an island of sand and pebbles, on which grew large reeds, and the length of which we estimated at about three miles. In the evening

[1] *Une expédition malheureuse* (an unfortunate expedition): *Scenes and Landscapes in the Andes*, 2d series, 1861.

we halted at a place called Quintachiri, which we left again at daybreak next morning. During that second day's course we descended nineteen rapids and passed many tributaries to the great river, both on the right and left, the most considerable of which was the Rio de Picha, the source of which is on the eastern flank of the central Cordillera. At one o'clock we landed at Bitiricaya, opposite an ajoupa built of reeds, situated near a little river which gives its name to the shore at that spot, and where we had resolved to finish the day. There also was the limit of the Antis territory and the commencement of that of the Chontaquiros.

While waiting for the proprietor of the ajoupa, an Antis by birth and in the prime of manhood, to introduce us to the Chontaquiros who were wandering in the neighbourhood accompanied by their wives and children, he courteously invited us under his roof to have something to eat and drink. As nothing could be more agreeable to us, we accepted the invitation without staying to be entreated. As this Antis was the last of his race we should ever see, we inquired his name, that we might preserve it in our note-book. The honest fellow called himself *Quientipucarihua*. If this name, which we made him repeat several times before venturing to write it, should seem to the reader too harsh to be pronounced, he may please himself, without at all impairing my narrative, by substituting for it the more euphonious one of Arthur.

Our host, having set before us an earthen dish of food and a jug of chicha,[1] went out in search of the Chontaquiros, who were fishing, he said, near at hand. Our rowers profited by his absence to make a raid upon the fruits and sugar-canes that he had in store, sharing them one among another like brothers, and greedily devouring them. When the Antis returned the whole was consumed. Two Chontaquiros whom he had met with surprised us by the boldness of their bearing. They were athletic, wide-awake looking fellows. The sac they wore was shorter than that of the Antis, while their heads were hooded with a sort of cowl which preserved both their head and shoulders from the sun. Their faces were striped with black lines; their eyes encircled with red paint in the fashion of spectacles; besides which, their hands and arms up to the elbow, as well as their feet and legs as high as the knee, were decorated with a coat of black paint obtained from the fruit of the genipahua. One might have taken them for two hooded demons, with the gauntlets of a gendarme and the boots of a groom. After the usual compliments we opened a conversation with these strangers on the subject which most interested us. For two knives each they undertook to be our guides to Sipa, a place inhabited by some of their people,

[1] To the chicha brewed from maize (*acca*), used by the Quichuas of the Sierra Nevada, has succeeded among the Antis a chicha brewed from the roots of the yucca (*Jatropha Manioc*), which is common to them and the Chontaquiros. The process of manufacturing this drink, altogether differing from that of which we have given the recipe in our account of Arequipa, is worth the trouble of an explanation. At the period when the roots of the Euphorbiaceæ have reached their maturity the Antis women collect and keep them in a heap for some days. Then they peel them, throw them into a jar of water, and boil them till they are broken or almost reduced to a pulp. This thick broth is stirred with a spatula, and has the consistency and colour of potato soup. At this stage the chicha is taken from the fire, set aside to cool, and very soon begins to ferment. When served it is sufficient to put in a calabash, filled with water, two or three handfuls of this somewhat sour soup, and by a repeated contraction of the hand and fingers to incorporate its molecules with the river water in the vessel. After some minutes of this kneading or mixing, the paste is dissolved, and acquires the consistency of thin cream. The calabash then makes the round of the company, each swallowing five or six mouthfuls from the fountainhead, so to speak, and passing it on to his neighbour.

where we should find more rowers than we should need for the further prosecution of our journey. This arrangement having been concluded to our mutual satisfaction, we distributed some trifling articles among our new acquaintances, in return for which they gave us some excellent fish which they had just caught. We handed this fish over to our people that they might prepare it for supper in their own fashion, which consisted in cutting into pieces the siluridan or the acanthopterygian individual, and boiling it without salt or pepper in a kettle of water.

AN ANTIS AJOUPA AT BITIRICAYA.

Our two recruits had returned to their encampment, carrying off with them the knives which, according to custom, we had given them in advance, and which they flashed in the sun with manifest pleasure. An hour had passed since their departure, and we were chatting with our Antis about these natives, for whom they seemed to have but little sympathy, when we were interrupted by a hubbub of savage voices and guttural exclamations. Almost immediately afterwards a dozen Chontaquiros, followed by women, children, and dogs, came out of the forest of reeds, which extended as far as the shore at this spot, and directed their course towards us. At their head marched, between the two Chontaquiros whom we had hired, and who appeared to serve him as guides, an individual some thirty years old, whose figure might be compared to that of an antique faun, daubed with red and black, and with boots so well painted that he might have disputed with the Greek hero the epithet of *Euknemides Achaioi,*

used by old Homer. This unknown personage having saluted us in Spanish with the sacramental "*Buen dia à Vds señores,*" instantly inquired in the idiom of the Quichuas, which he spoke, if not with purity, at least with sufficient clearness to make himself understood, what motive had brought us to these parts. One of our cholos satisfied his curiosity in this respect. The appearance of a savage so learned as to speak two languages besides his own, seemed to us such a prodigy that we asked for some information about him. We were told that this polyglot, the object of our admiration, was named Jeronimo, and that he had lived for a long time at the mission of Sarayacu, where the priests had instructed him in the articles of their faith. This

INTERVIEW WITH THE CHONTAQUIROS INDIANS INTRODUCED ON THE SHORE AT BITIRICAYA.

information, while greatly surprising us, appeared to be of happy augury for the future success of our journey.

The bases of a new arrangement were agreed upon between us and Jeronimo the tattooed Christian, and before the meeting came to an end the matter was settled. For a payment of three knives to each man he engaged, in the name of his companions, to guide us not merely to Sipa, but even as far as Paruitcha, a place about 180 miles distant, where the territory of the Chontaquiros ended, and that of the Conibo nation commenced. Besides his functions as chief of the staff, Jeronimo undertook those of interpreter, to facilitate our relations with his friends, and finally to introduce us to the Conibos.

Our encounter with this man was a favour of Fortune of which we fully appreciated the value. We therefore tried all we could to attach him to us body and soul. From the manner in which he responded to our advances, and, above all, from his acceptance of our little presents, we flattered ourselves that we had succeeded in our wish.

Since the Chontaquiros had entered on the scene the manners of our Antis rowers had completely changed. A respectful silence had succeeded to their merry gossip;

and, shrinking into the corner of the ajoupa, they preserved, in the presence of the new-comers, a humble and almost timid attitude. The Chontaquiros, on the contrary, went and came with their noses in the air, speaking loudly and boldly, without appearing to notice the presence of our ancient allies. If an Antis was by chance in their way, they brushed past him and even elbowed him; but without affectation, as one might treat a being or a thing of no importance. From this manner of proceeding it was easy to recognize, besides the inherent foppery of the individual, the preponderance of the one nation over the other.

This real or pretended superiority of the Chontaquiros was evidently well understood by their dogs, who, instead of fraternizing with the dogs of the Antis, kept them at a respectful distance, and affected to turn their backs on them. If one of the latter permitted himself the least familiarity, they regarded it as an insult, and facing round, showed the audacious intruder two flashing eyes and teeth ready to bite.

This pantomime, with which a superficial observer must have been highly amused, carried us back in thought, not unmixed with melancholy, to the period, forty years previously, when the Jesuit father Rocamora, descending the river on which we were now voyaging, expressed his wonder, in a work of only a few pages, at the former predominance of the Antis over the neighbouring nations.[1] Worthy Father Rocamora! In seeing them so fallen from their past splendour he probably reflected, as we have done, that in this world, where the happiness of man seems to be the plaything of chance, what Providence gives him with one hand, he takes from him with the other.

While appearing resigned to the humble position in which circumstances had placed them, the Antis took advantage of the few moments that the Chontaquiros left them alone in the ajoupa to whisper in our ears some insinuation not remarkable for its charity towards their rivals. "Beware of the Chontaquiros; they are thieves," they had said to our interpreter Antonio. In this epithet, which was not justified by anything that had occurred, we saw nothing but childish malice and jealousy of our new acquaintances, on account of the consideration we had shown for them beyond what we had exhibited in their own case.

That indifference on our part appeared to wound our ally Santiago, who took advantage of the circumstance to express his desire to return to Antihuaris, under the pretence that his services and those of his son would henceforth not be required. As this was perfectly true in itself, we had nothing to say against his proposal, but allowed him to make his preparations for departure. With the assistance of his son and his friends he very soon constructed a *callapeo*, a kind of small raft, sufficient to carry him with his provision of reeds, jars, and crockery, purchased of our host Quientipucarihua. While going in and out, and notwithstanding a certain amount of surveillance of which he was the object on the part of the Chontaquiros, who seemed to be puzzled by his sudden departure, he found opportunities to relate to his compeer

[1] The little work here referred to is entitled *Razon del viage que hizo en 1805 el. R. P. Rocamora del Convento de Moquehua.* It is a simple and touching narrative. We much regret that we are not able to embody it in our narrative, that the reader might have the pleasure of perusing it.

Antonio a somewhat tragical historiette, which the latter repeated to us on the spot.

Jeronimo, the object of our confidence and sympathies—Jeronimo, whom from the very first we had treated as a friend, almost as a brother, and in whose company we were about to undertake a long journey—this Jeronimo had assassinated a defenceless old man, his spiritual father and benefactor, and this man was a consecrated person, which added greatly to the enormity of his crime. Santiago's account of the circumstances was as follows.

A Franciscan monk, Father Bruno, had come from the apostolic college of Ocopa, to establish himself at Sarayacu, with the intention of assisting the missionaries in their work of spreading the faith. Some time after his arrival the new apostle went on a journey of observation among the heathen Indians, and, ascending the river Ucayali-Apu-Paro as far as the territory of the Chontaquiros, had met with Jeronimo, who dwelt then, as he did at the present time, in the quebrada of Sicotcha. Charmed with the mildness and affable manners of the savage, Father Bruno conceived an affection for him, and persuaded him to embrace the Christian religion. The young man had repudiated his ancestral name of Huitsi for that of Jerome, which the missionary conferred on him at his baptism. For three years he had lived at Sarayacu, where his patron had made him bell-ringer. One day, when the man of God was occupied with his project of founding a mission among the Chontaquiros, Jeronimo offered to accompany him as guide, and assured him of the general conversion of the men of his nation. Father Bruno, trusting in the good faith of his protégé, provided himself with axes, knives, glass beads, and similar trifles likely to conciliate the good graces of the savages, and ascended the river as far as the quebrada of Sicotcha, whither Jeronimo had conducted him, and where he perished in an ambuscade. The first arrow which pierced the body of the missionary was said to be shot from the bow of his convert.[1]

This news, which we had been far from expecting, deprived us for a moment of the power of speech. A little recovered from our stupor, we begged our dragoman to question his informant further on certain points of the sad story which had seemed to us obscure. But the latter, whom the sidelong glances of the Chontaquiros had disquieted, positively refused to satisfy us, and, taking a hasty leave, re-embarked in his canoe, leaving to his son the management of the callapeo. To return to Antihuaris against the current, by hugging the shore, was a six days' labour. Assisted by the current in coming down, we had made the journey in twenty-seven hours.

Having failed to obtain the information we required from the Antis Santiago, we requested Antonio to question our host Quientipucarihua as adroitly as he could, and

[1] It chanced, at a subsequent period, that we had an opportunity of questioning on this subject the venerable préfet apostolique of the Ucayali missions, who had probably a crow to pluck with the late Father Bruno, for he contented himself by replying, with a shrug of the shoulders and an expression of disdain, *Era un aventurero* ("He was an adventurer"). As to the death of the missionary, we feel safe in attributing it, knowing in their every secret detail the life of the missions, to an act of personal vengeance on the part of the aforesaid Jeronimo, in consequence of the bodily chastisement which his protector had inflicted on him, rather than to a desire to appropriate the toys or other property of Father Bruno.

ascertain whether the account of Father Bruno was a slander or otherwise. But the diplomacy of our interpreter failed before the reserve of the savage. To every question on the subject Quientipucarihua replied with a discreet smile, a shake of the head, and the word *Tchontaquiro* (Chontaquiro) pronounced in the manner of his countrymen. To the undiscerning such a reply might appear a little unintelligible; but a student of Lavater, an adept in physiognomical science, could not fail to translate the smile, the shake of the head, and the manner in which that word of four syllables was uttered, by some such phrase as the following: The Chontaquiros are arrant *canaille*, perhaps worse; and if I say nothing more about them, it is because I do not choose to have any quarrel with them.

We were compelled to rest satisfied with such vague information as we had got. During the next day, the whole of which we passed in the ajoupa of Bitiricaya, in company with the Chontaquiros, whose wives had gone to seek provisions for the journey, we occupied ourselves with putting our papers in order, and penning a few lines concerning the honest Antis, who for sixteen days had shared in our fatigues, our dangers, our misery, and more than once had prevented us from dying of hunger. We have now only to trace with a pen these pencilled lines, half effaced by the storms of rain and the shipwrecks which they have survived, to render them legible, and present them to the reader.

The consanguinity of the Antis of the eastern valleys with the Quichuas of the Sierra Nevada—a consanguinity which the resemblance of type and costume,[1] and the radicals and terminations of a large number of words common to the two idioms, suggests to the least attentive observer—has not, so far as we know, exercised the sagacity of any traveller, or the erudition of any ethnologist. It is true that down to the present time these gentlemen have had so much to do, that they have, literally speaking, not had the time to devote themselves to these subjects. We will therefore take upon ourselves to speak for them; and, by way of commencement, consider the Antis as a small fraction of those Indo-Mexican hordes,[2] of which we have spoken in our monograph on the Incas. We pointed out that these immigrants from the northern hemisphere wandered across the southern continent in separate bodies, and during a period which it would not be easy to determine, but which must be understood to comprise many ages, settled here and there at their pleasure, or according to the ruling of circumstances, and moved else-

[1] We are speaking here of the Quichuas before the Conquest, who wore the loose tunic of the Mexicans and the Incas; not of the Quichuas of our day, whose coat with three skirts, short breeches with large knee-ornaments, and triangular braguette, recalls the Spanish fashions of the seventeenth century.

[2] The great variety of types apparently presented by the great Indo-Mexican family may be boldly traced, as we have previously remarked, to two fixed and primordial types—the *Irano-Aryan*, to which we have assigned the rôle of *civilizer*, and the *Mongol* or *Tatar*, which we have considered the *colonizing* element. The supposed *Carib*, *Tupi*, *Guarani*, and other races are only, in our opinion, various genera derived from the two above-named mother-families. Among the nations of Peru the first of these types is proper only to the Collahuas, ancestors of the Aymaras, the Quichuas, the Antis, the Chontaquiros, and two or three tribes scattered through the Yungas or valleys of Bolivia. If this type, little known to South America, characterizes almost exclusively, on the contrary, the Indians of the northern continent, it is because the latter, placed in climatological conditions somewhat similar to those in the midst of which their ancestors lived for ages, and never having passed in their migrations the limits of the northern hemisphere, have been able to preserve more faithfully than the wandering hordes of their family the physical character and certain moral qualities of the race from which they have sprung.

where when the growth of their numbers had impoverished the surrounding lands and diminished their means of subsistence.[1] Whilst the advanced guard of these immigrants reached the mountain chain of the Andes and took possession of its summits, other hordes, following in their wake, and spreading along the flanks and the foot of the same mountain chain, established themselves on the banks of the rivers which everywhere furrowed them, and, changing their nature as they changed their climate, ceased to be troglodytes as of old, and became ichthyophagists. It is probable that the Antis were one of these latter hordes; but we must assuredly assign to the first the ancient nation of the Collahuas,[2] and their successors, the Aymaras and Quichuas.

So far, the establishment of the Quichuas on the plateaux of the Cordilleras, and that of the Antis at the foot of the mountain chain, does not in any degree explain the mutual resemblance of these indigenes, and, notwithstanding the typical portraits with which our text is illustrated, a reader might object that these nations, separated by a difficult region of an average breadth of 180 miles, might exist for many ages, as they do at this hour, without ever having approached each other, and that their resemblance is simply an accident. In the first place, we grant nothing to chance in ethnology. Then, let the reader who thinks the argument, which it is for us to rebut, unanswerable, suppose with us for a moment—and there is nothing gratuitous in the supposition—that in the beginning, that is to say on their arrival, which dates from a more remote period than is generally believed, the Antis and Quichuas, instead of being separated by the breadth of the Andes, formed one single nation divided into tribes, and like us, perhaps, he will see some logical force in the hypothesis that the appearance of the Children of the Sun, and the pressure which the ever-increasing circle of their conquerors exerted upon neighbour nations—a pressure which forced back in the east the nation of Masquis[3] (now the Mascas); in the north, west, and south, the nation of the Collahuas-Aymaras,[4] and which pushed the Canas y Canchis from the heart of the Sierra to the eastern flank of the Andes, must also have acted upon the Antis as it acted on their neighbours,

[1] In the case of these peoples, to whom culture was repugnant rather than unknown, as certain travellers have insinuated, the material resources of existence came to be in ancient times what they still are in our day—the object of a constant pre-occupation, and the end of a thousand expedients. Hence the separation of the nation into tribes, and of the tribes into families, and those periodical disjunctive migrations when fish and game grew scarce in the territory they had chosen. The political axiom, *divide and conquer*, might have originated among these indigenes, who have certainly put it into practice after every interval of half a century.

[2] This nation, one of the most ancient of Upper Mexico, and which historians designate by the names of *Acolhues*, *Acolhuas*, peoples of *Culhua* or of *Culhuacan*, arrived in Peru many ages before the establishment of the Incas, under the name of *Collas*, *Collahuas*, *Collahuinos*, and in fine, people of Collao (region of punas or plateaux). These people were the ancestors of the Aymara-Quichua nation, and we attribute to them, rightly or wrongly, the erection of the monuments of Collao, now in ruins or buried out of sight, and of which the remains at Tiahuanacu are the best preserved specimen.

[3] The territory of the Masquis or Mascas, and of their allies the Chilquis (now Chilcas), was situated from thirty to forty miles south-south-west of Cuzco, between the provinces of Paruro and Tinta. The Chilcas and Mascas had only to follow the course of the river Apurimac, setting out between the fourteenth to the tenth degree of latitude, to gain the region of Pajonal, and escape the domination of the Incas. Since the seventeenth century they formed one of the numerous tribes of the Antis or Campas nation, among whom the missionaries recruited many converts for their missions of the "Twelve Apostles" and the Salt Mountain (*cerro de la Sal*), which comprised some fifty villages. Now that all these tribes are extinct, and that we should vainly look for any trace of them on the river shores of the Pajonal which they inhabited, and from which the majority of them took their name, the Antis nation bears the threefold designation of Antis and Campas y Mascas.

[4] In our monograph of the Incas we have traced the successive removals of this nation, now relegated to Bolivia.

TYPES OF THE ANTIS INDIANS.

and have dispossessed them at the same time as it did the latter of the territory they had so long occupied.

In admitting from the beginning this near neighbourhood of the Antis and Quichuas, the cause of their resemblance is sufficiently explained, and the dissimilarities which the idiom and the manners and customs of the two nations may present at the present time, are seen to be nothing but the consequence of their separation, which dates back more than eight centuries.

If, nevertheless, our aforesaid reader obstinately adheres to his opinion, *tenax propositi*, and rejects as unlikely all idea of contact between the two nations, on the ground of the distance which separates them, the indifference, or—better for his views—the ignorance of themselves in which they live, and the differences which they present, we must refer to the historiographers of the Conquest to clear up the question. Then, however small his faith in the narratives of Garcilaso and Herrera, in the recitals—printed or in manuscript—of the monks of different orders and the Jesuit fathers, of the gold explorers and adventurers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries—recitals with which the archives of the convents of Peru are filled to overflowing—the objector will be compelled to submit to the evidence, and admit, not only an approximation, but actual contact, and almost a fusion of the Antis with the Quichuas.

According to Garcilaso, whose character of Inca, if it did not qualify him as a writer, certainly made him well-informed as to the acts and achievements of his ancestors, the first warlike expedition attempted by the Children of the Sun against the nations which, under the generic name of Antis or Chunchos, inhabited the country on the eastern flank of the Andes (in Quichua *Antis*), took place in the time of the Inca Rocca, the sixth sovereign of the dynasty, who flourished in the middle of the thirteenth century.

Yahuar-Huacac, the eldest son of that emperor, appointed by him generalissimo of the forces, invaded, at the head of 15,000 men, the valleys of Pillcopata, Tono, Havisca, and Paucartampu, which he subjugated and annexed to the empire. Fortresses (*pucaras*) were built on the frontier of the conquered countries; and a garrison was left to keep the enemy in subjection, and protect the inhabitants of the villages that were soon established; and things remained on this footing until the death of the Inca Rocca. Yahuar-Huacac, who succeeded him, had reigned but a short time when he was deposed by his subjects, who elected his son Huiracocha to the vacant throne.

During two centuries the conquests of the emperors extended to the north, the south, and the west of the Sierra, while that already made on the eastern side of the Andes was so disregarded, and at length forgotten, that we search in vain for any mention of it in the works of Spanish authors.

In the early part of the fifteenth century, the Inca Yupanqui, the tenth of the dynasty, resumed the series of conquests of his great-great-grandfather Rocca, at the point where the latter had left them. He despatched into the eastern valleys an army of 10,000 men, commanded by one of his relations. Two years were employed in the construction of rafts to convey the troops, with their munitions of war and provisions,

at the end of which time the army embarked on the great river, which the conquered nations call indifferently the *Mano, Tono,* and *Opotari,* but which, on account of its many windings, Yahuar-Huacac had formerly named the *Amaru-Mayu,* river of the Serpent.[1] After enduring much danger and fatigue in a climate to which they were unaccustomed, and engaging in many bloody encounters with the natives who peopled the two shores of the Amaru-Mayu, the latter were defeated and became tributaries to the Incas.[2] The army of Yupanqui, now reduced to a thousand men, struck across the country towards the province of the *Musus* (the Moxos of the present day), who then inhabited the left shore of the Beni. Not daring to attack these natives with the small force at his disposal, the adventurous chief determined to win them by persuasion, and he succeeded in his design. While the Quichuas contracted alliances with the Musus by marrying their daughters, the Musus sent to Cuzco an embassage of the principal persons of their nation, to render homage to the chief of the empire, and beg him to ratify the treaty concluded between the two nations. These ambassadors, who had made their way to Cuzco through the valleys of Carabaya, found the roads so bad, that on their return they passed through Bolivia, embarking on the river Beni, and reaching their own territory by the descent of that stream.

Dating from this epoch, the relations of the Quichuas with the great family of the Antis[3] and that of the Musus were simply extended and consolidated. At various intervals troops of indigenes from the Sierra, guided by the sons or relations of Yupanqui and the emperors who succeeded him, abandoned their homes to cross the Andes, and extend their relations towards the east. About the period 1529–30, at the moment when the last chiefs of the Incasiac race, who had directed these partial migrations, were arranging to return into the Sierra Nevada, the news of the death of Huayna Capac reached them, and almost at the same time they heard of the arrival of the Spaniards and the fall of the empire. They then gave up all idea of returning home, and having established themselves definitively in the neighbourhood of their allies, they never again saw their ancient territory.

So far from the success of the Spanish conquest causing these migrations to cease, it gave to them a new impulse, with this difference, that where the Incas had only kept in view the aggrandizement of their territory and the consolidation of their power, the Spaniards saw a means of enriching themselves. The fabulous renown of the empires of Enim and Païtiti, of which the country of the Musus was believed to form the centre, had reached their ears, magnified by time and distance, and by the exaggeration natural to primitive peoples. The remembrance of the expeditions of the Inca Yupanqui and

[1] This river is the *Madre de Dios* of the Spaniards. This name was given to it on the occasion of a statuette of the Virgin Mary being found on its shores, where the Huatchipayris Indians, after an attack on the hacienda of Coñispata, which then belonged to the Jesuits, had thrown it as an object of no value to them.

[2] Their tribute, which consisted of precious and fragrant woods, mineral substances, gold in dust and grains from the lavaderos, perfumes, various coloured feathers, cotton, coca, wax, honey, rare or curious animals, &c. &c., was religiously paid to the Incas down to the death of Philippe Tupac Amaru, the sixteenth and last but one of the name, that is to say, for more than six years after the Spanish conquest. (See our monograph on the Incas.)

[3] We have here adopted the qualification *Antis*, elsewhere used in common with that of *Chunchos*, to designate all the tribes which live upon the eastern flank of the chain of the Andes (*Antis*). We must observe, however, that this qualification is only applicable at the present time to the one nation whose territory we have passed through.

his successors was not so entirely lost among the Quichuas of the Sierra Nevada that they could not give their new masters important information on the subject. Some of Pizarro's companions, followed by a band of adventurers, penetrated into these mysterious regions, where, if the common report was to be believed, immense treasures had been accumulated. Pedro de Candia explored the neighbourhood of the river Amaru-Mayu, and returned to Cuzco, without having found the coveted wealth. Pedro Anzurez de Campo Redondo penetrated into the valleys of Carabaya, and even reached the sources of the Rio Beni; but after undergoing fatigues and encountering dangers without number, returned to the Collao, his point of departure, without having discovered the imaginary land of gold. In the north of Peru the search for the country where this metal, according to oral tradition, was employed for the commonest purposes, was actively pursued. Gonzalez Pizarro, a brother of the conqueror, at the head of a band of determined men, overran the province of Canelle. Francisco Orellana, starting from the equator in search of the Lake of Parima, which rolled along its course in waves of liquid gold—and of the city of Manoa del Dorado, whose name alone suggested its wealth—descended the river Napo, and reached the Marañon, which he named the Sea of Orellana. Pedro de Ursua and Lopez de Aguirre set out from the river Huallaga, and braved the dangers of the Upper Amazon. All these men, possessed by the demon of gold, and seduced by the same instincts, which they disguised under the flattering pretence of glory, pursued with avidity the same end, and found only, as the reward of their toil, deception and utter wretchedness, often an obscure death.[1]

Following the example of the conquerors, monks of every order and Jesuit fathers overran these countries, trying to find their way to the empires of Enim and Grand Païtiti, not with the idea of discovering perishable treasures, but to convert to the true faith the Quichua Indians, who had long ago abandoned the Sierra, under the leadership of their chiefs, and those who afterwards succeeded them, led by a brother of Atahuallpa, the Inca executed at Caxamarca by order of Pizarro. The number[2] of these

[1] Father Rodriguez, in his work *El Marañon y Amazonas*, published 1682, after having frequently shown in his appreciation of the acts and achievements of the conquerors, his compatriots, that spirit of partiality, that factious vice of amplification, which characterize the historians of his nation, breaks out in exclamations at the sight of Pizarro and his companions lending greedy ears to the golden tales of the empires of Enim and Grand Païtiti, and seems to take a malign pleasure in overthrowing with a stroke of his pen the palace and court of the Apu-Musu, or lord of the Moxos. He caustically describes the capital of that empire, adorned with sumptuous edifices, peopled with an infinite number of inhabitants, and, as the witnesses of its splendour have declared, a day's journey through its magnificent streets, as being a collection of Indian huts—*algunos ranchos de Indios.* He finishes his review, the critical spirit of which is two centuries in advance of his epoch, with these remarkable words: The soldiers of Pizarro only find, in place of the gold which had been promised them, fatigue, sickness, and death; the religious adventurers find no trace of the millions of souls of which they have heard speak in the empire of Païtiti. (*El Marañon y Amazonas, libro vi. capitulo iv.*)

[2] The Spanish historiographers of the seventeenth century (monks and missionaries), in their accounts of this period, have increased at their pleasure the number of the American populations. This system of exaggeration, this love of the marvellous, which their nation evidently derives from the Moors and Arabs, and of which we have spoken elsewhere, have been followed by the statisticians of the country in their official reports, while modern travellers, by making use of these documents, have reproduced their errors. By way of example, let us refer only to the census of the population given by d'Orbigny in l'*Homme Américain*, which may unhesitatingly be diminished by one-half. The greatest levy of troops made by the Incas at the period of their splendour was from 25,000 to 30,000 men, and when we read that 40,000 Indians who, after the death of Atahuallpa, followed that Inca's half-brother (Philippe Tupac Amaru) to the valleys of the east, we simply recognize a force of some thousands of Indians, to which the historians have added the figure of the partial migrations that have taken place during the reigns of the Inca Rocca and his successors. The remark has been made before by the missionaries, whose names are recorded in the ephemerides of Dr. Cosmo Bueno (year 1768).

latter was alleged to be 40,000. In the absence of Quichuas of pure blood, which these adventurous missionaries expected to find, and of whom the climate had taken account,[1] they found the half-breeds descended from them and the natives of the country. A great number of these were baptized, instructed, and affiliated to a chain of missions which extended from Paraguay to the equator. There now remain only some broken links of that vast chain, of the existence of which the books and narratives of the epoch alone perpetuate the tradition. Time has done its work; the forest, violently dispossessed by fire and the axe, has reconquered its ancient domain, and covered with a green winding-sheet the mission, the missionaries, and the converts alike.

If the reader, with these facts before him, still doubts of the relationship between the Antis and the Quichuas; if he refuses to admit, except under reserve, their community of origin and their direct contact from the beginning, he must at least, unless he holds them to be two isolated and distinct groups, believe in the close approach, and almost fusion, which the successive conquests of the emperors on the eastern side of the Andes caused to take place between them during many centuries.

We could have wished it had been in our power to close this retrospect with a confirmation of what the public have so long been taught to believe, that the Antis, like other nations of whom we shall by-and-by have to speak, have derived from nature, or from their contact with other races, more especially the Spaniards, the white-and-pink complexion which enthusiastic missionaries have bestowed on the *Carapachos* of the river Pachitea and the *Conibos* of the river Ucayali, or the magnificent beards with which they have gratified the *Mayorunas* of the river Tapichi, the white skins and black beards which modern geographers and travellers have enthusiastically taken *sur parole*. Unfortunately we have not found among the Antis and their congeners anything like this, or even approaching to it. The only peculiarity that we have observed among the first-named indigenes is a resemblance, more or less distant, of their type and colour with that of the Quichuas. One individual alone of the Antis nation, a fine fellow some twenty-five years of age, who rowed our canoe for two days at the commencement of our journey, presented with the eagle-like nose, salient cheek-bones, and altogether projecting or boss-like profile of the mountain race, a moustache, or, strictly speaking, a line of black down, sparse and soft, as if sketched with black chalk, on the upper lip. We had before then occasionally seen Quichuas of pure blood in possession of this imaginary moustache; and on seeing it under the nose of an Antis, instead of inferring from the fact anything compromising to the mother or grandmother of the indigene, I only saw in it one of those curious caprices by which nature occasionally seeks relief from the monotonous assiduity of her labours.

After this rapid glance at the origin and past history of the Antis Indians, it remains to speak of the present state of these indigenes.

[1] The influence of the climate of the eastern valleys, and the change of diet, so pernicious even now to the Quichuas of the Sierra Nevada, notwithstanding the frequent journeys to these countries, continued from father to son by these indigenes since the Spanish conquest, must have been particularly fatal to the first colonists whom the Incas sent from Cuzco. We believe, therefore, we ought to attribute the rarity of the Quichua type among the nations of the east to the great mortality which occurred in the beginning among the indigenes of the Sierra, who, to judge by the effect which a change of climate and hygiene still produces upon individuals of their race, could not have passed from a temperature of eighteen degrees Fahr. to one of sixty degrees or sixty-five degrees with impunity.

The Antis nation—not the population so called, which comprised in the time of the Incas, as in that of Pizarro, all the tribes established on the east of the Andes, but the people to whom the name is now limited—occupied even down to the middle of the eighteenth century the neighbouring valleys of Santa Aña, Huarancalqui, and Yanama, the region of Pajonal, and the two shores of the Apurimac to its confluence with the Quillabamba Santa Aña. It was divided into a dozen tribes, which communicated one with another, and lived on friendly terms. The greater part of these tribes had chosen for their domicile the region of Pajonal, the banks of its great rivers and of the secondary affluents which everywhere run through the territory. The southern quarter was occupied by the Antis, Campas or Mascas, the Pangoas, the Menearos, the Anapatis, and the Pilcosmis; on the north dwelt the Satipos, the Copiris, and the Tomiristis; on the east the Cobaros and the Pisiataris spread themselves. The limit of their territory on the west was the eastern flank of the Andes.

In our day nine of these tribes are extinct, or absorbed in a single tribe which bears the name of Antis, Campas y Mascas. The country they inhabited has become a desert, and the surviving group, instead of dispersing, have coalesced, in obedience to the axiom that "union is strength." It occupies at the present time the confines of the valley of Santa Aña, the left shore of the Quillabamba Santa Aña, some affluents west of that river, which we have casually noticed, and both shores of the Apurimac, between the Chanchamayo, the Pangoa, and the Mantaro.

The details we have already given concerning the Antis in the course of our experience in the descent of the Quillabamba Santa Aña, accompanied with scenes exhibiting their manners, together with the portrait types and sketches which at the same time explain and complement them, have very much simplified our ethnographic task in regard to these indigenes, and a few lines will suffice to dispose of that part of our subject.

Morally if not physically degenerate, like most of the nations of South America, the Antis but imperfectly remind us of the bravery and cruelty ascribed to them in the narratives of the sixteenth century, and in the recitals of the first missionaries by whom they were instructed. Their bellicose humour has certainly been softened by time. Such of them as live on the left shore of the Quillabamba Santa Aña, in contact with the cholos and Quichuas of the valleys, have acquired from that intercourse a sort of moroseness and stupid dulness, with which we are struck at first sight. Of all the indigenes with whom we are acquainted, their character bears the closest analogy to that of the Indian of the Sierras, as they also live nearer than others to the chain of the Andes. There is nothing surprising in this similarity of character. It is explained naturally by the successive invasions of the Children of the Sun and the Spanish conquerors, which caused a commingling of the inhabitants of the heights with those of the valleys.

The Antis is generally of middle stature and well proportioned. His figure is slender and shapely, and, like that of all the indigenes of the southern continent, rounded rather than angular. The muscle is well covered with fat. The custom of painting the face and round the eyes with a red pigment obtained from arnotto, and of employing

the black juice of the genipa on other parts of the body exposed to the air, is common to both sexes, and is by no means done, as we are continually told by travellers, to preserve them from the bites of mosquitos—the mosquito does not exist in the mountainous region inhabited by the Antis.[1] The object of this innocent *maquillage*—to borrow a slang expression from the stage—but of which they make a mystery, only laughing when questioned on the subject, is to enhance by the use of brilliant colours the natural advantages which they fancy themselves to possess. This idea, and this practice, which was common to the Medes, the Assyrians, the Babylonians, and other primitive nations to whom the mosquito was unknown, or of which they never complained, are shared, as we have said elsewhere, by the fair sex of Cuzco; only in place of the opaque black and staring red used by the Antis, these ladies, who are connected with our indigenes by the bonds of a remote ancestry, if one may believe the most outspoken of them, only use the white of an egg mixed with rice-powder and a delicate pink—a choice of fine ingredients and delicate shades which may be taken as the sign of real progress, a veritable conquest of civilization over barbarism.

The clothing of these indigenes, of which we propose to present tailors and costumiers with an exact pattern, consists for both sexes alike of a loose tunic (*tsagarinchi*), derived from the *uncu* of the Incas and the *ichcahuepilli* of the ancient Mexicans. This sac is woven by the women, as also is the loose pocket or wallet (*gibecière*), in the form of a frail, which the men carry saltier-wise, and in which they keep the various articles of their toilet—a comb made of the thorns of the palm (*chonta*), a little achiote or arnotto made into a paste, the half of a genipa-apple (*huitoch*), a bit of looking-glass framed in wood, a ball of thread, a bit of wax, a small tweezer for pulling out stray hairs, made of the two valves of the *mutilus;* a snuff-box contrived out of the shell of a *helix* stopped with a plug of cotton, and containing tobacco which has been gathered in its green condition and ground fine; and lastly, a snuff-taking instrument consisting of two bits of reed, each a little more than an inch long, or of the arm-bones (*humeri*) of an ape joined together with black wax at an acute angle.[2] Those among

[1] In the valley of Santa Aña, from the region where the culture of the cacao commences to beyond Chahuaris, we find a small fly with long wings, whose bite is insignificant, and who, besides, only bites during the hottest hours of the day and disappears at sunset. A fly so small as to be scarcely visible succeeds him from the rapids of the river as far as Tunkini, and like the former retires with the setting sun. Beyond Tunkini, on the frontier of the Antis and Chontaquiros, we find two varieties of liliputian mosquitoes whose bite is sharp enough, but who, again, bids the world farewell on the approach of night. It is only on entering the territory of the Conibos that we discover for the first time the *monstrum horrendum* of the family, the infernal *zancudo*, which the Brazilians call *carapana*, and of which they count seven varieties. The size of the zancudo when at rest is about the same as that of a grain of wheat. It bites in the day and night indifferently, it pierces through the thickest cloth, and defies alike wind, rain, and smoke. All these species, as the learned Humboldt has well observed, are confined to certain regions which they never leave, and which are so clearly defined, that a league before reaching the territory of the Conibos, one may pass the night under the sky without feeling a single zancudo, whilst the instant we set foot among those indigenes it is impossible to sleep without a mosquito-curtain.

[2] With the assistance of this *little* apparatus the snuff-taker may himself provision his nostrils, but the *large* apparatus, each tube of which is more than six inches long, cannot be used without the help of a comrade, who introduces one of the tubes into each nostril of the snuff-taker in turn. The operation is of course performed turn and turn about, and the active rôle of *insuffleur* is exchanged by each of the two individuals for the passive one of *insufflé*. Snuff is used by the Antis as a preservative or as a remedy against colds, which they are apt to take after a bath, and which often prove fatal to them, rather than as a real pleasure. This custom, even though constantly practised among the Chontaquiros and Conibos, ceases beyond the territory of these Indians, where the elevation of the territory renders unnecessary the use of green tobacco as a revulsive against the rheums of the brain.

them who are happy enough to possess a knife, a pair of scissors, a few fish-hooks or needles of European manufacture, keep them in their wallet or *simbo* mixed with the articles just enumerated, and thus join the useful to the agreeable, according to the expression of the poet.

Both sexes wear their hair behind like a horse's tail, but cut squarely across the forehead just above the eyes. On the death of any one belonging to them they shave

ANTIS INDIANS TAKING SNUFF.

the head in token of mourning. Gold and precious stones, which in ancient times adorned the clothing of their neighbours—the Children of the Sun—are despised by them or altogether unknown. The only jewel of any intrinsic value which enhances the somewhat bare simplicity of their costume is a piece of silver money—a real or half-real flattened between two stones so as to increase its size threefold. When flattened sufficiently to their taste, they make a hole in it and suspend it to the cartilage of their nostrils. With this paten, which shines at a distance and flashes at their every movement, they wear necklaces made of glass beads, berries of the cedar, seeds of the styrax, the skins of brilliant-coloured birds, the beaks of the toucan, the claws of the tapir, and even the pods of vanilla strung on a thread. These gewgaws, many of which are tied together, are attached, by the fops and coquettes of the nation, to their wallets; or they fall upon their bosom, hang down their backs, or make magnificent epaulettes

Both sexes wear besides bracelets woven of cotton warped on the arm itself, which, when the dandy's flesh is inflamed and swollen from any cause, produces a singular effect. These white bracelets are ornamented with a fringe of black horse-hair, the bristles of a hedgehog, or the teeth of the maki-sapa, an ape known to naturalists as the *Eriodes*.

The houses of the Antis are always built by the side of a stream in the interior, apart from one another, and half-concealed by the curtain of vegetation. These indigenes purposely avoid prominent places and the shores of the great rivers,[1] where their

A FISHING PARTY OF ANTIS INDIANS.

neighbours the Chontaquiros, passing up and down, would not fail to make a halt for purposes of pillage and extortion, though very observant of the forms of politeness. These houses or huts are low structures in which it is hardly possible to enter without stooping. They are oval in form, thatched with stubble or plaited reeds, supported by stakes fixed in the ground six inches apart. Some are large enough to accommodate two families. The strangest disorder reigns in the interior. Heaps of ashes and extinguished embers, bones, and even carcasses of animals, peelings of fruits and roots cover the ground with a thick litter. The air circulates with difficulty,[2] and an animal odour pervades the place, owing to the dogs, hens, apes, aras, and peccaries, which each add their particular emanation to the general aroma. If the local tone of these dwellings

[1] From Mancuréali to Bitiricaya, an extent of about 270 miles, we have not seen—and the reader has been in our company—more than five or six dwellings of Antis Indians built upon the left shore of the Quillabamba Santa Aña. All other sheds or erections that we have met with on our journey have been temporary lodgings.

[2] This description applies only to the houses of the Antis which are in proximity with the flanks of the Cordillera, as those of Mancuréali, Umiripanco, &c. The cold occasioned by the snows, which makes itself felt even there at certain periods of the year, compels these indigenes to close the openings and stop up the chinks of their habitations. Less than a hundred miles lower down, the elevation of the temperature, which always increases as we descend, renders such precautions unnecessary. There accordingly the dwellings of the Antis are perfectly ventilated and even open to every wind that blows, as we have seen at Manugali, Sangobatea, &c.

defies the scrutiny of the artist, their odour must certainly baffle the analysis of the chemist. The hearth is placed indifferently in the centre of the only apartment or in one of its corners. The time which the men do not employ in providing for their subsistence by means of hunting and fishing, is passed in drinking chicha brewed from yucca-roots, as previously described, and in squatting or lounging on the mats to keep themselves warm.

The national weapons are the mace or club and the bow and arrows. Barbed or three-pointed arrows are used by the fisher to surprise the fish in running waters; other arrows, with points made of palm-wood or with a lance of bamboo, are employed by the hunter against birds and quadrupeds, or, if need be, against his fellow-man. Sometimes the Antis poison by means of the barbascum (*Menispermum Cocculus*) not *the rivers*, as a French traveller assures us—the current of these rivers, running at a speed of eight or ten miles an hour, annuls the effect of the barbascum—but the creeks and bays, or *remansos*, where the current is almost imperceptible. The roots of the menispermum, which whitens the water like chalk or soap, makes the fish temporarily drunk. After struggling for an instant it rises to the surface of the water with its belly upwards, and in a state of unconsciousness, which enables the fisher to catch it with his hands, not by *thousands*, as again our traveller insinuates—fish are not so plentiful in these yet cold waters—but at any rate in dozens.[1]

The pottery of the Antis is coarsely made, painted, and varnished. The patterns, as the reader may judge from the annexed engraving, are very limited. A jar for chicha, a pot for soup, and a bowl, large or small, compose the whole variety. Anything elegant of this kind that these indigenes possess comes from the Chontaquiros, who are themselves indebted to the Conibos for such luxuries. Their household utensils are contrived out of the spoils of animals. They have spoons made of mussel-shells or of the skull of an ape. Rasps for manioc are supplied by the bony tongue of a species of crab (*Maius osteoglossum*), fans made of the tail-feathers of hoccos and penelopes; and reels fashioned from the dorsal fin of certain fish. Their drinking vessels are the halves of calabashes (*Crescentia Cujute*), which they varnish on the outside, and upon which they engrave rude designs.

Living apart from each other and in families or isolated couples, these indigenes are governed by no other laws than those of their own good pleasure. They pitch on a site or abandon it without any one having the right to interfere. Like most of the American tribes with which we are acquainted, they never elect a chief except in time of war, in order to march against the enemy.

The women are marriageable at twelve years old, and accept the first-comer of their own nation who obtains the consent of their parents after making them a preliminary present. The wives prepare the food of their lord and master, weave his clothes, look after and gather in the products of the plantations of rice, manioc, or maize that he has cleared, carry his baggage on a journey, follow him to war and gather up the arrows that he shoots, accompany him when hunting or fishing, row the canoe and carry into the hut the booty he captures, the game he kills, or the fish he catches.

[1] This manner of fishing is only in vogue among the Antis from Illapani to Tunkini.

Notwithstanding their constant occupation, the inevitable lot of women in the desert, but from which the husbands know how to exempt themselves or take at their ease, existence does not appear to be by any means a burden to these unfortunates. If they are slaves, they laugh with the yoke on their shoulders and the weight they drag behind them.

WEAPONS, ORNAMENTS, ARTICLES OF POTTERY, AND HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS OF THE ANTIS INDIANS.

Some days before their accouchement, the women of the country, according to ancient custom, leave the conjugal roof and take up their abode in a hut at a short distance from home. There they await, without doing anything to hasten it, the moment of the expected birth. If there are women in the neighbourhood they go to the assistance of their friend, and carry her the necessary food and water; but more frequently the hut is quite isolated, and its occupant has to act on the axiom: "Help thyself, and Heaven will help thee." It is seldom that Heaven fails her. After the birth she drinks an infusion of the fruit of the native quinquina (*huitoch*, or genipa), performs her ablutions with the black and astringent water of this cinchona, and returns home to present the treasure to her husband. The latter receives the gift with a smile or a

grimace, according as it may be a girl or a boy. In the meantime, I ought to say, the husband has passed the time gloriously unfettered at home reclining on his mat, smoking green tobacco, or taking it in the form of snuff, warming first one side and then the other of his lazy body, drinking chicha with his friends, and apparently never troubling himself about the sorrows or the sufferings of his companion.

The institution of nurse being unknown among these indigenes, it is the mother who performs every requisite office for the infant. By means of a cotton bandage as a support she carries the darling *à cheval* upon her hip or astride on her back, and with this load continues to attend to her various domestic duties, or loiter along the shore in menial attendance on her lord and master. At the age of six the child—if a boy—receives the first lessons from his father, who teaches him to swim, to shoot (with arrows), to count up to five, and beyond that number by duplication, sparing no pains to make an accomplished man of him. The education of the girls pertains to the mother, and comprises weaving, the manufacture of chicha, and the national cuisine, consisting of the simple *pot au feu,* derived from the Peruvian chupè, but very much simplified.

The practice of polygamy is exceptional among these indigenes. Some *huayris* or captains of the temperament of our friends Simuco, Ituriminiqui-Santiago, and Quientipucarihua, had from two to five wives; but we repeat it, such cases are rare. It is not that the morality of the Antis is shocked by a figure more or less in excess of European notions, but the scarcity of food, and the difficulty of procuring it in a country which is partly rendered barren by the nearness of the Andes, obliges them to take no more responsibilities on their shoulders than they can acquit themselves of.

The doctors of the Antis, like their class in general among an aboriginal people, are charlatans who lay claim to supernatural power, and practise on the credulity of those who believe in them. By the use of narcotic drinks or violent drastics, they either plunge the invalid into a profound sleep, or tax the powers of nature to the very utmost, as in the case of the historian Garcilaso de la Vega mentioned on a previous page. If the latter treatment is adopted, and the sick man recovers from the diabolical treatment to which he has been subjected, the doctor's skill is reputed infallible, and he receives handsome payment accordingly. To enter into further details on the subject of these pretended cures would only be to fall into tautology, and copy what the reader may find in all the narratives of "voyages round the world" published during the last three centuries. If the number of idiots is infinite, to quote *Phædra,* the number of the credulous is not less so, and clever or pushing people are always impelled, by self-love or self-interest, to take all possible advantage of their real or assumed superiority.

At the death of an Antis his relations and friends assemble in the house, take up the corpse, which is wrapped in its tunic, by the head and the feet, and throw it into the river. That done, they proceed methodically to the destruction of the dwelling of the deceased, they break his bow and arrows and his crockery, scatter the ashes of his hearth, plunder his plantation, cut down to the level of the ground the trees which he had planted, and end the business by setting his house on fire. Henceforth the place

is reputed unclean; every one passing near avoids it, and when the vegetation has reconquered its ancient domain, nothing is left to recall the dead to the memory of the living.

We could have wished, if only for the sake of example to our young readers, it had been possible to represent these indigenes as rigid observers of the command, "Honour thy father and mother," &c. But to have said this would have been to falsify our narrative, and credit these inhabitants of the forest with a virtue they have never possessed. The father and mother of an Antis are counted for nothing by their children when age has bent their head, enfeebled their arms, and, we were about to add, whitened their hairs, but we remember in time that these Indians retain the perfect blackness of their hair, even to eighty years of age. Begrudged food, ragged garments, and the worst corner in the hut, are the inevitable lot of the old. We know not whether this abandonment is a source of affliction to the aged, but at least they can console themselves with the reflection that they formerly treated their own father and mother in the way that their children are treating them. The occupation of these poor Helots is to carry the water and wood necessary for the house, attend to the fire, feather the arrows, &c.

The creed of the Antis is a singular mixture of Brahminical tenets, of the worship of the Parsees—a long time honoured among the nations of Upper Mexico, and re-established by the Incas in its abstract form—and, in fine, of Catholicism imported by the missionaries. They make of the sun and of fire, of Christ and of Pachacamac, of the Virgin Mary and the moon, of stars and saints, a strange salmagundi. From this pell-mell of theogonies there nevertheless springs, in the shape of vague notions it is true, some idea of the power of the Great All, the existence of two principles, and a life of reward or punishment after death. It is true that their notion of a recompense for the just is not one that can be regarded as a great temptation to the practice of virtue; it is, that after death the spirit will inhabit the body of a jaguar, a tapir, or an ape. As for the wicked, his punishment will be to live over again in the skin of a reptile or in that of a parrot.

The Antis nation, strangely reduced in number, counts at present no more than eight or nine hundred men.

The idiom of these indigenes, some words of which we have subjoined, is soft and fluent; they speak it with extreme volubility, in a low and veiled tone, without ever raising or lowering the voice. When one of them is relating anything to one of his companions, who listens without interrupting him, his narration, which often lasts a quarter of an hour, may be compared to a plain chant or a recitative confined to a single note.

VOCABULARY OF THE ANTIS INDIANS.

God	Tayta-Dios.[1]	moon	casiri.
devil	camacarinchi.	star	impoquiro.
heaven	inquiti.	day	quitahuiti.
sun	issiti.	night	echitiniqui.

[1] This qualification given by the Antis to the Supreme Being is evidently borrowed by them from the Quichua idiom and the Spanish tongue. *Tayta* in Quichua signifies *father*, *Dios* in Spanish signifies *God*.

air	tampia.
rain	incani.
dawn	quitaïbititaï.
twilight	chapinitonaï.
water	nia.
fire	chichi.
cold	huanachiri.
man	sirari.
woman	chinani.
husband	ochuema.
child	ananiqui.
navel	nomoquito.
leg	iburi.
calf of the leg	noguta.
foot	noguiti.
bone	tusquichi.
blind	mamisiraqui.
lame	coitguinchi.
thief	custi.
fear	nuchalugaaaqui.
tree	imchato.
leaf	chapi.
stove	mapi.
sand	impaniqui.
coke	chimenco.
smoke	chichianca.
cinder	samanpa.
house	pananchi.
canoe	pituchi.
raft	sintipua.
cotton	anpechini.
sugar	impuco.
cacao	sarhuiminiqui.
canella (bark)	metaqui.
rocou	puchoti.
genipahua	ana.
manioc (yucca)	caniri.
maize	sinqui.
tobacco	saïri.
turkey (wild)	canari.
parrot	niniro.
perroquet	mémeri.
pigeon	sirumiga.
partridge	quichoti.
fish	humani.
spider	gheto.
fly	chiquito.
mosquito	siquiri.
ant	chibuquiro.
butterfly	pempero.
sweet-potato	curiti.
pistachio (earth-nut)	mani.
banana	parianti.
thread	manpichi.
needle	quichapi.
thorn	queto.
fish-hook	chagalunchi.
bow	piaminchi.
arrow	chacupi.
sac (the garment)	tsagarinchi.
necklace	carininquichiqui.
bracelet	minguichinqui.
bell	neguichi.
looking-glass	nigarunchi.
tinder	chinquirunchi.
pot	cobiti.
plate	nectiti.
knife	inquiti.
basket	chevita.
head	iquito.
hair	noquisiri.
face	tiracamiti.
forehead	nutamaco.
eyebrow	notorinqui.
eye	noqui.
nose	iquirimachi.
mouth	nochira.
tongue	neuta.
tooth	nai.
ear	nequimpita.
neck	napurama.
chest (or breast)	notana.
shoulder	itisieta.
arm	nojinpequi.
hand	paco.
finger	nacu.
belly	nomoti.
rope	iviricha.
feather	pachiri.
dance	pina.
tapir	quimalo.
bear	maïni.
serpent	malanqui.
guinea-pig (*pécari*)	sintuli.
ape	osiato.
dog	ochiti.
vulture	tisuni.
cock	atahua-sirari.
hen	atahua.
egg (of a hen)	atahua-iquicho.
papayer (papaw-tree)	tinti.
inga (gen. for the Mimosæ)	inchipa.
pine-apple	chirianti.
one	turati.
two	piteni.
three	camiti.
four	maguani.
five	maguarini.
will you?	pinintiri?
I will	pinintaqui.
what?	quiala?
what is thy name?	tayta pipayta biro?
yes	siti.
no	tira.

The next morning at daybreak we took leave of our host Quientipucarihua, and embarked with the Chontaquiros. The story of Father Bruno, which had been whis-

pered in our ears, had singularly cooled our sympathies with respect to these indigenes. Notwithstanding their noisy merriment and their friendly attempts to break the ice between us, we stood upon our dignity, and during the first day had no other intercourse with these "suspects" than what was dictated by simple politeness. The times to halt and refresh ourselves were the same with them as with the Antis. Between eleven and twelve we landed on some convenient part of the shore to dine, and at sunset we disembarked, to pitch our camp, prepare the common supper, and proceed to our nocturnal toilet.

On the second day we familiarized ourselves a little with our new companions,

CHONTAQUIROS ROWERS.

wondering as we did at their dexterous management of the oar and the paddle. The canoes obeyed their least movement as a well-managed horse the least pressure of his rider's hand. There were hard pulls to haul the wind, channels to shoot through, veerings round, followed by furious jerks and sudden stops, of which one knows not how to give an idea. These indigenes seemed as if they were of a piece with their canoes, like Centaurs with their horses. The canoes, for their part, seemed to be able to read the thought of the Chontaquiros and foresee their intentions, to judge by the promptitude with which they conformed exactly to their owners' wishes.

The work, or rather the play of these master rowers, was accompanied by noisy exclamations, bursts of laughter, and sportive splashes, which the rowers of two canoes, when they chanced to be near enough, treated each other to, without the least scruple about wetting us also from head to foot. Each of our company had at last, in self-defence, taken a share in these savage pleasantries, which otherwise it would have been difficult to moderate. The Count de la Blanche-Epine alone found it impossible to unbend himself, if we may judge by the flash of wrath which kindled in his eyes every time that a few drops of water irreverently fell on his person. He had two

reasons for this angry feeling: first, because he considered the joke an infraction of the etiquette which, in his opinion, every man, whatever the colour of his skin, was bound to observe towards him; secondly, his horror of an ablution amounted to hydrophobia. Although during the journey each and all of us might have seen him polish and repolish his nails in the most assiduous manner, as a rhymester of the school of Despréaux might polish a sonnet, no one could boast of having seen him wash the hands of which the nails make the most beautiful ornament. It is easy to understand, then, the unmitigated horror of the poor man on feeling a drop of water so inopportunely fall upon him.

Another and more cruel kind of torture, to which the undisciplined nature of the Chontaquiros condemned the great man, consisted in bringing him and the chief of the Peruvian commission into close contact. This incident, as often as it occurred, made me forget for a moment the dangers of the river and the miseries of the voyage. I have already observed that our canoes generally preserved a distance of two or three hundred paces from each other; but since we had employed these Chontaquiros, so prone to fits of idleness, it frequently happened that the rowers of a canoe felt inclined to drink a jug of chicha or exchange a few friendly words with their comrades in another canoe, and for this purpose they pulled hard to come up with them, or by loud calls made them stop. When both canoes happened to be those of our friends, this approximation was only an opportunity for pleasantly saluting one another; but when they were those containing the two chiefs of the expedition, the thing, by reason of the enmity between the chiefs, assumed serious proportions. Let the reader picture to himself two mortal enemies suddenly thrown together against their will, and with no other barrier between them than the thickness of the planks of their canoes, equivalent to a few inches! Finding themselves so close together as to appreciate the greater or less purity of each other's breath, the rivals exchanged terrible looks, and, like exasperated llamas, seemed ready to rush at each other head foremost; at such times each quickly turned aside his head. While the Chontaquiros laughed, gossipped, and drank, far from thinking that the two commandants mentally wished them at the devil, the latter remained with their faces obstinately turned east and west, and could only make up their minds to look northwards when the canoes were once more safely separated. Such episodes—which might fairly be characterized as a "quarter of an hour with Rabelais"—constituted, let us frankly confess, the greatest fun of the voyage.

Since our departure from Bitiricaya we had frequently encountered, at places with absurd names which the reader may find on our map, a few Chontaquiros, relations, friends, or merely neighbours of our rowers. These strangers occupied themselves with hunting or fishing. Jeronimo, in each instance, immediately engaged them to join our party, picturing to them in such brilliant colours the pleasure of travelling in such society, that they left all to follow us. Nevertheless none of them failed, as they seated themselves in our canoes, to beg, through the medium of the chief of our staff, a knife or a few fish-hooks, which at first we dared not refuse; but as the number of these recruits went on augmenting, and as our resources in these trifles drew to an

end, we at last requested the ex-bellringer to discontinue his enrolments, which he did, but not without railing against our avarice, and making it a subject of complaint to his companions.

We were soon able to judge to our cost of the character of these indigenes, so different from that of our honest Antis. In as great a measure as the latter had shown themselves gracious, deferential, and serviceable, did the Chontaquiros show themselves rough, undisciplined, and above all little disposed to conform to our humour. Where the first had never consulted anything but our will, the second had obeyed nothing but their own caprices. A single fact interpolated here will tell more in this respect than a long dissertation.

It was the afternoon of the third day after our departure from Bitiricaya. As we were passing the embouchure of the river Misagua, two of the recruits who had been enrolled in the morning took it into their heads to stop and fish. In spite of our representations, they pulled ashore in one of our canoes in which they were rowing, sprang out, and disappeared in the wood. Two hours having passed without a sign of their re-appearance, Jeronimo gave the signal for departure. As we complained to him of the strange conduct of his friends, and of the time they had caused us to lose waiting for them, he replied cavalierly, "When the Chontaquiro is on his own territory he stops where he pleases,"—thereupon, however, he muttered some gibberish in the ears of his companions which we could not comprehend; but from the manner in which the latter bent themselves to the oars and made our canoes fly through the water, we judged that two rowers less and two hours lost would, after all, have no disastrous influence on the day's work.

Clearly seeing the uselessness of our orders and the inefficacy of our entreaties addressed to the mutinous and whimsical nature of these Chontaquiros, we adopted the plan of letting them do as they pleased. Henceforth they might, without the least remonstrance on our part, stop where it seemed good to them, remain as long as they pleased, and embark again when the idea came into their heads. This apparent indifference to their proceedings was completely successful. If our rowers profited by the liberty we gave them of conscientiously idling away half the day, they employed so well the other half that they not only managed to make up for lost time, but even to exceed the number of leagues that we were accustomed to accomplish. It is sufficient at this distance of time to look over our book of rhumbs to be convinced that the distances they made every day were the most satisfactory in the whole journey.

The day after that on which the two Chontaquiros had acted so politely, one of their comrades was taken with a fancy to imitate them, and availed himself of the opportunity when we were dining on shore at a place named Qumaria to vanish in the forest of reeds. This desertion made all the more stir as the indigene belonged to the crew of the Count de la Blanche-Epine, who raised a fearful outcry at not having more than six rowers instead of the seven he had monopolized since our departure from Bitiricaya. We left him on the shore inflamed with rage, and waiting to resume the route when his rower should reappear. He waited so long that his canoe, distanced by ours, remained behind the whole day. At sunset we halted as usual, and had just

encamped when the noble straggler rejoined us. Without uttering a word he betook himself apart, followed by his slaves, who lighted a fire and prepared his supper. Meanwhile night had fallen. Towards nine o'clock we finished preparing our beds, and were about to abandon ourselves to sweet sleep and happy dreams when a strange noise startled us. It sounded like a cry of anguish, broken by convulsive hiccoughs and furious splutterings. One might have supposed the gargoyles of a public building were disgorging a flood of rain. This noise came at the same time from several parts of the shore. We listened with necks outstretched and ears intent, but only succeeded in realizing an effect of which we could not guess the cause, and even that struck us with a vague sense of terror. The assistant-naturalist, who suddenly made his appearance, enlightened us on the subject however. It appeared that the chief of the French commission, having grown weary of waiting for his rower where we left him, had gone for a ramble in the wood by way of relieving his feelings, and had discovered, twisted in the branches of a tree, a papilionaceous plant of the leguminous kind, the pods of which contained some beautiful haricots, spotted pink and brown. He filled his handkerchief with these legumes, shelled them, and had them cooked by the stupid fellow who served him as cuisinier. Unhappily the poor man, while thinking he had laid his hand upon a variety of the haricots of Spain, or the flageolets of Peru, had chanced upon a poisonous species of *Phaseolidæ,* which he felt constrained to render up again the moment he had swallowed them. The cook, who had eaten the rest of these haricots, and the scullion, a young Apinagé Indian, who had licked out the sauce-pan, felt the same gripings as their master, and although of an inferior nature to his, they translated their internal experiences in exactly the same outward expressions. Hence the trio of howls and splutterings which had so alarmed us. This taste of poison had no further consequences than to make the chief of the French commission henceforth extremely circumspect in meddling with plants of which he knew nothing. To immortalize the remembrance of an event which had well-nigh deprived the French Institute of one of its future ornaments, I have inscribed on my map against the site of Isiapiniari, where the incident occurred, the more expressive name of *Playa del Vomito*—the Place of Vomiting. A beneficent sleep calmed the gastric irritation of the Count de la Blanche-Epine, whose eyes, a little hollow in the morning, alone witnessed to the frightful struggle which his stomach had had to sustain against the wild haricots.

On the fourth day of the voyage we arrived, about five o'clock, at a place called Sipa, where for the first time we saw a genuine Chontaquiros house. Until now, on the territory of these indigenes, we had only met with wretched sheds, hastily constructed, half-rotted by the rain, and so dried by the sun that a lens would have been sufficient to set them on fire. The dwelling which now presented itself consisted of two inclined planes, joined at the summit in such a manner as to represent an angle of forty-five degrees. This ajoupa, wigwam, *carbet,* or shed, whatever we please to call it, was entirely open to the east and west, and but slightly protected on the sides opposite the north and south, the winds from which quarters might sweep its enceinte, owing to the space between the ground and the lateral walls of its roof, supported on a row of pillars. This roof, strengthened by bamboos and poles, serving as beams

and girders, was constructed with fronds of the palm, and in a manner so curious as to merit a more particular explanation. Two petioles of the palm with their folioles intact and split longitudinally had first been placed side by side in a horizontal position; then the four rows of folioles adhering to them had been plaited together, two above these petioles, two below, forming a kind of woof some ten inches broad; in continuation of which commenced a similar combination of transverse petioles and plaited folioles. The finished work resembled somewhat those geometrical floors which inlayers call *point of Hungary,* though it only imperfectly resembles the tissue of the lace so called.

TEMPORARY AJOUPAS OF THE CHONTAQUIROS INDIANS.

At a subsequent period we had an opportunity of inspecting more closely the Indian houses and the various kinds of roofs.[1] But none of them appeared to possess in so high a degree as that of Sipa the conditions of solidity, elegance, and lightness.[2] Notwithstanding its quasi-monumental proportions—for its height was about forty feet, its breadth fifty feet, and its length twenty-five—it appeared from a distance so frail and delicately made, that one might have thought it incapable of resisting the least breath of air. Nevertheless it had already defied for ten years the storms of the equinox and the tempestuous gusts of wind which bend and break the centenarian denizens of the forest.

Behind this dwelling, built at some twenty paces from the shore, and on a bluff sufficiently elevated to prevent an overflow of the river from reaching it, extended a

[1] On a subsequent page, where we treat of the *Missions of the Ucayali*, the reader will find an engraved illustration of these different kinds of roofs.

[2] This elegant mode of construction is not confined to the Chontaquiros of South America, but is carried to high perfection among the nations of Oceania. The natives of the Havre-Dorey, of the island of Masmapi, Tongataboo, Bea, Figi, &c., have not only similar dwellings, but some of the tombs of their chiefs are built in the cyclopean and *isodomon* style. The images made by these peoples, and their style of tattooing, recall the Indo-Mexican style; and to judge by the idols placed above their principal houses, and the *ithyphallic* decoration of the house sacred to Dorey, the mysterious worshipof the *lingam* is still observed among them.

plantation of papaws, sugar-canes, cotton-trees, tobacco, and rocou.[1] A frank hospitality was offered to us under this elegant roof, where three families of Chontaquiros, comprising a score of individuals, lived in common. Before asking who we were, whence we came, and whither we were going, they saw us comfortably seated on the mats, and served us, in an earthen dish having two handles, with a ragout of peccary, dressed with green bananas. A glance at this dish was sufficient to convince me that more than one indigenous mouth had been dabbling in it.[2] My companions, to whom I remarked this, were of the same opinion as myself; but it was long since my stomach

DWELLING OF CHONTAQUIROS INDIANS AT SIPA.

had been above anything at all digestible, so rolling up my sleeves to the elbows I commenced fishing in the dirty water.

While thus helping myself to such dainty morsels as I could, I observed some details as picturesque as they were purely local. From the transverse poles of the roof were suspended baskets of various forms and sizes, sheaves of corn and maize, receptacles of earth-nuts made of rushes, clusters of bananas left to ripen, melons, colocynths (*Coloquintidæ*), quarters of venison smoked and grilled. Besides these commissariat stores, there were the sacs, the wallets, and the hoods made by the women of the

[1] When we speak of the *plantations* of these natives, the reader sees in idea, perhaps, great spaces cleared and wastes cultivated. It is our duty to disabuse him of this impression. The plantations of these indigenes, to whatever tribe or nation they belong, can hardly be estimated at more than fifty feet square in extent, and may comprise five or six papaws, fifteen or twenty banana-trees, a score or two of sugar-canes, two or three cotton-trees, a few tobacco plants, &c.

[2] The Chontaquiros, like the Antis and all these Indian tribes, when they eat together out of the same vessel, select a morsel which seems to their liking, taste it, even chew it, and if it does not possess all the qualities which they expected to find, spit it back into the dish. They do the same with the sauces or other liquids which are not to their liking after drinking out of a vessel in common. This custom is not confined to our *savages;* we have often remarked it, with some variation, in *civilized* households, and among the families of the Peruvian aristocracy, where a grandmother, an old uncle, or any aged and influential person practises the same manœuvre at table, taking with his fingers a selected morsel, gnawing or sucking it, and then returning it into the dish.

household; bundles of raw cotton, and balls of thread; bows and arrows, clubs and paddles, pots and sauce-pans, drums and flageolets, necklaces, head-dresses made of feathers, and bracelets for fête-days—in fact all that was necessary to constitute a thoroughly well stored *bric-à-brac* establishment.

When the evening closed in, and two fires, kindled outside of the ajoupa, lighted up all these objects with a strange glare; when, to the chattering of the women, the laughter and cries of the children, were added the Babel of four idioms spoken face to face, the going and coming of our friends and our hosts, with all the bustling backwards and forwards between the shore and the house, the scene assumed a character of striking originality, which would demand both the palette and the pen, colour and eloquence, to represent it adequately. As if in designed contrast to this interior, full of noise and movement, of red lights and black shadows, deep peace had settled down on the landscape. The moon, surrounded with a large halo, diffused a pale supernatural light over the scene; the general tone of the soil was ashen gray; the double line of forests blackish green; and the river, apparently stationary between these two obscure bands, looked like an immense mirror seen on the reverse side with its coating of tin.

Our sleep that night was not troubled by dreams. On the morrow, before leaving, we paid our debt of hospitality by distributing to the men some fish-hooks, and to the women a few buttons and glass-beads.

On leaving Sipa the vegetation became dull and languishing; both shores of the river assumed a desolate aspect. Instead of those stretches of forest, garlanded with sarmentous plants and Convolvuli, undulating in the wind like green drapery, we had now nothing to look at but sandy shores bordered with reeds, rushes, and Œnotheræ. These shores extended farther than sight could reach. The compass, as usual, explained the enigma which this change of scenery would else have presented. The river, after flowing eastward in a winding course of ninety miles, had turned back to the west, and the nearness of the Cordillera, towards which it now rolled its waters, renewed the mineral aspect of the scene and caused the vegetation to disappear.

About mid-day, when the canoes of my companions were considerably in advance of mine, I reached a spot where the stream of the Quillabamba Santa Aña, barred by two islands of sand and stones, was divided into three arms of unequal breadth. By an unlucky accident my rowers hit upon the channel nearest the left shore, where the current ran at the rate of eight knots an hour. The canoe, darting forward like a race-horse, threaded this narrow channel, across which like a dam or barrier lay the trunk of a *Siphonia elastica* which had been uprooted by a flood. This giant-tree stretched from the bank of the river, where it had grown, to one of the islets, and by intercepting the swift stream, crowned the water with foam. Our canoe, driving furiously along, went stem on between the enormous trunk and the stony bottom of the river, where it stuck fast as in a vice. The shock was horrible: my two rowers threw themselves into the water, and half swimming, half supporting themselves by the fallen trunk, reached the shore without accident. I remained alone in the canoe, the water up to my belt, and deafened by the noise of the waves which dashed against me as the torrent went foaming by. My situation, as the reader may judge, was critical enough.

VARIED VIEWS IN THE PLAINS OF THE SACRAMENTO.

but that of a great ape, an *Ateles niger*, tied to the prow of the boat, was intolerable, and to escape from it he broke his cord and sprang upon me at a single bound. The attack was so sudden that I could neither foresee nor avoid it. The animal had thrown his long arms around my neck, and fear adding tenfold to his strength, I had every prospect of being strangled. To free myself from his embrace I saw no other course than to seize him by the skin of his back with one hand, while I used the other to try the effect of a few smart raps on his nose. Already his arms were beginning to relax their hold, and victory seemed to be on the point of declaring in my favour, when, as I threw upon him a look of triumph, I saw his teeth chatter, great tears rolled from his eyes, and a poignant sorrow was expressed on his simian face. My fear and my wrath evaporated at once. I was ashamed at having struck that grandfather of humanity, or that last product of the human series, according to the point of view from which we choose to regard the poor beast; and to make what amends I could for the disgraceful act, I piously kissed his black muzzle. Apparently he appreciated my remorse; and to prove that he bore no malice, he unlinked his arms and sprang upon my shoulder, where he sat astride as on horseback.

The first care of my rowers on gaining the shore was to run after the canoes that were in advance, hail the nearest, and inform its occupants of the situation in which they had left me. That canoe happened to be the one containing the chief of the Peruvian commission. It was he, therefore, who came to assist me out of the bath where I had been detained for more than an hour, invoking for my ape and myself the support of Heaven and the help of man.

Here a reader, sitting comfortably over my book, may object perhaps, that, following the example of my rowers, I might have gained the shore by half-swimming, half-clinging to the trunk, instead of remaining in the river and laying the foundation of future rheumatics. To this objection, of which I acknowledge the force, I reply, that if I had done so, I should have had to abandon my clothes and papers, which were in the canoe; and that is what I could not make up my mind to do. The Quillabamba Santa Aña already possessed enough of my wardrobe, without being still further enriched with the few shirts I had left.

With the assistance of my deliverers, I succeeded in effecting the salvage of my goods and papers, and then scaled, in the midst of the boiling waters, the unlucky *Siphonia*, the cause of my misery, and dropped on the other side into the Peruvian canoe. I was received with open arms by the captain of the frigate and his acting lieutenant. My canoe, which the combined efforts of a score of men and as many oxen would not have dragged from the place where it had got wedged, was abandoned to its sad fate.

A tragical incident signalized my admission among our friends. The *Ateles niger* which I carried on my shoulder had no sooner perceived the *Ateles rufus*, dear to the lieutenant, than, in contempt of the hospitality with which we had been received, he threw himself upon him, grappled with him, and bit him cruelly on the cheek. The *Ateles rufus* repulsed as well as he could the unjust aggression of which he was the object; and feeling justified by the law of retaliation, rendered blow for blow, eye for

eye, and tooth for tooth. Thus, a deadly struggle ensued between the two apes, who, as they worried each other at the bottom of the canoe, uttered piercing cries and furiously ground their teeth.

This memorable combat between the *niger* and the *rufus*, equal in strength and size, and only differing in the colour of their skins, might have continued till this very hour, if the lieutenant and myself, taking hold of our respective animals by the tail, had not dragged them asunder, to the great disappointment of the Chontaquiros, who seemed to be highly amused by the encounter.

MEMORABLE COMBAT BETWEEN AN ATELES NIGER AND AN ATELES RUFUS.

The two simian brothers, whom from that hour I surnamed, the black one *Eteocles*, and the red *Polynices*, were then tied to the two opposite ends of the canoe, from which positions, finding it impossible to renew the struggle, they made the most frightful grimaces at each other.

The various episodes which I have recited in a few lines, occupied more than three hours. The chief of the Peruvian commission, judging that it would be useless to dream of overtaking our companions, who were now considerably in advance, left the Chontaquiros to the idle gossip with which, instead of rowing, they now occupied themselves, while the canoe descended with a swinging motion the thread of water. We arranged to camp at the first place which should seem elegible for a night bivouac, and to leave it early in the morning in order to rejoin our company.

About five o'clock we arrived at the mouth of the river Apurimac, where my first care on landing was to spread out my linen and my wet papers, which the heat of the sand and the oblique rays of the sun very soon dried.

The place where we had disembarked was a spacious shore strewn with sand and small pebbles, and shaped like a bow, of which the river formed the chord. In the bend of this shore, bordered with scattered underwood and giant reeds, appeared a fringe of hills, here entirely bare, there clothed with a scanty vegetation. Behind these hills,

and rising above them some 300 feet, extended a range of cerros of a reddish hue, but occasionally patched with verdure. A chain of mountains with jagged summits, veiled by the distance in a soft blue haze, rose above the cerros and terminated the perspective. A perfect calm reigned over the landscape, the wind was hushed, the sun was just setting behind the banked clouds, which his last rays fringed with cinnabar and fire. The river Apurimac, divided at its embouchure into three arms,[1] rolled down the shore at unequal distances, and its waters, which no breath of wind furrowed, and green as an emerald, flowed proudly calm into the troubled and yellowish waves of the Quillabamba Santa Aña.

I might have stood for a long time admiring this tableau, if the chief of the Peruvian commission, for whom it had only a moderate amount of interest, had not suddenly asked, with a perplexed air, what I expected for supper, there being no provisions of any kind in his canoe. Not only was I able to reply to his question and relieve him of his embarrassment, but to acquit myself honourably of the debt I owed him. It was only necessary to open the haversack, which at the beginning of the journey I had strapped upon my back; for in this receptacle, buried under sketches of plants and manuscript reflections, was a certain box of preserved sardines, which the reader has no doubt forgotten, but which I had always kept in remembrance. This box, which since our departure from Echarati had sustained many shocks, endured many storms, and escaped many shipwrecks, was fished out, a little oxidized, it is true, from the place where I had secured it, but still faithfully guarding the deposit which had been confided to it. By means of a knife and a stone I cut it open, and gave to each, including the mozo Anaya, the companion of the cholo Antonio, a part of the fish which it contained. As we were four in number to eat fifty sardines, exactly twelve fish and a half fell to the lot of each individual. A morsel of bread would have formed a suitable accompaniment to this irritating food, but we supplied its place by drinking a mouthful of oil. The Chontaquiros, who had stoutly refused to partake of what they called stinking fish, supped on the air and dew, and merely begged, through the interpreter, for the tin box, which we handed over to them when it was empty. This article, which they washed and polished to remove what they called its bad smell, was preserved by them as a specimen of European industry.

Having eaten our sardines, we stretched ourselves upon the stones in default of grass or of reeds to serve as a mattress. Our rowers, who had thought proper to decline supper, found it convenient to decline sleeping also, and passed the night in a whispered conversation. Notwithstanding the contempt which they pretended to feel for the Antis, and the jeering tone in which they spoke of these indigenes, I do not think they felt very comfortable at the idea of passing the night without arms and in so small a body at the mouth of the Apurimac, both shores of which up the country were inhabited by Antis Indians. Every now and then I saw them raise themselves on their elbows, as if to search the darkness with their eyes and exchange a few words in a low voice. Perhaps they feared a surprise from the enemy, for if the river-side

[1] The principal arm of that river may be something less than 500 feet broad, and the other two about 200 feet and 250 feet respectively.

Antis of the Quillabamba Santa Aña lived on reasonably good terms with the Chontaquiros and submitted to their exactions in case of need, their brethren in the interior were by no means made of the same amiable materials, and kept their turbulent neighbours at a respectful distance.

The disquietude of our rowers vanished with the darkness of night. At day dawn we pushed out into the stream, and once more finding themselves in the middle of the Apu-Paro—the great river assumes this name after its junction with the Apurimac or Tambo (*Tampu*)—the Chontaquiros recovered their usual spirits, chattering and laughing

SOURCE OF THE RIVER APURIMAC.

in concert with the monkeys and birds who were now waking up on either side of the river.

While following the course of the Apu-Paro, formed, as we have said, by the union of the Apurimac and Quillabamba Santa Aña, let us throw a *coup d'œil*, not upon this latter, the source of which we have seen at Aguas-Calientes, Huilcacocha, or the Lake of Huilca; but upon its neighbour, of which we have not hitherto said anything, although it has long occupied the attention of geographers, and its historic fame was recognized as far back as the time of the Incas.

The Lake of Vilafro, whence the Apurimac takes its rise, is situated in south latitude 16° 55″, between the sierros of Cailloma, de Velille, and de Condoroma, branches of the Western Andes. The length of this lake is about six miles, its breadth between four and five miles, and its depth from three to seven fathoms.

Through a fracture in this basin on the eastern side, escapes a stream which spreads its waters noiselessly across the plain, and, augmented after a course of twenty-four miles by the waters of the torrent Parihuana, takes the name of the river of Chita, under which name it flows through the provinces of Canas and Chumbihuilcas, its course being almost directly northward.

describe at length these missionary efforts and massacres. In 1635 the monk Ximenez inscribed his name at the head of this martyrology, which closed in 1790 with that of the father Mateo Menendez.[1]

To complete our observations on the Apurimac we would it were in our power to announce to statisticians who see the future of humanity in the commercial outlets of populations, that this river which has so long occupied their anxious attention is a road traced by nature for the purpose of opening a communication between the frontier of Brazil and the interior of Peru. But this theory of the closet, so fascinating in certain treatises of geography, cannot be practically realized by reason of the variable depth of the Apu-Paro, the rapids, the rocks, the shallows, and the alluvial deposits with which it is literally sown. Unless indeed the neighbouring volcanoes would undertake the office of pioneers, and bringing to the aid of commerce and industry their power of moving and rending, of overturning and levelling, of broadening and deepening this great road to fit it for navigation, the imagination recoils before the tremendous preparatory works which would be necessary in order to utilize it.[2]

Let us then bid a definitive adieu to the Apurimac, and, satisfied with having correctly laid down its course, no longer occupy ourselves with the imaginary services which it is called upon to render in the future to dealers in bark and sarsaparilla.

During the whole morning we were threading our way through a veritable archipelago formed by the accumulations of sand and stones which divided into a multitude of channels the broad and strong, but, at this place, by no means deep waters. Often we had to get into the water in order to liberate our canoe, the prow of which would ground on the stones of the river bed. Enormous trunks of trees, fallen from either shore and rolled down by the current, would sometimes choke up the entrance of these channels, and contribute to render the navigation extremely fatiguing, if not perilous.

At noon we passed the last stony islet of this archipelago, to which succeeded a wooded island the extent of which was hidden by a curve of the river. A burning sun darted its rays upon our heads, the Apu-Paro seemed to roll on its course in waves of liquid silver, and our eyes were dazzled by looking over its luminous surface for the wake, alas! effaced, of our companions' canoes. To the uneasiness we felt at not having come upon their traces, were added the pressing appeals of the stomach, tantalized rather than satisfied by the sardines of the previous evening, and demanding, in the unpleasant tone peculiar to it, more solid nourishment.

As we approached the wooded isle which our Chontaquiros called Santa Rosa, frightful cries rang through the woods, and a dozen indigenes, who were apparently

[1] It is of the region of Pajonal alone that we must here be understood to speak, and not of the neighbouring country so improperly called Pampa del Sacramento, and which has also had, like its neighbour, its apostles and martyrs.

[2] That navigable road about which travellers and geographers are so anxious has long been found. Nature has taken care to trace it by the rivers Pachitea, Pozuzo, and Mayro, which open a way to the city of Huanuco, and from thence into the heart of the Sierra. The missionaries of the college of Ocopa, who came and went between that seminary and the missions of Sarayacu and Tierra-Blanca on the Ucayali, gave the most exact information concerning this matter. "From the cerro of Pasco, distant from Lima ninety miles," say they, "we count forty-five miles to the river Mayro, and forty-two miles from that river to the ancient mission of Pozuzo; total, eighty-seven miles. By opening a road from Mayro to Pozuzo, and throwing a bridge over this latter river, we might avoid the detour by the city of Huanuco, and thus shorten by 147 miles the journey from Ocopa to Sarayacu."

watching for our arrival, to judge by the satisfaction which our rowers manifested on seeing them, threw themselves into a canoe, which they made to fly through the water, and came to take us in tow. In a few moments we had reached a part of the isle where our companions had found, since the evening before, a good supper, good lodging, and plenty of people anxious for a supply of knives and fish-hooks.

The welcome we received from the people of the island, who numbered sixty-one souls, including women and children, was as cordial as that of the Count de la Blanche-Epine was superbly disdainful. Hardly had that distinguished nobleman discerned

VIEW OF THE RIVER APU-PARO AND THE SACRAMENTO PLAINS.

us than he spun round on his heels and showed us his back, as if we had brought the plague. From his manner of acting I inferred that our prolonged absence had first puzzled, then troubled him, and that he had finally come to the logical conclusion that we had only stayed behind to contrive some dark complot against his person. Some rather obscure hints dropped by the assistant-naturalist, acting as secretary, confirmed us in our opinion.

The idea that the chief of the French commission should have taken us for conspirators sharpening their knives (made to sell) in the dark, in default of the classic poniard, did not prevent us from doing honour to the boiled fish, though we had neither salt nor pepper for seasoning, which was served up with yucca-roots. Each plunging his hand into the hot liquid, at the risk of leaving its skin behind him like a glove, recouped himself for his long fast. When of all that the pot had contained there remained nothing but a few bones and fins, with blebs of grease swimming on the turbid water, we rose and with a sign of the head thanked our hosts for this specimen of their cuisine. The captain and the lieutenant went to digest their supper in the darkness, while I explored the unknown domain whither chance had conducted me.

The island, which we had supposed to be of some extent, half-concealed as it was by a curve of the river, was really not more than 1800 paces in length by 500 in breadth. Its soil, almost on a level with the water at the southern end, presented at the northern extremity an elevation of some fifteen or sixteen feet, which commanded a view of all the environs. Part of the vegetation had been destroyed by the axe and by fire, skeletons of trees with their branches blackened by fire lay on the ground standing out in black relief from the accumulation of gray ashes. The vegetation that was still left uninjured made us acquainted with the character of that which had disappeared. It was composed of bamboos, cecropias, gyneriums, clumps of a spiny solanum, and a stoloniferous species of the borage family. At the edge of the water, in which their roots were submerged, grew in a confused sort of manner specimens of *Œnothereæ* and *Alismaceæ*, with three or four varieties of canes.

On the face of the island, looking westward, stood seven ajoupas at unequal distances from each other, rudely constructed, and covered with reeds. A few banana plants and yuccas (*manioc*) displayed their green stems above the ashes of the clearing, which appeared to date some three months back, and bore witness to the agricultural and pacific inclinations of the colonists of Santa Rosa.

One question led to another, until we learned that this cleared corner of ground and these seven huts were the necessary preliminaries of a mission projected by the Chontaquiros with a view to the instalment, sooner or later, of a spiritual chief; it being their intention to apply for the services of one at Sarayacu, the apostolic prefecture of the department of the Amazon.

While listening to these details we recalled to mind the story of Father Bruno, assassinated, if the Antis were to be believed, by Jeronimo the bell-ringer, and we feared for the future missionary a fate similar to that of his predecessor. Who could say that the relapsed Christian had not been selected by his companions to organize a second massacre, and among those who surrounded us might be the very accomplices who had assisted him in the perpetration of his first crime?

At the same time, as these surmises might be altogether unfounded,[1] as the accusation of the Antis might be one of those calumnies from which neither nations nor individuals recoil when they wish to satisfy their hatred, we refused to entertain for the moment the false or true recital that we had heard at Bitiricaya, and listened to the explanations which were given us with perfect frankness by the Chontaquiros of Santa Rosa.

They were all so familiar with the great river as to have ascended and descended it a hundred times between the rapids of Tunkini and its confluence with the Marañon. Some of them had pushed their explorations as far as the Brazilian possessions,[2] and had brought back with them from these extended voyages a few vocables of the language of Camoens, which they remorselessly mangled. Others had picked up, in

[1] It was not until our arrival at Sarayacu that the news of this murder was duly confirmed; till then, we had only half-believed it.

[2] The Peruvian villages, situated on both shores of the Amazon on this side of Tabatinga, where the Brazilian possessions really commence, are considered by these indigenes as appertaining to Brazil.

their relations with the Christians of the missions, a few words of Quichua or Spanish, which they more or less happily applied.

Besides these foreign elements in their speech, the greater number of them had substituted for the barbarous and harshly sounding name which they derived from their fathers, that of some saint of the Spanish calendar. Among the men were Pedros, Juans, Joses, and Antonios; among the women Marias, Panchas, Juanas, and

PROJECTED MISSION STATION AMONG THE CHONTAQUIROS OF THE ISLAND OF SANTA ROSA.

Mariquitas. All professed to have received these names by baptism, and in remembrance of that Christian ceremony, they had never failed, they told us, to bathe the children born to them. On questioning the mothers as to the means by which they purified the newly born infant from his original sin, they replied that they took the infant by the heel and dipped it several times in the river Apu-Paro—as Thetis bathed in the Styx her son Achilles. Observing that we looked at them with an astonished air, they added, through the interpreter, that if a few drops of water thrown upon an infant had power to regenerate it, a complete bath ought to regenerate it still better. We knew not well how to reply to this maternal and savage reasoning.

These intended converts proposed, when once their huts were constructed—those we have noticed were only temporary structures—to build a church similar to those of the missions of Belen, Sarayacu, or Tierra-Blanca, humble thatched sheds turned towards

the rising sun. When the church was completed, they intended to go in search of a pastor, as just said, and when they had found one would bring him in triumph to the new mission. The young banana-trees and manioc that we had observed were to assure bread to the holy man. As for fish, game, and turtle,[1] his table would be abundantly supplied with them every day.

These last details were given to our cholo Antonio by one of the Chontaquiros of the band, a man of middle age, short and fat, huddled up in a sack, which his corpulency caused to drag on his shoulders. He wore also a fringed hood over his head, and his face was scored with two rows of ornamentation, in black, of the Greek pattern, which, being traced from the temples to the corners of the lips, resembled a pair of whiskers. While writing them down under the dictation of the interpreter, we thought of the happy future the Chontaquiros were preparing for themselves, of the good feeling which they so admirably manifested, and we felt highly edified.

Evidently, grace had touched these hearts of stone, softened these barbarous souls, and made brothers and Christians of these tigers in human form. The gospel seed that had been sown of old by the missionaries among the grandfathers of these Chontaquiros, and which was thought to have withered, or to have been devoured by the fowls of heaven, had really germinated, blossomed, and borne fruit among the grandsons of those indigenes. How should we not hail with our best wishes this dawn of a new day; how not smile with satisfaction on the future it illuminated; how, in a word, not lie down to sleep with a feeling of perfect confidence in the midst of these virtuous neophytes! We retired to rest ashamed and abashed, like the crow in the fable, at the outrageous suspicions we had conceived of them.

On awaking in the morning, the chief of the Peruvian commission discovered that he had lost a red silk belt, which he perfectly remembered having suspended the evening before above his head, and of which, therefore, he must have been robbed while asleep. The loss of this article, which had been a good substitute for the india-rubber braces that had gone down with our poor chaplain in the waters of Sintulini, concerned him the more, as he would henceforth be obliged to hold up his inexpressibles with his hands.

Almost at the same moment that the captain of the frigate was complaining of the theft of his belt, the lieutenant discovered the subtraction of his printed cotton pocket-handkerchief; and I, for my part, found that I had been robbed of a pair of bags which had been washed in the waters of the Apu-Paro, and spread out on the roof of the hut to dry. We thought it prudent to be silent about the petty larcenies of which we had been made the victims. It would have been useless to try to recover the articles, and even to complain of their loss might have been hazardous. We were so few in number, that to have stigmatized our hosts as thieves, would only have tempted them to send an arrow through our bodies; or try if our heads could resist the blow of a *macana*, that club of Hercules made of the wood of the palm-tree, of which the savages make such free use against their enemies.

At the moment of our departure, Jeronimo and his acolytes, who, according to the engagement made with them at Bitiricaya, should have conducted us as far as the

[1] Fresh-water turtles first begin to appear about six miles below Sipa.

territory of the Conibos, failed to answer to our call. We took many turns round the island, beat up all the shrubs, searched one after another the seven ajoupas on the shore, we even lifted up the covers of the saucepans and great jars with an obscure notion that our deserters might have taken a lesson from the forty thieves of Ali-Baba, and concealed themselves therein. Our host aided us in the search, calling out *Jeronimo* so lustily, and with such an air of good faith, that we were quite duped. Jeronimo and his companions did not reappear. We had given up all idea of discovering by what means they had evaded us, when the chief of the Peruvian commission, whose only eye was kept pretty wide open, discovered on the left shore of the Apu-Paro, in a shady creek, a canoe fastened to the shore. This simple fact was conclusive as to the means by which our rowers had made their escape.

By fresh presents of knives, we procured without difficulty other assistants. We purposely selected them from the most aged of the Chontaquiros of Santa Rosa who were able to manage a few words of Quichua, Spanish, and Portuguese. One old man, whose face was tattooed with blue stars, and whose wrists were encircled with bracelets fringed with monkeys' teeth, exchanged with us for a knife, ten fish-hooks, and an orange-coloured cotton pocket-handkerchief, a war canoe, the side of which was split, but neatly corked with the local pitch composed of virgin wax, gum-copal, and smoke-black.

Seeing us ready to depart, men and women suddenly drew near, and under the pretence of bidding us adieu, hung about our luggage in such a singular manner as to excite our fears. With some address, however, we gave the order to our new rowers, and launched out into the stream, when the indigenes on shore saluted us with farewell cries which resembled howls. Some expressions little flattering to us, which the interpreters translated, reached our ear; as for our rowers, they laughed in their sleeves at the insults which their companions addressed to us from a distance. So terminated our relations with the future converts of the mission of Santa Rosa, who, notwithstanding the good intentions on which they piqued themselves, were nothing better than arrant rascals and adroit thieves.

Nothing particular happened during the first hours of the navigation with our recruits. I had more than enough time to note in detail the multiplied windings of the river, and the local peculiarities which it presented. To the accumulations of stones which had encumbered it since our passage through the gorge of Tunkini, had succeeded, as the reader is aware, first, banks of sand and pebbles, then barren islets, and still lower down, other islets covered with rushes and reeds, *Œnothereæ* and *Alismaceæ*. Now it was the turn of the larger islands, whose soil, formed of a compost of ochre, sand, and stones, enriched by the détritus of vegetation and the fertilizing slime of the waters at every flood, gave nutriment to shrubby masses of rhexias, bignonias, melastomæ, ingas (*Mimosæ*) with a fluffy pulp, cecropias, cedars, and cotton-trees with trilobate leaves. These scattered isles, with their soil almost on a level with the water, and their vegetation composed of masses of foliage of which one could see neither trunk nor branches, looked at a distance like great masses of verdure that had been pruned away and thrown into the river.

Among these clumps were sandy spaces, where crawled and writhed a strange

population of ophidia, sauria, and amphibious quadrupeds. Here were otters gravely sitting on their fin-like tails, there snakes or adders twining about the branches of a withered tree fallen on the shore. Further on, caymans (American crocodiles) basking symmetrically in line, received on their rugged armour the direct rays of a sun hot enough to cook eggs. About these gigantic lizards came and went, with perfect indifference, numerous aquatic birds: spoonbills in a gray and black livery with white egrets, herons with brown plumage, and flamingoes in purple. These Grallæ, the living adornment of the landscape, formed by the length and slenderness of their legs, the graceful bend of their necks, and the slimness of their contours, a singular

DWELLINGS OF CHONTAQUIROS INDIANS AT CONSAYA.

and charming contrast with the massy clumps of verdure that lined the shores. The illustrious Goethe, curious to judge, from an esthetic point of view, how the human form and colour stood out from the green of the landscape, caused a young friend of his named Frederick to walk to and fro at the edge of a forest, naked. I do not know what conclusion the author of *Faust* came to from this study; but as I have had frequent opportunities of seeing the silhouettes of white, black, yellow, and red men thrown upon the waving curtain of vegetation, I do not hesitate to say that Goethe's handsome young friend must have been, as an artistic combination and effect of colour, very inferior to a white egret or a pink flamingo. Man is, of all animals known to us, the one whose form and *habitus* harmonizes the least with inanimate nature. The salient angles of his build—if the term is allowable—do not combine well with the re-entering angles of a landscape. One feels that the portrait is not placed either in the light or the frame best adapted to set it off to advantage. I am aware that the lovers of unadorned nature, and connoisseurs in classic landscape, are of a different opinion, and I regret for their sakes that I cannot develop my syllogism, which, reduced to a simple enunciation of the major proposition, may seem obscure or paradoxical; but time presses me, and I must leave the task to some obliging reader.

We had left Santa Rosa at ten in the morning, and at sunset we found ourselves at Consaya. Three graceful erections of the Chontaquiros, built side by side, resembling the elegant habitation at Sipa, stood on a slope on the left bank. Six families occupied them in common. Abundant refreshment was offered us by these natives in exchange for an assortment of fish-hooks. During the evening an animated conversation arose between the natives of Consaya and our rowers. By the looks which the latter cast upon our bales, we had no difficulty in guessing the subject of their conversation. As we could not foresee what the issue might be, we kept watchful guard over our effects, and thanks to this redoubled vigilance, we found everything safe in the morning.

FISHING PARTY OF CHONTAQUIROS INDIANS.

At the moment when we launched out again, some of our entertainers threw themselves into a canoe, and manifested a wish to accompany us a part of the way on our journey. The Count de la Blanche-Epine, who saw in this demonstration of the indigenes a natural wish to do him honour, smiled so sweetly that the Chontaquiros, encouraged by such a reception, fastened their canoe to his, and thus went down stream in consort with him. For a moment the great man might have been compared to Bacchus, the son of Semele, drawing in his train the Indians he had peacefully conquered. It was but a short time before he discovered his mistake. About three miles below Consaya, the Chontaquiros, who had no other object in accompanying us than to try in our presence, as they informed the Count through the interpreters, whether the iron fish-hooks which we had given them were *less known* to the fishes than the bone ones they were accustomed to use, took it into their heads to disembark, and unrolling their lines, provided with a float of porous wood in lieu of cork, prepared to fish. The Count de la Blanche-Epine, annoyed by this ill-timed halt of his escort—an escort, the reader is aware, was the stone of stumbling against which he always came to grief—signed to his rowers to go on. But the rowers, instead of obeying him, drew to the shore, and one after another disembarked, and abandoned him for the sake of fishing

with their friends. On seeing his authority set at nought, the chief of the French commission appeared ready to gnaw his fingers off; but he soon thought better of it, and fell to trimming and polishing his nails.

Led away by the evil example before them, all our rowers followed suit, and pulled ashore to partake in the pleasure of their companions. For our part, soon tired of guarding the canoes, we jumped ashore also, and assisted at the fishing party in the character of spectators. The day was almost sacrificed, but we had for our consolation an excellent fish-dinner. The Count de la Blanche-Epine alone refused to eat, and was inconsolable.

DWELLING OF CONIBOS INDIANS AT PARUITCHA.

At four o'clock we took leave of the natives of Consaya, and accompanied by our rowers only, left the shore where we had spent so large a part of the day. We rowed till seven o'clock, and then landed on the point of a little island, where sand and stones had succeeded to the vegetation. At some distance there shone through the dusk of evening a fire of the Conibos Indians, to which our Chontaquiros, laughing, pointed with their fingers.

Our relations with the latter came to an end on the next day, when we reached Paruitcha, where the territory of the Conibos commences. We were received here with a frank hospitality, which even extended itself to our rowers, notwithstanding a certain antipathy which existed between the two nations. The Chontaquiros, who were by no means at their ease in the company of their neighbours, only remained a few hours with them, and then left to return to Santa Rosa. Before bidding us farewell, they did not forget to help themselves out of our canoes and rafts, every chink and corner of which was known to them, with whatever trifling articles we had in daily use. While the cleverest prestidigitateurs of the band accomplished this robbery, their companions surrounded us and occupied our attention with interesting details concerning the remaining part of our voyage to Sarayacu.

Before embarking our fortunes with the Conibos, whose company we shall have

TYPES OF CHONTAQUIRO INDIANS.

as far as the central mission of the Sacramento Plains, let us cast a retrospective glance over the Chontaquiros, who have been our travelling companions during the last ten days.

To continue, apropos of these indigenes, the dissertation in which we indulged on their neighbours in the south, would be to abuse the reader's patience, and fall into monotonous reiteration. A mere comparison of the Chontaquiro type with that of the Antis-Quichuas ought to be sufficient, at least in our opinion, to establish the community of origin of these Indians, and to make them known at first sight for scions of the same stock, members of the same family.

Under the names of Chichirenis and Piros y Simirinchis,[1] the nation of Chontaquiros occupied, in the sixteenth century, both shores of the Xauja or Mantaro,[2] in the lower part of its course; and from the Apurimac, of which that stream is one of the principal tributaries, extended their explorations as far as the river Apu-Paro. The fact that a territory occupied by numerous tribes of the Antis nation could be daily traversed without the risk of offence, when a simple *reconnoisance* pushed beyond the limits of either country almost always entailed a declaration of war between two nations of distinct origin, proves, to a certain point, that there were natural ties, weak perhaps, but not the less real, existing between the Chontaquiros and the Antis. To that proof let us add the resemblance of type, of which we have already spoken; that of clothing, and manners and customs, of which we have not yet said anything; and, to conclude, let us bear in mind that a great number of printed or manuscript narratives of the missionaries of the seventeenth century designate collectively by the name of Antis, Simirinchis y Piros, all the indigenous tribes which at that epoch inhabited the Pajonal region.

But to what cause may we attribute the difference of idiom which at present characterizes the two nations? Is it to be accounted for by the adventurous disposition of the Piros-Chontaquiros, which carried them at an early period, by way of the Apurimac and the Apu-Paro, among the peoples of the Ucayali and the Tunguragua or Upper Marañon? If so, to what epoch must we assign these first displacements, and what time was requisite to corrupt and pervert, by contact with other idioms, the radicals and vocables of the trans-Andean idiom? In the present state of our knowledge of what concerns the aforesaid nations it is difficult, if not impossible, to elucidate completely this problem. Nevertheless, as some curious ethnologist or philologist might like to speculate on a solution of the difficulty, we will place at his service a few words of the Chontaquiro idiom, which, by comparison with the Antis and Quichua words previously given, and with those of other idioms which we will give hereafter, may perchance throw some light on the past history of these nomad populations.

[1] The Antis who inhabit the shores of the Quillabamba Santa Aña still designate the Chontaquiros by the names of Piros or Simirinchis indifferently.

[2] The Xauja issues from the Lake of Chinchaycocha on the eastern flank of the Cordillera of Bombon.

VOCABULARY OF THE CHONTAQUIRO INDIANS.

God	Dios.[1]
devil	mapuinchi.
heaven	itahuac.
sun	intiti.
moon	cachiri.
star	siri.
day	tiajujuni.
night	illachinu.
air	tampi.
rain	ina.
dawn	quitaïchiti.
twilight	chupiniti.
water	uné.
fire	chichi.
cold	cachiererenatocana.
man	geji.
woman	sichuné.
husband	nauiri.
child	tiri.
head	huejijua.
hair	huijihuesa.
face	huegasi.
forehead	huijiruta.
eyebrow	huesac.
eye	huijarsajé.
nose	huisiri.
mouth	huespè.
tongue	guenè.
tooth	huisè.
ear	huijepè.
neck	quisitiachi.
chest (or breast)	huista.
shoulder	huitisi.
arm	huecano.
hand	huamianuta.
finger	huimojé.
belly	huesati.
navel	huipuro.
leg	huisipa.
calf (of the leg)	huipuricsi.
foot	huisiqui.
bone	ijapui.
blind	yoctera.
lame	nimejeachi.
thief	suri.
fear	inisnati.
tree	acmuinaja.
leaf	timecsiri.
stone	suctali.
sand	saté.
coke	chichimè.
smoke	chichipia.
cinder	chichipasè.
house	panchi.
canoe	canoa.
raft	gipalo.
cotton	gojapujé.
sugar	pochoacsiri.
cacao	turampi.
canella (bark)	pitacsi.
rocou	apisiri.
genipahua	iso.
manioc (yucca)	timeca.
maize	siji.
tobacco	nictiti.
thread	huapocsa.
needle	sapui.
thorn	neti.
fish-hook	yurimaiji.
bow	casiritua.
arrow	casiri.
sac (the garment)	usti.
necklace	pectari.
bracelet	ririni.
bell	tasacji.
looking-glass	nisaïti.
tinder	ictépapé.
pot	imaté.
plate	otapi.
knife	chiqueti.
basket	puraji.
rope	tumuti.
feather	malluri.
dance	culla.
tapir	sicma.
bear	saji.
serpent	amuini.
guinea-pig (peccary)	illavi.
ape	peri.
dog	quiti.
vulture	maïri.
cock	achauripa-tiajini.
hen	achauripa.
egg (of a hen)	achauripa-naji.
turkey (wild)	quiuli.
parrot	pullaro.
perroquet	sutiti.
pigeon	nocaji.
partridge	camua.
fish	capiripa.
spider	macsi.
fly	sisiri.
mosquito	llusla.
ant	isiqui.

[1] This name, which they give to the Supreme Being, does not belong to their language. They have evidently acquired it from the Spanish missionaries.

butterfly	pipiro.
sweet-potato	tipali.
pistachio (earth-nut)	cacahuali.
banana	parianta.
papayer (papaw-tree)	capallo.
inga (gen. for the Mimosæ)	caapri.
pine-apple	atuti.
one	suriti.
two	apiri.
three	noquiri.
four	ticti.
five	tictisiri.
will you?	pariquijani?
I will	parichiti.
what?	quejuani?
what is thy name?	quejuani-picha?
yes	huegoni.
no	huegonununta.

The accounts of the first missionaries are unanimous as to the untamable disposition and ferocity of the Chontaquiros. Between 1628 and 1641, we could mention by name seventeen ecclesiastics who were shot with arrows or killed with the clubs of these savages. Time has much softened them, however; and having declined from the rank of murderers to that of thieves, they appear disposed, at the present day, if we may judge by their projected mission at Santa Rosa, to assume the more attractive character of religious devotees.

Formerly established, as we have said, on both shores of the Xauja or Mantaro, and in the neighbouring quebradas, the Chontaquiros have deserted that territory for the left shore of the Apu-Paro, where they now occupy, together with the two points of Sipa and Consaya, which the reader has visited in our company, the shores of the small rivers of Sipahua, Sipa, Sinipa, and Sicotcha,[1] in the interior. We hardly know how to account for their having made choice of these four rivers among all the fourteen affluents of the Apu-Paro which water their territory between Bitiricaya and Paruitcha: perhaps they were influenced by the similarity of their names, otherwise unimportant, which gives them a family air.

While the features of the Chontaquiros, as the reader may judge from our portraits of these indigenes, taken from life, reveal a community of origin with the Antis; while their clothing, and above all, their customs are still the same as those of the latter, in spite of the difference of idiom which separates them, truth compels us to remark that the resemblance is purely physical, and does not extend to the moral nature. With that tendency to theft innate in primitive man,[2] but which the Chontaquiros have cultivated, developed, and pushed to its extreme perfection, there is in their whimsical, rebellious dispositions, opposed to all constraint, a vigour, an exuberance, a loquacity, a need of stir and action, which contrast singularly with the apathetic calm, sweetness of disposition, and melancholy of the Antis, true brothers, in this respect, of the Quichuas of the Sierra. These remarks, it should be well understood, are only applicable to the modern Antis and Chontaquiros, because there can be no doubt that at the period when the two nations lived under other latitudes and had a common idiom, their character must have been similar, and that change of climate and language has produced this difference of *moral.*

The high temperature of the country inhabited by the Chontaquiros, the beauty of

[1] For the situation of these rivers see our map, between the eighteenth and nineteenth degrees of latitude.

[2] If we were not fearful of being accused of a play on words, we would say of these Indians, that, in place of a *tendency to theft*, which we attribute to them, and which expression is more strictly applicable to civilized man, they feel as if under a *natural necessity of possessing whatever pleases them.*

A remark which we made *in petto*, when speaking of the Antis women, and which we cannot help making aloud in reference to the women of the Chontaquiros, is that, so far, the fairest half of the human race among these indigenes appears to be the ugliest. Let the reader figure to himself as a prototype of the kind, a woman four feet four inches in height, with hair, whose texture resembles the bristles of a clothes-brush, forming a black mass, with a reddish-yellow shine in it, and cut squarely across the forehead at the level of the eyes. This strange and inelegant fashion obliges a woman, when she wishes to look before her, to throw up her head in the manner of those horses which have to be cured of this vicious habit by the application of a martingale.

The epidermis of these women is so thick, and the nervous papillæ which it covers are so dilated by the frequent shock of hard blows, the puncture of insects, the frequency of baths and exposure to the atmosphere, that one might take it for the net-work of a coat of chain-mail. It is as rough to the touch as the underpart of certain vegetable leaves.

The fine serpentine lines of the Greek statuary would be vainly sought for in the figures of these women, whose roundness of form after their sixteenth year turns to obesity, and imparts, even to girls, the same ungainliness of form observable in the matrons. Their feet, in constant contact with the spiny herbage of the forest, or the stones of the river-side, are furrowed with deep chaps; and their hands, hardened at an early age, might be used with advantage by wood-polishers in place of pumice-stone and glass-paper.

"For shame, you horrible man!" one of my fair readers will perhaps exclaim; "the original of such a portrait is an animal and not a woman!" Alas! madame or mademoiselle, I invent nothing, but am simply a truth-telling historian. Nay, the portrait that shocks you is still incomplete; and to finish it, let me add that the face is round, the forehead low and straight, the cheek-bones projecting, the eyes small, obliquely set, and puckered at the corners, and that these eyes are of a sclerotic yellow, with a pupil of the colour of Spanish tobacco, frequently without lashes, and almost always without eyebrows, harmonizing for good or evil, with a wonderfully aquiline or singularly flat nose, a large mouth, thick lips, and short teeth, which are as white as those of a young dog.

As for the colour of these indigenous women, I am sorry that I cannot give a correct idea of it by borrowing a comparison from lilies and roses, or from cherries or carmine. The only substance to which I can refer as remotely resembling it would be, let me say, the secretion of the cuttle-fish, or *sépia* warmed up with a touch of rhubarb. This tint, already sufficiently deep, is made still darker by the use of the fine black ink obtained from the fruit of the genipa, as a stain with which these women daub their cheeks, the rings of their eyes, and the throat, besides painting with it the resemblance of gloves on their hands and sandals on their feet. The men, following the example of their better halves, make use of the same colours, and mix with the black of the genipa the brick-red obtained from the seeds of the rocou.

It is not only in his physique, his mental quickness, and his natural gaiety of

ARMS, EARTHENWARE VESSELS, AND HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS OF THE CHONTAQUINO INDIANS.

disposition that the Chontaquiro appears the superior of the Antis. He surpasses him also in his aptitude for manual work, as shown in the construction of his houses and canoes, and the make of his weapons and earthenware, of which the reader may form some idea from the engraved specimens annexed.

Like the Antis, the Chontaquiro lives apart, the same dwelling sometimes serving for two or three families. It is long since the villages of these indigenes, or the reunion of seven or eight cabins so called, disappeared from the soil with those of their numerous congeners. The nation was first divided into tribes; the tribe has split up into families. The cause of this is easy to explain, and it was easy from the moment the division took place to foresee the final result.[1]

Like the Antis, the Chontaquiros never elect a chief except in time of war. Like them, they throw their dead into the water, but by placing the body in a canoe[2] which they sink to the bottom by loading it with sand and stones. Polygamy among these indigenes, as among the Antis, appears to be an exceptional rather than a general custom, and in such exceptional cases the number of wives hardly ever exceeds four. The most aged of these women serves as chaperon to the younger: she advises them, directs them, and, by command of her lord and master, spares them all painful labours and rough drudgery. We will not go so far as to affirm, with a certain French traveller, who had received the information from some joker of the country, that the women of the Chontaquiros lament and cry, like those of the Antis, on seeing one of their number abandoned by her husband. In the first place, we have never ourselves observed such a fact; but, secondly, it seems to us out of character with the feminine nature, which, whether we observe it in a Parisian saloon, behind the grating of a harem at Constantinople, or under the covert of a virgin forest, has always appeared to us to rejoice rather than lament over the misfortune of a rival. The younger of these Chontaquiro odalisques spin and weave under the shade of their palm-tree roofs, or roam the forests and shores in the company of their sultans. The elder carry water and wood, prepare the meals, sow the land which the men content themselves with clearing, weed the plantation, and gather in its slender produce.

The religious belief of the Chontaquiros, like that of the Antis, is a singular medley of all the theogonies. As to its exterior manifestation in worship, we have seen so little of the thing that the word recals, directly or indirectly, that we are tempted to say of these indigenes what Father Ribas said of the natives of Cinaloa, that the God whom they adored had a strong resemblance to the devil.

[1] The persistence of these foresters (we may call them) in seeking their means of subsistence from hunting and fishing instead of cultivating the ground, and this in defiance of the fact that their forests and rivers are becoming every year more impoverished, as we shall be able to prove hereafter by statistics, added to the epidemics which every half century break out in the country and carry off entire tribes of the indigenes, must lead in time to their total extinction. To the optimists who believe that the dawn of civilization must increase to perfect day with this *fallen* people, to whom we have applied the improper but established name of *savages*, we would reply that their belief is utopian. These peoples are by fate condemned to perish, and the excess of the European population is called upon to take their place in the New World.

[2] The canoe used for this mode of sepulture is usually one of those small craft of from eight to ten feet in length, managed by two rowers, such as the Chontaquiros and all their congeners in South America use to navigate the narrow channels which border the rivers. It is scarcely necessary to say that this funeral vessel is always a war-canoe.

The strength of the tribe, reckoning the families at Sipa and Consaya, the population of the island of Santa Rosa, and that scattered along the shores of the four rivers of Sipahua, Sipa, Sinipa and Sicotcha, does not appear to exceed from 400 to 500 men; indeed, in giving this approximate estimate, it is possible I am rather over than under the true figure.[1]

[1] To speak of the Chontaquiros, and not of the people of the country, we count *four* of their habitations on the shores of the river of Sipahua, *two* on that of Sipa, *two* on that of Sinipa, and *five* on that of Sicotcha; total, *thirteen* habitations for these four rivers. Let us suppose, on an average, *twelve* individuals in each habitation—an enormous estimate; add thereto *seventy-one* persons found at Santa Rosa, *fourteen* rowers in our employ, the *twenty* individuals at Sipa, and the *forty* at Consaya; and let us suppose that *fifty* were absent hunting or fishing. We shall then have a total of not more than 351 individuals.

GAME OF BALL AMONG THE INDIANS.

END OF VOLUME I.

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